

COMING-OF-AGE

A RECORD OF THE COMING-OF-AGE
FESTIVAL OF TOC H : JUNE - JULY, 1936



SUPPLEMENT TO THE TOC H JOURNAL, AUGUST, 1936
FORTY-SEVEN, FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

ONE SHILLING

Scout Shop Gear for Summer Camps



Patrol Holds six boys. 9 ft. x 6 ft. x 6 ft. high, walls 3 ft. with flysheet, 2 ft. without. White $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cotton with flysheet, weighs 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., £3/18/-. White $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Egyptian cloth, weighs 18 lb., £2/5/-.

Scouter White 7 ft. x 6 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in. high, walls 3 ft. White $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cotton with flysheet, £3/11/6. White $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cotton without flysheet, £2/3/- White, cheaper quality, with flysheet, £2/17/- Weight, with flysheet 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., without flysheet, 20 lb.

Foot-on Scouter 9 ft. x 7 ft. x 6 ft. high, walls 3 ft. Green double process proofed fast dye 10 oz. cotton for the roof, and 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. for the walls and doors. With flysheet, £7/5/6, without flysheet, £5/14/-.

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All tents supplied with jointed upright and ridge poles, pegs and mallet in valise. Flysheets are pitched 6 in. higher than tents, giving good air space.

Steel Frame Ruc-sacs

No. 7a.—Our new British made Norwegian pattern ruc-sac, made of khaki double rubber proofed texture twill on a 17 in. steel frame. It has three outside pockets, coat strap and waist strap. Weight 3 lbs. 10 oz. 16/6.

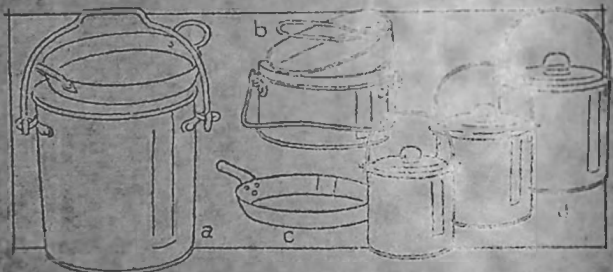
No. 9.—The Alpine all-British Norwegian pattern ruc-sac on 17 in. frame, made of superior quality grey waterproof cotton duck and stocked in two models—one with three pockets, one with four pockets. Weight 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 28/6.

No. 9a.—No. 9 with three pockets on a 15 in. frame. Weight 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 27/6.

No. 8.—The Camper, all-British ruc-sac on Norwegian pattern, on 17 in. tubular steel frame, same construction as No. 9, with three pockets. Weight 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 21/6.

No. 8a.—No. 8 on a 15 in. frame. Weight 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 20/6.

BERGANS. The Original Norwegian ruc-sac on a 17 in. steel frame. Overall width is 21 ins. Height 23 ins. Weight 3 lb. 14 oz. With four outside pockets, 35/-.



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ARMY DIXIES. Iron, 3 gallons, 8/- Tin plate, 4 gallons, 5/- Drainer, 9d.

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OVAL DIXIES. Made of heavy block tin, 3 gallons, 4/3. Steamer to fit, 2/11.

OVAL BOILERS. Heavy block tin, 2 gallons, 1/5; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, 1/3.

ROASTERS. Made of stout tin with grill and sliding lid, 3/6.

FRYING PANS. Iron, 12 in. diam., 1/6; 14 in., 2/6. Without handles, (sketch c), 8 in. diam., made of iron, 8d; aluminium, 1/1.

BILLY CANS. (sketch d). The old favourite paint-pot pattern. Strong tin, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 pint, 8d., 9d., 10d., 11d., 1/-, 1/2, 1/4.

Scout Shop
IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS

25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE
ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

COMING-OF-AGE

A RECORD OF EVENTS AT THE COMING-OF-AGE
FESTIVAL OF TOC H IN JUNE AND JULY, 1936



A SUPPLEMENT TO TOC H JOURNAL
AUGUST, 1936.

The Four Points of the Compass—Revised

The Four Points of the Compass were first drafted in 1920, on a famous occasion described in detail in the JOURNAL, February, 1932, and have been several times revised in wording, but never in intention.

As time passes and Toc H life widens, things which we hardly dared to dream of at the start are seen to come fully within the circle of the Toc H compass. The Central Executive felt that in this Coming-of-Age year a further attempt ought to be made, not to change the meaning of the Four Points, but to state them if possible more clearly for all to read and to include the wider scope which experience has given them. They have called to their help a number of minds rich in Toc H experience of many kinds and have themselves finally approved this Coming-of-Age revision. They hope that it will help us all to an increasing use of the Compass by which a Toc H man is bound to steer. As revised, they read as follows:—

I. FELLOWSHIP. "To Love Widely."

To found and maintain throughout the world Groups, Branches and Houses for the fostering of a true spirit of understanding between man and man.

The members thus brought together meet regularly as a family, sharing in the common ways of life and exhibiting by the diversity of their origin, occupation and outlook a spirit of reconciliation between men of all kinds.

Members are called upon—

To foster a wide human interest in the lives and needs of their fellows.

To welcome and to seek the well-being of those commended to their friendship.

To lessen by habit of thought, word and deed the prejudices which separate men.

II. SERVICE. "To Build Bravely."

To make of these Groups, Branches and Houses centres from which men of all conditions may serve their fellows.

Their task is not to compete with existing organisations but to supplement and reinforce them.

Members are called upon—

To give personal service.

To study local and international conditions and their effect on men's lives.

To challenge their generation to seek the will of Christ in the solution of all problems. As one means to this end, to make possible a Staff which shall serve the movement as a whole in its world-wide adventure for the Kingdom of God.

III. FAIRMINDEDNESS. "To Think Fairly."

To bring the expert to the unit, hearing him and asking him questions; to listen hospitably and humbly to everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail.

Members are called upon—

To find their own convictions, to influence the formation of public opinion, and thus to replace social and racial antagonisms by intelligent understanding.

IV. THE KINGDOM OF GOD. "To Witness Humbly."

To spread the Gospel without preaching it.

Members are called upon—

To recognise the spiritual nature of Man and to demonstrate that a life of Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness bears better witness than any spoken word.

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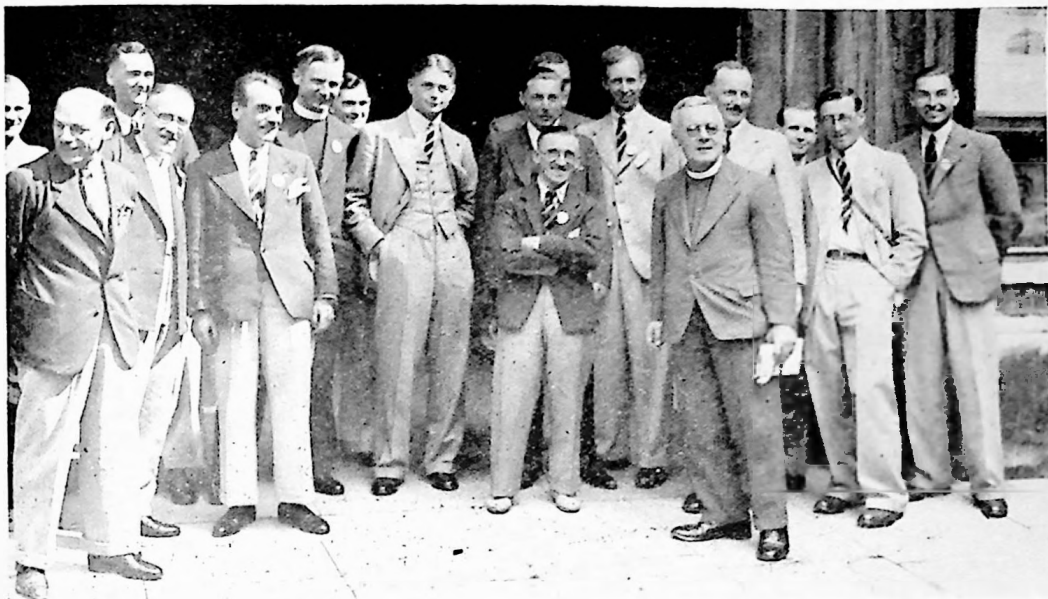
A Note on the Festival Badge

THE design of the Badge adopted for the Coming-of-Age Festival was used in many connections. It appeared on Festival notices and literature (as on the cover and title-page of this report), as a metal badge, enamelled in colour on silver, in the button-holes of some 15,000 men and women taking part in it on the spot or at a distance, on the knightly cloak of Master Valiant in the Masque and blazoned on his shield.

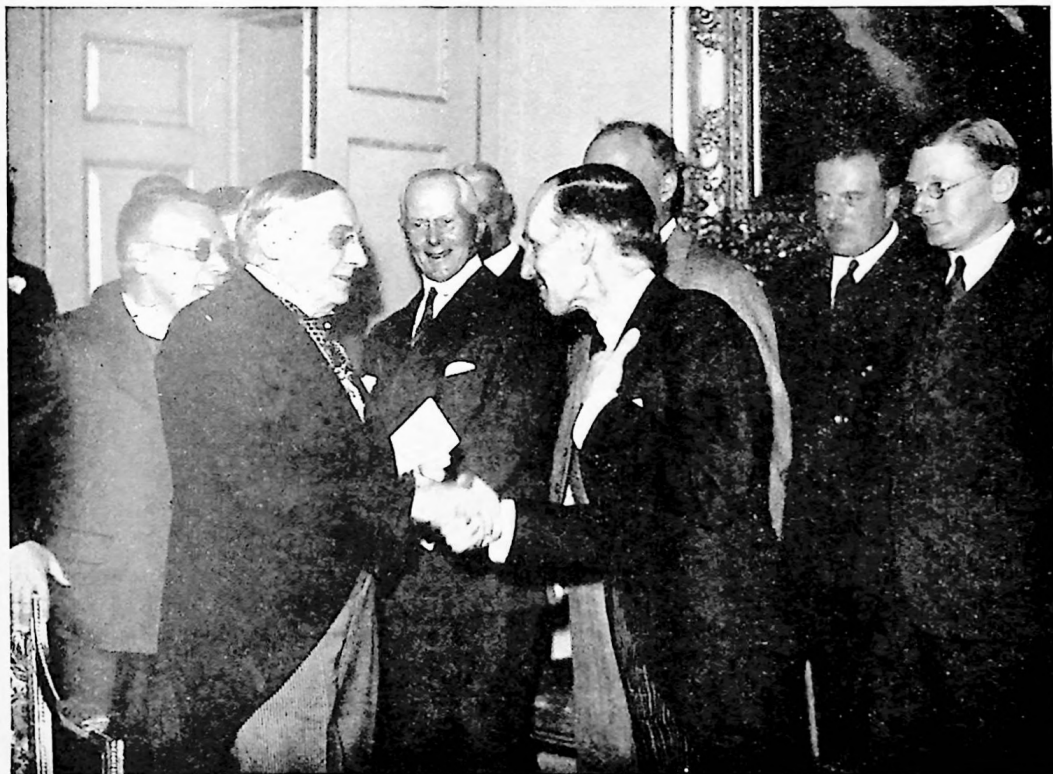
The design shows the Double (or 'Patriarchal') Cross which occupies the 'chief,' or upper part, of the Arms of the City of Ypres, which Toc H was granted permission to use by the war-time Burgomaster. The history of this symbol is interesting and complicated (see *The Cross of Pride and the Cross of Pain* in JOURNAL, August, 1927, June, 1932). Originating in the Cross of Calvary with the superscription nailed to it so as to form a second and shorter cross-bar, its meaning of 'Sacrifice' is obvious enough. It may stand for us in Toc H as reminder of a double sacrifice for our sakes, of the Crucifixion and the 'lesser Calvaries' of our Elder Brethren.

And in this year of Coming-of-Age it is not so much any achievement of Toc H which we are bidden to think of, as the necessity for constant sacrifice by all of us if we are to further the high aims of our calling as members. See the Double Cross, if you like, as the sign of self-forgetfulness—a capital 'I,' myself, doubly crossed out.

The Double Cross in the badge is drawn upon a 'Florentine' shield. In this form it was borne as the 'Standard of Ypres' at the first Lamplighting at the London Guildhall in 1922, and the original Standard now rests in All Hallows Church.

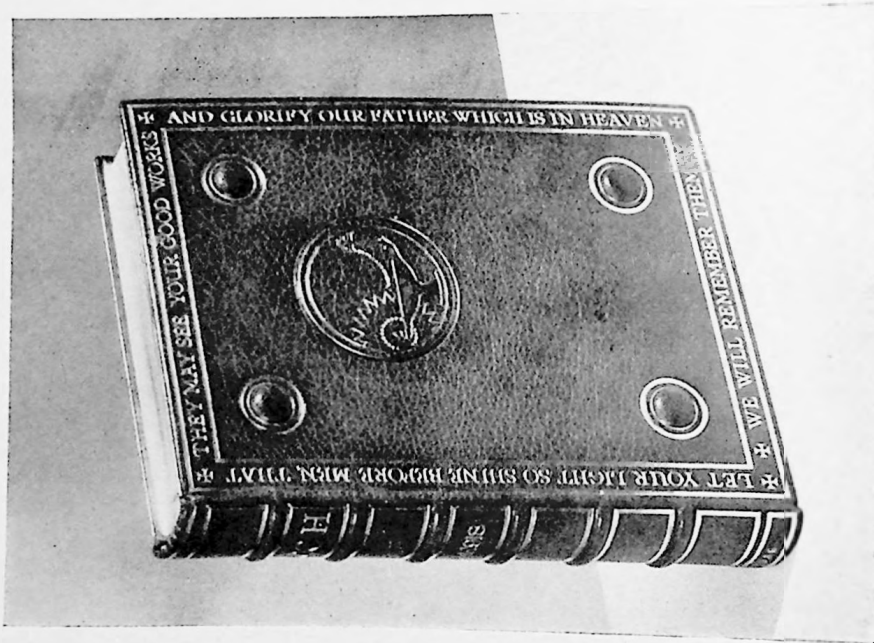


June 22 : TUBBY WITH MEMBERS AT GUILDHALL (page 19. Photo: Planet News).



June 23 : AT THE MANSION HOUSE MEETING (page 26).

The Lord Mayor (left) shaking hands with the Hon. Vincent Massey : left of them Tubby, between them Sir Ion Hamilton Benn, on the right Major F. V. Drake and L. Prideaux Brune. (Photo: London News Agency).



THE BINDING AND THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE AND THANKSGIVING (see page 17).

THE FESTIVAL—SANITY

SIR VALIANT steps down from the stage, the white beam of the spotlights shining on the scarlet and silver of his accoutrements.

The procession moves majestically amidst the mighty throng seated in the darkened hall, and the music swells.

The melody of the triumphant hymn rises and falls like the rushing of winds from the outer darkness playing upon the strings.

Almost suddenly the movement works up to the climax of the last verse as though to meet the torrent of the Choir's song coming in at its first words. Splendidly the Choir responds, and the strings are drowned by the mighty burst of plainsong,

*"Honor, virtus, et victoria, regnum
aeternaliter,
Saeculorum saeculis, saeculorum
saeculis."*

Those are the words, but who can describe the music, the sight and the sound of it all?

Suddenly a man in the row behind grips me by the shoulder and cries out, "Oh, grand. Isn't it grand?" I have never seen him before in all my life and it is too dark to see his white identity disc.

I nod at him savagely to let him know that I too have felt as he feels. There is nothing to say, and in my case I am in no mood for saying it.

* * * *

I think that that was perhaps the high spot of the Toc H Coming-of-Age Festival. But one has to be so careful nowadays. Once upon a time the Master said that where two or three of His disciples were gathered together He was there in the midst. Now, however, one hardly dare meet anyone else without

being open to a charge of Totemism and Mass Hysteria. The fashion is to say that one should not have any enthusiasms, particularly if they are shared by others. We who as small boys used to collect the autographs of George Hirst and Wilfred Rhodes were in the process of numbing our mental faculties, and Rhodes numbed them for thirty years, whilst the shadow of George Hirst hangs over us yet—and what a shadow!

So I dare not say more of what happened to us in the mass. May I then venture to write of a few things that happened between odd men this past week-end?

* * * *

Saturday was a pleasant afternoon and I lounged on the terraces listening to the band. A member of a Group in the Area I know best came and sat beside me. We chatted about the Group for some time and then he suddenly said, "Do you know, Padre, this all seems pre-war somehow. The band and the quiet happy people and the sanity of it all. It's so different from the newspapers and the placards and advertisements and the world outside. It's sane."

I agreed. Somehow it struck the note of a kinder and a saner England. He told me some things about his Group. Last year they had run a camp for very poor boys which had been financed by a famous society, but this year the society had tired of well-doing and had withdrawn its support. I was sympathetic.

"It's a pity you can't do it this year," I told him, "for it's the very best kind of job." He brightened. "Oh, we're doing it again all right, but it's been a sweat having to raise the funds as well. We shan't cut it down though."

I blinked, for I knew that only a month or two earlier the Elections Committee had been considering his unit as "a weak Group probably requiring attention." I suppose that there must be a great many weak Groups like this. I hope that they won't get too much attention. He went over to see another friend, and told me on parting, "Do come and visit us soon and come back after the meeting for supper. No—come to tea beforehand and then you can see my daughter in her bath. That's all right, Padre, she's only twelve months." He departed, leaving sanity, friendship, and simplicity, in the pleasantness of the afternoon. He liked this way of life better than the way of newspaper headlines.

A quiet man from Wiltshire was sitting on my right. We did not speak, though he must have heard our conversation. The band played delightfully and then out of the blue a number of fighting planes zoomed overhead. I grinned at my companion. "That's the first sign of insanity in the afternoon," I said. He closed the conversation in three words. "I quite agree." He said it tensely, almost viciously, and then lapsed into silence and did not speak again. It was as though his heart had suddenly sweated. He too liked sanity and resented intrusions.

* * * *

Later in the day I went downstairs for a wash amongst a jostling throng of happy men—happiness such as one does not easily see to-day. A Londoner, used to the ways of the Metropolis, hung his coat on a peg and, as his custom was, began to extract his wallet before going to the wash basin, when a North Country voice said, "You've ner need ter tak' that out 'ere." The man grinned self-consciously and, seeing the justice of the remark, he dropped the wallet back into his coat

pocket. Probably most people never removed theirs at all.

Something like ten thousand people in the Crystal Palace, most of whom were complete strangers to each other, but "You've ner need ter tak' that out 'ere." You will remember Tubby's story of the country where a man might travel from one end to the other and never so much as get the wrong change on a 'bus. Though England is not like that, is it possible that there is within her an England which is?

* * * *

In St. Paul's on Monday another story of Tubby's came back to me. It is a story so terrible, so strong and so lovely that I have never yet been able to read it aloud, though I have tried more than once. The story is of a handful of men, I think the number was five, buried in the heart of the great South American continent. At the outbreak of the Great War they did not get the news of it for months, so far beyond the ways of men they were. The day they heard of it their decision was made, for they were British, though not all could speak English and some had never seen their native land.

Hundreds of miles they trekked to the coast and took ship to Europe. Most of them I think were killed in France, and one or two returned again to their homes beyond the sight and knowledge of England and her ways for ever.

I sat in St. Paul's before the service, slightly annoyed because I had been seated next to a woman. Why should these L.W.H. people want to butt in on our show? She might not even be L.W.H.

Perhaps the relative of a Vice-President or had gate-crashed with the organist.

Suddenly she turned to me and asked, "Are you a South African?"

"No," I protested, "and is there any reason why I should be?"

Smilingly she shook her head, "Of course not. But I thought these seats were for overseas people and they mostly seem to be South African."

"Why, then, are you a South African?" I asked her.

"No. My friend here and I are L.W.H. Chile."

I gasped and tried to recover. "But there can't be an L.W.H. Chile," I said in amazement. She looked at me sympathetically, "Of course there is." Then all at once the sympathy went and the spirit came into her, "But I'm British," she added. You know how she said it. It made me feel like a mulatto by comparison.

"Still, you're a long way from home," I pointed out. She agreed. "Yes, I can't really believe that I'm here. Of course I've seen pictures of St. Paul's. Oh, but they couldn't ever do it justice. It's marvellous."

She was ecstatic now. "I suppose you have some very wonderful old Spanish Churches out there?" I suggested, trying to be courteous to a foreigner. She shook her head, "Oh, but they're tawdry beside this. This is really English. You can't mistake it. There isn't anything like it."

She and her friend will be a few brief weeks in England before returning to the great South American continent. No Toc H man could make the journey from Chile, for a living is not so easily come by in that country since the nitrate boom spent itself. But two girls came alone across half the world to the Festival.

I did not ask them if they were relatives of the men of whom Tubby wrote. But who will deny the likeness?

* * * *

After the early celebrations on Sunday morning I pushed my way into a crowded

Lyons in search of breakfast and found myself seated next to a lean middle-aged Welshman from Risca. He saw that I was from London and asked me earnestly in his interrogative Welsh accent, "Do you know a place called New Barnet?" I told him that I lived there. "And Potters Bar?" he asked. I assured him that it was the next station down the line. Immediately he went on, "I've been looking for a man who could take a message to them. I want them to know how we in the Rhondda Valley appreciate their friendship and how much they have done for some of us." This surprised me, for hardly more than a whisper of this connection had come to my ears. It appeared that these North London units had forged links by post with the Rhondda Valley units. Not the impersonal scheme of the adoption of one town by another, but the friendship of men with far distant and less fortunate men. Many things had been done, and my friend from Risca told me of how one man writing to another had offered to take his unemployed son off his hands and get him a start in London. Little things, no doubt, but enough to make a certain man wander round London trying to find someone to whom he could express himself in words. "Letters will not express it, look you," he told me.

He was a coal-miner and was now in work again after some lean years. I told him I hoped he was making good money, and subject to some reservations he agreed that it was not too bad. After which he added, "But whatever a man draws he can't keep it in his pocket with things as they are in the Valley these days, not if he has a heart in his body." So he was not saving any money yet. We talked of the Masque of the night before and, of course, he had loved it as a Welsh coal-miner would. He was determined to

attend the Sung Eucharist at All Hallows, and the reason for this vow he gave as being the Masque. "It seemed to call my soul out into action," he said.

From what he told me of Toc H Risca I think his soul has been in action for some time.

* * * *

The Sunday morning was bright and the streets comparatively free from traffic. I think that London on a June Sunday morning is good.

I found the Pilot of my old Branch, a man I had been with through fair weather and foul. We have been in many places together and known many situations, and by this time we have attained to that state where distance does not separate us. He is getting disgustingly prosperous and has a grand new Singer sports car with fine scarlet upholstery, and we zoomed happily along the Embankment in the sunshine. Such a sense of well-being we had that I felt we should hardly park the car for lunch so much as abandon it. At Hyde Park Corner crossing we nearly ran down Paul Slessor.

And can anyone suggest a better morning's hunting than that?

* * * *

Well, it's all over now, and somehow the abiding impression left by the Festival is one of a core of sanity, friendship and decency in a world which is not rich in these qualities. After all, Christian sanity and Pagan sanity have always been two different things.

Which is the real sanity? For myself, I prefer this way of life which we have in Toc H. My friend with the small daughter prefers it, too. The man from Wiltshire seemed very definite about it. In the end all choice is arbitrary, and we like the choice that we have made.

As for Totemism, I never have judged Toc H as a mass movement. I have always judged it by these people that I meet. I met these few here and there during the course of a few days; from Chile, from Risca, from my own doorstep. Thousands of other people were doing just the same thing and finding out the same things, but because they have a more decent reserve than I, and will not let their tongues or their pens run away with them, you will never hear of what they heard or of what they saw. But it must have been much.

And so we ask "Is Toc H the genuine article?"

The disciples of John came to Him and said "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another." And He replied, "Go and tell John of the things ye do hear and see."

* * * *

And if anyone wants to make a few cheap royalties by writing a book about Totemism and Mass Hysteria he is welcome to do so. I doubt if it will thrill many. It will enthrall no one.

Meanwhile, Love, Joy and Peace will continue

Saeculorum saeculis, saeculorum saeculis.

J. E. E. T.

PART I.: PILGRIMS

A Festival Voyage

OF all the ships which brought some hundreds of men and women to the Festival the *Balmoral Castle* was perhaps the most thoroughly given over to Toc H.

The Southern African Pilgrimage was first mooted two years ago, and since then actively planned and organised. The party of 64 which sailed from Capetown on May 29 under the leadership of E. A. Thompson had an unhappy time for the first two days, for it left in fog and rain, with heavy rollers and piercing headwinds which treated the gallant vessel unkindly. They were sufficiently recovered by the Sunday, however, to decide what use to make of the voyage during its remaining 14 days. An executive was appointed for Toc H, and likewise one for L.W.H. Toc H, drawn as it was from almost every part of the Union and the Rhodesias, decided that the opportunity was unique for brushing up and broadening minds.

Thereafter every afternoon, for over an hour, led by a group leader and several assistants, almost every important aspect of Toc H was studied and experiences exchanged. Jobs and Race Relations each occupied two and a half meetings, and the other sessions were devoted to organisation, programmes, schools section, literature, finance, and religion in Toc H. Each of the meetings required careful preparation, and each had to be followed by further meetings at other times in readiness for the summing up of the last day. The amount of research and hard thinking which members did was astonishing, and as attendance was voluntary, the way men missed their afternoon sleep in order to take part was also astonishing. The discussions proved an invaluable prelude to the Festival activities which followed.*

The Guest-Night held on board in the after-saloon at the invitation of the first-class passengers, with the captain presiding and

the ship's orchestra to lead the community singing, was attended by about 200 passengers, drawn from both tourist and first-classes. Amber and black decorations, several really good turns and liberal refreshment all added to the hospitality. A talk on Toc H helped at the least to remove many misconceptions. Our thanks is indeed due to the captain and all his staff who helped us most willingly throughout the voyage.

Every evening the party met for family prayers, and members in distant parts were not forgotten. Abeam off Nigeria this radio was sent to the workers in the leper settlements:—

"Sixty-four Southern African pilgrims aboard for Festival greet and remember you."

Besides the ceaseless committee work, six members, including Padre Denis Daly, of Toc H, Mauritius, served valiantly on the sports committee, of which the padre was chairman. Toc H carried off eight of thirteen prizes for the fancy dress dance and out of 220 tourist passengers more than held its own in the ship's sports.

To "Tommy" Thompson, who conceived the pilgrimage and worked so hard for it, an illuminated address, prepared on board and signed by all the party, was presented as a memento of a memorable undertaking.

Southampton, Portsmouth and Bournemouth members turned out in force to welcome the party, their thoughtfulness meaning much, and at Waterloo, and afterwards at 42, the reception was overwhelming.

Of the hosts who were so kind in London no pilgrim can say too much. Each was given the real hospitality of an English home, and each all the assistance possible in the bewildering ways of London.

Of all these things the pilgrims will talk with warm hearts in the years to come.

E. N. T.

* These discussions were summarized in an excellent series of typed reports. Some of this material will, we hope, reach a wider audience in a subsequent issue of the JOURNAL.—ED.

A Festival Pilgrimage

Long after other things, impressive at the time and even likely to be recalled in the immediate years ahead, have been forgotten, the men who came from distant lands will have the "quiet room" of Poperinghe as their abiding memory of the great Festival.

Perhaps there was truth in the words addressed by a Brussels member to the 64 Southern African Pilgrims, that the British and Continental membership scarcely realised their privilege in being so close at hand for visits to the Old House. Yet even if they do not realise it, the depth of purpose which the overseas men have found on all sides in England must be in large part due to the experience which English members have had over there in these years since Talbot House became our own. The Pilgrims from far countries go back with a like thankfulness.

Man after man said afterwards that what impressed him most when he entered the Old House and still more when he climbed to the Upper Room was the utter peace therein. The impression may have been more marked because for three days the party had been rushed from ocean liner to Waterloo, then through London's roar to the excited bustle of 42, Trinity Square, then more of the bewilderment of London, followed the next day by a cross channel passage, and trains, 'buses and trains again. They went to the Old House weary, and on arrival involuntarily gave a thought to men long years ago who had come to it far more weary than they.

It is a tribute to the writers who have described Talbot House that every Pilgrim who was asked whether he had found it as he expected declared he had. Many were surprised at the comfort it offered and all were bodily saved by the Slessorium. Only when they came to the Upper Room did they find more than they had hoped. True, its arrangement was in conformity to pictures, but here they found more than they had dared to hope, and more than any member who knew the Old House had ever succeeded in telling. What it meant to some was shown in the quiet time after family prayers. Then, before

going to bed, men found their way to the Upper Room and knelt in silent prayer. No moments in all the stirring events of the succeeding week meant more than these.

The fact that the Old House, thanks to the wisdom of those who planned its use, has not been turned into a museum, but that old notices, letters and pictures, many of them the original ones of the first days, could still give a message to all who cared to read, and that the furnishing and general arrangement of the house had been so obviously planned so as to make it a home for the present members in just the same way that it served the Elder Brethren, were points which the pilgrims particularly appreciated.

To live in the Old House for the best part of two days, and from there to visit the battlefields and war cemeteries, returning to the peace of evening prayers and the living refreshment before the Carpenter's bench, was a privilege which made men pause and think. In days to come, when perchance they have grown weary in their distant teams, and doubts press strongly, the memory of Poperinghe will renew their courage.

All who shared in this experience were united in one criticism, and would pass it on to those who come after. At least one whole day, unplanned and free, should be included whenever possible by parties visiting this our Bethlehem. The South Africans found, as doubtless many others have done, that their programme was far too full to permit sufficient free time to breathe in the spirit which the Old House has ever known.

Picturing the love and laughter that Talbot House knew of old it was easier to understand the sacrifice of which Tynecot or the Menin Gate, Thiepval or Delville Wood, bore witness. To say that the pilgrims were not sad as they realised that the folly of the world had called for the destruction of their brethren would be untrue, yet these were no places for mourning. Here was the peace akin to that of the Upper Room, and here beauty and contentment. What loving hands tended these long rows of graves, what

colours in the flowers, what rich green in the grass! Men may be divided as to what these acres sacred to God and man may mean to those who follow after in long years to come. Those, however, who came from places where the war, even during its operation, was remote, stood between the long rows pledged to see that in the newer lands they would, through Toc H and through every channel of the spirit, make known daily the ways of Christ. Such ways must lead inevitably to peace, both national and international. Ways must be found for more and more people, both within and without Toc H, to visit the Old House and the graves of its sons.

On the ground floor of the Old House, near the entrance, is a box whose collections will enable more men to come. May many give thankfully. The Upper Room will make them give, and so too, will a quiet hour in a tiny "God's acre" which probably many pilgrims miss. This is the Ramparts Cemetery, near the Lille Gate into Ypres.

Stand by in reverence as the long call of the "Last Post" echoes through the Menin Gate's walls of witness, and then walk quietly in the last half-hour of the twilight between the grass and shrubs that now bring beauty to these ancient fortifications, until the perfection of this lovely resting place is revealed.

"He leadeth me beside still waters" might well have been on the dying lips of those who lie buried here. For here are trees which seemed unshaken by the blood and bombs, and here grow roses whose odour was like incense round the granite cross. Here birds chirped their night songs, and all the glory and the peace was shown in crystal loveliness in the waters below.

The "Last Post" sounding forth along the Menin Road, the sunset scene at the Lille Gate, and then to the Upper Room. This, it seemed to many, should be the abiding last memory of every Pilgrimage to all this hallowed ground.

E. N. T.

A Northern Coach Tour

Three tours to the North of England took various routes, from and back to London. Some who availed themselves of the opportunity provided by the Festival Office of seeing the old country in a short time, found the Victoria Coach Station a familiar spot. Two tours to Scotland left there together at 9.30 a.m. on Monday, June 29—one travelling up the East, the other the West side of the country and passing one another on the road outside Edinburgh. Each saw virtually the same places and had the same Toc H units as hosts. A third tour was more particular about its Midland stops.

Tour No. 7, with a party made up of some twenty South Africans, three Americans and a member of the L.W.H. in Chile, made the first stop at Windsor. The Padre of the Branch conducted them over the Castle and paid reverence to King George in St. George's Chapel. A slow rain which fell all the morning failed to damp the ardour of the party or its zest at seeing England, in most cases for the first time. At Reading, an hour

later, they were taken to lunch at the Toc H quarters in Watlington House, to which Sir Archibald Campbell, Overseas Commissioner, had travelled down from London to join the local members in welcoming them. The farewell ceremony consisted in decorating Padre Pryor Grant (U.S.A.), leader of the Tour, with the 'Order of the Biscuit': amid cheers a dirty piece of string, looped through a battered biscuit, reminder of Reading's world-famous industry, was hung around his neck. As at Banbury, where later tea was served in the building in which the original Banbury Cakes were baked, Toc H thus boosted home trade and made subtle bids for business orders from the countries to which their guests would return!

The commercial activities of Reading and Banbury were separated by a stop in the inviolate atmosphere of Oxford. A cheery group of guides took parties of four or five, according to their varying speeds, in tow, and showed them Colleges at a pace which left even the Americans breathless. This plan

of small parties was said to be for the better seeing of the ancient town, but some suspected it to be a device of the guides to avoid being recognised by fellow townsmen and gownsmen in too conspicuous a company of uncultured foreigners! Whatever the motive, the cause of Toc H was genuinely fostered.

Stratford-on-Avon was an interlude delightful to everyone. All the visitors, it appeared, had heard of the late Mr. Shakespeare; some had read one or more of his plays and were thrilled to see the place of his birth, the Guild School, the new theatre, the Parish Church, the river, the gardens. The time of the visit being late afternoon, after working hours, local Toc H members were out in force to make the story unforgettable. The welcome was shared not least by the rural Group at Smithfield, just outside Stratford, where supper was served on the Rectory lawn in a setting of impressive beauty and peace. About 10 p.m. the coach drew up at the Branch Headquarters in Birmingham and waiting hosts took their guests home for the night.

The Second Day

The next day brought the party to Chester, Liverpool and Lancaster, where lunch, tea and supper respectively were provided by welcoming groups of Toc H and L.W.H. members. Cathedrals and castles were the order of this day, with glimpses of Chester's ancient walls and quaint old shops and overhead sidewalks. Gladstone House, Liverpool, a place of charm and significance in itself, gave access to the new Cathedral, where all the visitors, to whom old things were delightful, learned that noble architecture is of to-day as well as yesterday. The oft-heard query whether this church, when finished, may not surpass far older ones was raised anew and left unanswered, but it stirred a reverence for the present which is of the essence of Toc H. The Lancaster members had arranged a thorough tour of the Castle under expert guidance, and its grim history and gruesome dungeons helped to reveal castles to the visitors as much more than picturesque features of the landscape and

occasions for imaginative romance. So rich an insight into the hardness and cruelty of other days, combined with the warmth of welcome and hospitality by local members, provided a living parable of the objects of Toc H. In these things the Morecambe members joined with Lancaster and carried away some of their guests for the night "to catch a breath of Morecambe air"—a local industry again advertised!

The Third Day

The next day meant the Lake District, for which words need not be attempted. It was lovely and extremely inviting in spite of the rain that poured down. The bus was stopped for an hour beside Lake Windermere and for an hour between showers, when refreshments were to be had at a hotel across the road, the party gazed in wonder at the exquisite beauty of the scene, a double mirror of sky and water. Keswick turned out a good number of members to act as hosts for lunch at the Balmoral Hotel: among them was the Headmaster of the Secondary School, which is partly housed in the former home of Coleridge and Southey. A brief halt of half-an-hour was made at Brompton for a delightful tea arranged by members there—an interval much too brief to match the quality of the food and the fellowship.

Gretna Green seems to have claimed its notorious toll, even from so staid a company as South Africa provided for the Festival. Two of them, a bachelor and a widow, in the absence of the padre appointed to look after the party, entered the famous blacksmith's shop and are reported to have been married by the successor of the former proprietor. As yet no confirmation of the affair is forthcoming: all that is known is that one of the parties involved deserted the tour altogether at Edinburgh!

The Fourth Day

Glasgow was but an overnight stop, with many kind hosts, and early next morning the 'bus set out for Edinburgh by way of the Trossachs. The first bloom of bell-heather brought cries of delight from the South Africans and the coach had to be stopped to

permit them to pick some with their own hands. Doone Castle was visited on the way to Stirling, where lunch and time prevented more than a climb to the Castle to look out over the surrounding country. But the two great rocks, Stirling and Edinburgh, around which most of Scottish military history has been made, were visited in the same day. In Edinburgh Castle the party saw the supreme war-memorial of the world. In its most famous citadel Scotland has built a thing which make the Toc H words of Remembrance come most intimately to mind, and it was a high moment of the tour to stand before memorials so wonderfully conceived. Special forethought also made it possible for a Civil Servant member of Toc H to conduct the party personally through Holyrood Palace.

From Edinburgh the trek turned southward and Melrose and the Border country of Scott's love were passed on the way to Carter Bar, where Scotland was left behind and England found once more. At Newcastle-on-Tyne the Lord Mayor and Mayoress extended a civic welcome and luncheon to the party at the County Hotel. Members of Toc H in Newcastle, South Shields and Gosforth joined in this and made it very much of a District affair.

Richmond members later provided an equally hearty welcome and tea, and through a former Mayor furnished their guests with a delightful summary of the town's history. Ripon Cathedral was then visited, on the way to Harrogate. Here a short and informal meeting was held at the Branch headquarters, with songs, refreshments, informal talks and 'Light.' The party, captured completely by the charm and spirit of the place, was parcelled out to its hosts for the night and entertained in proper Yorkshire fashion.

The Fifth Day

York Minster, where Toc H guides were on hand even in the middle of the morning, was the next sight. The one regret was that the death-watch beetle had created a situation in the roof at one point which caused the Seven Sisters window to be hidden by scaffolding. The whole effect of the Minster,

however, heightened by the music of the choir at matins, cast a spell, and the glory of the place will long live in the memories of its visitors from overseas. Doncaster Toc H, next visited, not only provided cordial hospitality at lunch but a parting gift to each member of the touring party of its famous butterscotch. The remembrance of Doncaster is thus sweet indeed!

Leicester gave the visitors another civic reception at tea in the garden of Eastgate Court, with both the Lord Mayor and Sheriff present. The cathedral was shown with great pride both by Toc H members and by the young verger who infected all who followed him with his own love and reverence for the place. The Bishop displayed to the visitors the treasured copy of Magna Carta—one of the three in existence, and courtesies and attentions were poured upon the party sufficient to delay their arrival at Peterborough by an hour and a half. There a large assembly was found waiting. Supper, a hearty sing-song, a speech or two, and the visitors were whisked off to new homes and hosts for the last night of the tour.

The Sixth Day

On the following morning Peterhouse, Cambridge, was reached about 11 a.m., and Sir Hubert Sams, Bursar of the College, conducted the party round the best of Cambridge for several hours. This was done not in any hurried tourist fashion but with delightful care, so that Cambridge lives, as it deserves to do, as one of the high points of the tour: it furnished, too, one of the explanations of England's greatness. After a meal at the Toc H Lunch Club, which serves our members in the University indispensably, the party boarded their coach again for the Harpenden Rally at Rothamsted (see page 90). There, amidst the loveliest surroundings, in a great gathering of Toc H folk representing many units, with Jim Burford closing the day's conference on a high note of inspiration and challenge and Colin Marr leading homegoing prayers, the tour was crowned for those who had shared its privileges in complete joy and peace and thanksgiving.

P. McN. G.

A South-Western Coach Tour

Fortified in true Pauline fashion with a minister of the body as well as of the soul Tour No. 1 set out from London on June 16 for the West Country. And who knows England who knows not the West Country?

The party consisted of fourteen over-seas members, representing Australia, Ceylon, Singapore, Uganda, U.S.A., Canada, Brazil and Chile, and ten from home units in Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Herts., Hants and London. It was a glorious mixture of people, a bit shy of one another for the first few hours, but within a day a team caught up in a sweeping tide of friendship that came out to meet it from units along the way and turned back in a welding response.

Toc H members were waiting at each point of the itinerary, whatever the hour of the day the party was scheduled to arrive, to welcome, to guide, and nearly always to feed. Meals numbered from four to eight daily. In this regard no mercy was shown the unsuspecting guests, who before the tour was over were bludgeoned into the disturbing necessity of forming among themselves a T.T.T. (Tummy-Touch-Table) Club.

There was the thrill of the ever-changing beauty of the counties, the splendour of the Cotswolds, the noble architecture of Oxford, the unique Savages Club at Bristol and the wonderful Guest-nights there and in Bournemouth, the caves and towering grandeur of Cheddar Gorge, Somerset cider, the lonely moors, red soil, historic coast-line, luscious strawberries and Devonshire cream, the leafy lanes of Dorset, the sanctity of Glastonbury, the peaceful serenity of cathedrals and abbeys, the undisturbed stretches of the New Forest. As a sort of special blessing there was the knowledge of the unity of the Toc H family, a spirit which vitalized the experience and quickened response. The members of the party hardly knew they had left home and felt indeed that they were related to the brethren everywhere.

Inside the coach, too, there were manifestations of overwhelming good humour and comradeship, and in the final speech of the tour Herbert Oley (South Shields) crystal-

lised the thoughts of all in Shelley's lines—
Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

In the lovely Toc H Chapel at Hartley Wintney the tour reached a fitting climax in corporate thanksgiving for the joys of it all.

A Member's Tribute

The meaning and value of the tour, and of others like it, may be summed up in the words of a letter written afterwards by a member of the party. He says: "Toc H has never been a very easy thing for me to understand or appreciate. For years I have been attending the usual meeting on Thursday evenings. The company has been amiable and sometimes a speaker has been really interesting. There were the usual reports about jobs, prayers, and then home, and we thought we had done justice to the movement—at least I thought I had. Somehow there was always something lacking about it, but the tour revealed what this was and supplied it.

"Twenty-four strangers climbed into the bus at Victoria Coach Station on June 16. Thankfully I was one of them. Unlike the knights of the Holy Grail, we did not set out for any specific purpose, save that of seeing Toc H and the beauty of the countryside. How we loved it, and tucked it away in one of those little closets of our minds!

"I shall always remember that holiday. The scenery will be printed in my memory, but the reception we were given, the friendships formed, and, above all, the wonderful spirit that was present wherever we went will be carved deep upon my mind as long as life lasts. Here were the things I had sought all my years in Toc H. Membership is now no casual thing; it is a privilege and a heritage. Surely now I shall go back to my Branch, wanting really to pass on the spirit of it!

"The twenty-four of us climbed out of our bus at Victoria Station on June 20, rich beyond our wildest dreams. The earnest prayer of one of them at least was '*God grant that the friendships formed here in Toc H may neither through sin be broken nor through worldly cares be forgotten.*'"

PART II: THE CENTRAL WEEK

PRELUDE: SUNDAY, JUNE 21

THE Sunday which opened the Central Week of the Festival provided a sort of prelude to its main events. Many overseas members were just back from pilgrimage to France and Flanders or from coach tours in England, their first real sight, in many cases, of 'Home'; home members were beginning to assemble in London. And so the official 'Time-table' suggested to them "Services and Preachers at some London churches during the day." Among Toc H Padres or Honorary Association Padres who were thus preaching were Bishop Horace Crotty (late of Bathurst, N.S.W.) at Westminster Abbey in the morning and Canon F. R. Barry, Tubby's old 'Chief' at Knutsford, there in the evening; 'Pat' McCormick in the morning and 'Sawbones' (Padre, Western Area) in the evening at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; L. G. Appleton ("Appy," late London Area Padre) at St. Paul's, Haringay, where he is vicar, both morning and evening; Herbert Leggate, morning and evening, at Wesley's Chapel, City Road; Dr. T. R. Glover at the City Temple; and Kenneth Bloxham at Shepherds Bush Tabernacle. At All Hallows Bobs Ford preached, to a lean congregation, in the morning: the substance of his talk is printed on the next page.

It is clearly impossible to reproduce all that was said in so many pulpits touching Toc H. A note on Pat McCormick's sermon at St. Martin's shall do duty for them all. He gave a simple 'talk' on Toc H in the manner well-known and welcomed by his wireless listeners all over the world: it deeply moved the crowded congregation by its directness. He was able to compare the opening of the Old House in Poperinghe by Neville Talbot and Tubby in 1915 to the taking over of St. Martin's by Dick Sheppard before the War and the building up of a great family of folk around its central worship. He went on to remind his hearers of the part St. Martin's played in the re-birth of Toc H in 1920, when Tubby and Alec Paterson, after kneeling together at its altar one morning,

repaired to breakfast with Dick Sheppard to draft the original 'code' of Toc H, the "Four Points of the Compass." And Pat linked his story of Toc H with the central secret of friendship, quoting from the classic example of David and Jonathan.

The preacher went on to give another notable quotation about friendship, this time spoken of the friendship of St. Peter and St. John by Bishop Lightfoot in an address to ordination candidates. "Friendship, true friendship," said Lightfoot, "has its home in the sanctuary of God. It is the association of heart with heart, the communion of life with life, for the purposes of mutual edification and support. It is the carrying out in the fullest sense of the Apostle's precept, which enjoins that we bear one another's burdens. It is felt to be the most sacred trust which God commits to man, for He places in the hands of the recipient the keeping, as it were, of the heart, the conscience, the aspirations, the designs of one who is more than brother to him. It is confessed to be the highest blessing—short of Himself—which God bestows on man; for it quickens his affections, it purifies his motives, it gives him an adviser and a champion and a never-failing ally. It is the sacrament and the satisfaction of his life. It binds him by a solemn obligation—appealing alike to his heart and conscience—to consecrate himself for the sake of his friend. All this friendship is, when it truly deserves the name. But it assumes a still higher aspect in *special cases*. If the sphere of its exercise is not only the intercourse of private and social life, but the association in some great and beneficent work, some philanthropic labour, some religious enterprise, then it not only moves in the sanctuary; it passes within the veil, it abides in the holy of holies, it lives in the very presence of God."

Surely no better text could be given as prelude to our Festival—for Toc H ought to be able to claim that it is one of the "special cases" assigned so high a place in friendship.

'Bobs' on 'Facing the Festival'

The substance of a sermon preached by the Rev. F. E. Ford in All Hallows at 11 a.m. on Sunday, June 21, 1936.

James 4, 8: "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to thee."

WILL you put yourself in the position of the cat who came to London to see the Queen and was then asked what it did there? All it could say was that it had done what it could do daily in its suburban villa, country cottage, provincial town-house or up-country shack.

Some of you are in London for the Festival. All of you find yourselves in London with the Festival. What will you be able to say when asked what you did there?

Here are three little parables. A family went to the seaside for their holiday. It was a place for them big with opportunities of new experiences. They were quite miserable until they chanced upon an equally dull family from their own home town. They spent the rest of the holiday in their company. These people were afraid of the unfamiliar.

A party of children went to the Zoo. Nothing seemed to make much impression. In the elephant house they were particularly unresponsive until suddenly they saw a kitten playing round the huge beast's foot. They went into raptures and could think of nothing else for days afterwards. These children were probably afraid of the bigness of things.

At the Aldershot Tattoo the other night there was an episode depicting grim fighting. We saw men realistically killed and realistically dying. To some of us it was an unpleasant sight but there were others nearby who laughed and said it reminded them of tin soldiers being knocked down. I do not think they were cynical or hardened. These folk were afraid of the power of deep feeling.

These three fears—of the unfamiliar, the big and the deep—were not the sort that send you white in the face or dry in the mouth, for they were fears of which the folk concerned were unconscious but the resulting behaviour was a way of escape from facing certain realities. I may have chosen extreme cases but we are all afraid of such things. It may be a piece of new thought, laughed at five years ago as monstrously new-fangled, laughed at to-day as monstrously old-fashioned; it may be a bigger responsibility or a new vision of great possibilities. How do we react?

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

Or it may be the fear of a really deep relationship with man or woman or with God. It will be too demanding, too self-revealing. We escape with a multitude of superficial friends; with many prayers in which there is no real praying.

This week draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Do not fear but gladly look out for experiences which will be unfamiliar, big and deep. That is why you are in London. Draw nigh to God as you exchange ideas with men from far and near by refusing to be content to welcome the familiar with approval, scarcely noticing the strange and new, or at best making condescending allowance for it. Seize on the new ideas, face them, talk them out and try to understand them.

Draw nigh to God at our big gatherings by not fearing to enter into the bigness of our family, the bigness of God's leading

and forgiveness, the bigness of our manhood's responsibility now given to us as workers alongside God. Fear not to glimpse the vision of great possibilities.

Draw nigh to God by being unafraid of the stirring of deep emotions. Tears need not be staunched with laughter nor strong feeling watered down with cynicism. God speaks to hearts as well as heads. He must sometimes despair of the British heart ever coming out of its cold stone age. Sometimes it is only through great emotional experiences that we can come into touch with the eternal realities which we believe stand behind the ebb and flow of things temporal.

On this last point, John Graham in the JOURNAL has issued a wise warning against sentimentality. I suggest there are always two tests by which we can distinguish between real feeling and sentimentality, which is unreal feeling. First we can ask ourselves whether we are really interested for themselves in the men or women or the Supreme Person who arouse the feelings or more interested in the feelings as such.

The difference between real feeling and sentimentality is the difference between being in love and being in love with the idea of being in love. Is self at the centre of the picture? Secondly, we can ask ourselves if the feelings are real enough to drive us, either impulsively or after reflection, to action. The Russian aristocrat, who was moved to tears at the sufferings of humanity she saw depicted on the stage and on finding her coachman frozen to death outside the theatre was simply annoyed, was a pure sentimentalist.

When we go back from London, or to the common round in London and ask ourselves 'what did we there?' let us be able to say something more exciting than that we did what we might have done anywhere, anywhen. Let us be able to say that we were not afraid to look out for God in the unfamiliar, the big and the deep experiences. If we can say that, we shall probably be able to say, too, that through these things God looked out upon us—an experience which must be unforgettable and may be quite revolutionary.

A Book of Remembrance and Thanksgiving

At All Hallows that Sunday evening a simple ceremony marked the opening of the Festival week. In the course of a specially-arranged evensong Tubby preached and dedicated a notable gift to Toc H which now takes its place among the many treasures of All Hallows. This was the "Book of Remembrance and Thanksgiving" which has occupied the loving labour of a band of skilled workers for the last eight years. The scheme for this Book took shape in 1928, during the campaign for a Toc H Endowment Fund which in itself fell short of its first hopes. Many of those who subscribed to the Endowment Fund did so on personal grounds, seeing Toc H both as a memorial to the dead and a thanksgiving for the survivors of the War. Such people welcomed


an opportunity of recording a name dear to them in permanent form, and it should be the name either of one who had passed over on duty or who had returned safely out of the midmost of the fire. So this Book came to be—a record, as its title-page shows, of proud 'thanksgiving' for the dead and 'thanksgiving' for those who escaped death, for it is surely right to commemorate life as well as death. The names were to be enshrined in the worthiest way possible, and this task was entrusted to a skilled artist, Mr. Harold Bidmead. He planned the whole 'lay-out' of the Book and designed a page which was to be the pattern of all the rest. The task was clearly too large for the hours that one man was able to give it, and he therefore collected a band of very practised

writers and illuminators to whom he apportioned sections and pages.* Every page was to have the same measurements and general design—with its coloured panel of flowers and leaves down the margin, its names, in black, of a certain size and style, its rich gold initial for each letter of the alphabet, its running quotation from page to page across the top in red.

But within these limits the different artists express their own individuality: the lettering varies subtly in the writing of different hands and the flower designs show a great variety of idea and beauty. This adds much life and character to the whole book. All the work is carried out on vellum of exquisite quality. The title-page, executed richly in gold and platinum and colours, is the work of Harold Bidmead himself; and the noble dark red leather binding is the gift, and partly the personal handiwork, of Mr. Calkin, in memory of his wife, mother of Rex Calkin. There are many fine books, memorials of the War, in the Cathedrals and public places of England, but none, it is safe to say, finer in craftsmanship than this. It commemorates

men who deserved well and it is a work of real skill and devotion worthy of them. We reproduce (Plate II) pictures of the binding and the title-page, but photographs can give very little idea of the living work itself.

For the service of dedication All Hallows was well-filled. Many of the artists concerned were present. Festival hymns were sung, and Psalm XV and lessons from the Book of Wisdom and Revelation were specially chosen. Tubby preached about light — 'illumination,' which led on to the illuminators of the Book. And then, standing in the aisle where the new gift lay in a case he dedicated "this Book, wherein are contained names dear to many here: in thanksgiving for their lives and their work, whether serving in the legions of

+ + + + +				
REMEMBRANCE				
	ADAM.	Ser 11th Batt	Killed in action.	
	Robert W. Willic.	Aust. Infantry	at Pozieres.	
		ANZAC	August. 1916	
	ADAMS.			
	J.	South Lancs	Remembrance.	
	ADAMS.	Private.		
	Joseph.	FLAC	Remembrance	
	ADAMS.	Private.	Killed in France.	
	John.	R. Tank Corps	Date not known	
	ADSHEAD.	Private 624821.	Killed in action.	
	Albert Guest.	Batt. 4th	19th June.	
		Can. D.W.	1917	
	AGAR.	2nd Lieutenant.	Killed comm. 49th	
	Richard St. G.	Royal Horse	section 5729th 1918	
		Artillery.	Hindenburg Canal	
	ALAN.			
			Died in Hospital	

A Page of the Book, greatly reduced.

earth or of heaven." That was well said.

The final resting place of the Book of Remembrance and Thanksgiving is to be a niche in the new stonework of the Undercroft below the Church. It will lie, most appropriately, between the little Crypt of St. Francis, and the sanctuary in which the ashes of many members of Toc H now rest.

* Harold Bidmead's collaborators were the following:—Henry R. Ball (London), Miss Jessie Bayes (London), Miss Elsie M. Beagley (London), Miss Bertha Bell (London), Miss Biddy Bewsher (New Barnet), Miss Claire S. M. Evans, Miss F. Moselle Freeman (London), Miss Edith C. Goodwin (Birmingham), Miss Hilda G. Gulliver (London), Horace Higgins (London), Miss Helen E. Hinkley (Midhurst), Miss Beatrix Holmes (London), Mrs. A. Suelbury Hurren (London), Miss D. McGill (London), A. A. Moore (London), Harold Nelson (London), Miss Nora Pollard (Wallington), Miss Mary H. Robinson (London), Miss Daisy G. Sharpe (Worthing), Mrs. Irene Sutton (Edinburgh), Cecil Thomas (London), Miss Elsie K. Webber (Reigate).

MONDAY, JUNE 22

THE Central Week started 'officially' on Monday at 10.30 a.m. with a delightfully informal function, which was clearly the right kind of opening, namely—

Tubby's Welcome to Overseas Members

The place was right, too—Guildhall (the City of London despises a definite article in speaking of the centre of its civic life). This historic hall, dating from the early 15th century, has witnessed countless memorable scenes. In older days incredible banquets have been consumed there, and at intervals it is still redolent of turtle soup and flashing with diamonds. The nation's heroes and most honoured guests have always been welcomed there; Prime Ministers and potentates still make speeches at its table for which Europe waits. From the corners of its high gallery, in the coloured light of a splendid window, Gog and Magog look ponderously down, and the prosperous ghost of Dick Whittington lives somewhere on the premises. Certainly the proper place in London for the reception of our overseas visitors.

This was the second occasion on which the City Corporation had put their great hall at the disposal of Toc H. In 1922 it was the scene of the first Lamplighting by the Patron at the first Birthday Festival. How great the gathering seemed on the night of December 15, 1922 (as a few of those present on June 22, 1936, still vividly remembered)—and how hopelessly inadequate this beautiful building would prove for such a purpose

to-day! This is the measure of the growth of Toc H in fourteen years.

Policemen in Cheapside were kept busy directing lost men and women to the place, but eventually the hall was filled with shuffling feet and the cheerful hum of talk. Members met each other for the first time for years or for the first time ever, bought Festival literature at the bookstall, or discussed plans and lost tickets at the enquiry office. And then Tubby, with a small body-guard, was found among them. Chairs were thrust forward into a half-circle before the platform, many of the audience parked themselves on the floor. Speeches were very brief and to the point. Tubby began by opening a favourite book—Sam Weller's advice to Mr. Pickwick on the right hostelry, and the comfortable picture of the true English hospitality that there they found was the best possible form of welcome. Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, put up at five minutes' notice, had a few true words to say to, and about, Toc H men in the services. Rex Calkin gave out a few notices—no Festival is well and truly begun without that. And the crowd, in excellent mood, began to melt away, many of them towards Tower Pier for the first River trip.

'Sweete Themmes, run softly'

For the sake of convenience two River Trips, on Monday and Thursday, are reported together.

AMONGST the many features of the Festival was the careful balance of the events in the Central week. On the first day the Festival Committee showed their forethought in bringing folk together not only in the Guildhall but on the first River Trip upon which some hundreds of members, male and female of the species boarded the paddle steamer *Isle of Arran* for a trip down river to the centre of the London Docks.

For some of us overseas visitors, particularly, it was most interesting to see those docks which hold the shipping of the world's largest city and the heart of the Empire; but there was perhaps more to the trip than that in the fact that the four hours afloat gave folk a wonderful opportunity of getting to know each other right at the beginning of the glorious days ahead. It was also a grand opportunity for Tubby to meet overseas

people and he kept his A.D.C.'s busy trying to restrain him from over-exertion. He wandered amongst the 'trippers' shaking hands to the tune of his much loved words "Good, Good." When not on his rambles his voice was coming over the loudspeaker describing some part of the Thames and its romance, helping us to love this river on which has ebbed and flowed so much English history. Finally he was seen on the Captain's bridge minus coat, hat and collar, very hoarse but happily barracking those who had cameras focused on him.

From the moment we left Tower Pier, passing the Tower, under Tower Bridge, Pierhead House, Wapping, we were caught up in a wave of intense interest. Little tugs fussed past us with a sense of the importance of the precious foodstuffs being carried in the lighters they were towing, wherries loaded to their capacity drifted slowly up river and when at last we entered the Prince Albert Dock one-and-a-third mile of British shipping stretched before us, and by a strange coincidence, there facing each other across the dock were the ships which had taken the 'Regron' Team to Australia in 1934 and brought the Australian pilgrims Home in 1936. We returned to the Pier eager for the St. Paul's service after a trip which had given us a host of new and grand impressions.

Filled with passengers we left Westminster Bridge in glorious sunshine for the second trip on Thursday, June 25. The *Princess* was much smaller than the *Isle of Arran*, con-

sequently it was impossible to promenade the decks, and mixing was not so easy.

Some 'wag' of course soon discovered the microphone and as we passed beneath one of the Bridges we were informed that the Romans crossed this in 1066 to storm and conquer London and all that! Most of us kept asking 'what is that?' as we scanned the rather unfamiliar buildings on each bank, but useful maps were soon given to everyone and silence descended whilst we tried to find the answers to our own questions.

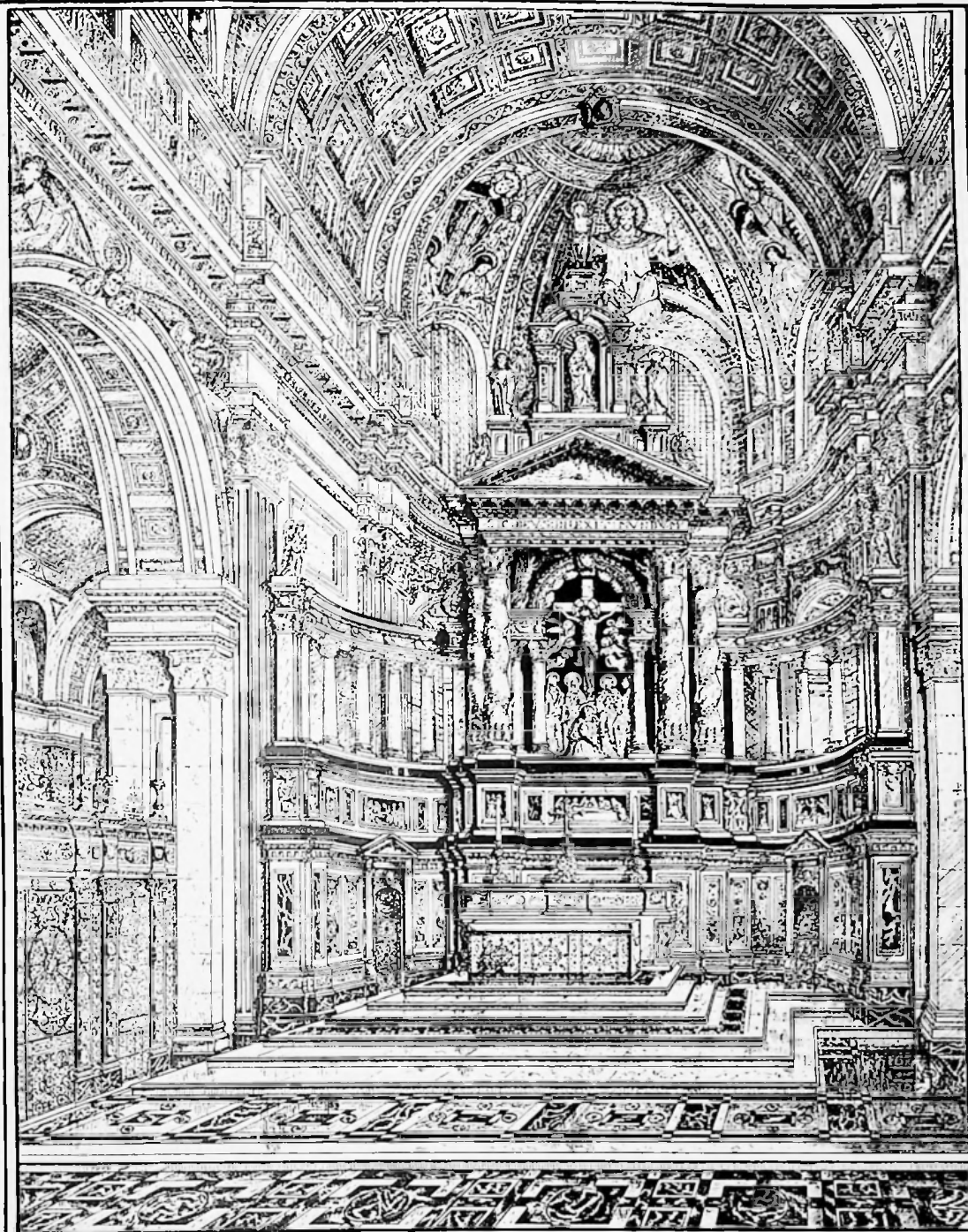
Tubby boarded the vessel at Tower Hill and gathered as large a crowd as possible in the saloon to tell them various details of the river life. It is strange how young we always become when in a lock. We might have been a party of school children as we shouted out with excitement as the water came higher and higher. After a most interesting voyage round the Docks with a Port of London Authority guide explaining through the loudspeaker (when it worked) we attempted to turn round (pardon; this is hardly a nautical term). Our skipper thought it was a good idea to cling on to a friendly looking barge and thus swing round. The barge was not so friendly. The owner appeared, thought otherwise and said so. He showed his displeasure in no uncertain language, even going so far as to suggest that a letter L would not be unsuitably exhibited on our bows! The whole afternoon was thrilling and most enjoyable: we were certainly a "happy ship."

Dedication at St. Paul's Cathedral

The Central Week was planned to begin and to end with a great gathering for worship. And the main motive of the two services was to be distinct and different. We were to begin, solemnly, by dedicating ourselves anew to the tasks of ToC H, now come of age: we ought to be ready, at the end of a week of crowded experience, to lift up our thanksgivings for all we had seen and felt.

St. Paul's Cathedral is a very grand place for a congregation of 4,000 men. But its immense proportions, scarcely realised when

one first enters, have some serious disadvantages. The sound of a single voice can never quite reach every corner of the building, and even the music of a great choir, singing from its proper stalls, comes to those seated in the nave as from a far distance, almost from another building. Our Service of Dedication had been carefully planned to defeat these obstacles as far as possible. There was to be no surpliced choir and no singing or speaking from the stalls; the few clergy who sat there, scarcely seen, took no public part in the ser-



The High Altar, St. Paul's Cathedral.

Stephen B. Dillon.

THE ALTAR, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : Drawing by Stephen B. Dillon (see page 87).

" High in the rounded apse, above the rich reredos of the altar, gleamed the figure of Christ the King, throned and crowned, dominating over all " (page 21).



*Above: A SOUTH-WESTERN COACH TOUR at Wimborne Minster, Dorset, June 19 (p. 14).
(Photo: The Royal Studios, Wimborne).*

*Below: THE WALES COACH-TOUR at Caernarvon (p. 89).
(Photo: W. Williams, Caernarvon).*



ON A SOUTH-WESTERN COACH TOUR.

1. At the War Memorial outside Winchester Cathedral. 2. At Windsor Castle.
3. 'Embussing' at Hartley Wintney. 4. The party at the Tote House, Bournemouth.
(Photos: 1, 2, 3 by W. A. Dykes, Scarborough).



TRIP ON THE RIVER THAMES (p. 19).

The steamer passes—1. The Houses of Parliament; 2. The Tower of London; 3. Pierhead House, Wapping. 4. A Thames sailing-barge. 5. Tubby in serious mood. 6. Most of the Skipper. 7. R. A. Thompson, leader of the Southern African party (in white suit), the 'Gen' on the left of him, Padre Pryor Grant, U.S.A., on extreme right. 8. Padre Gilbert Williams with S. African members. (Photos 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 by Mrs. Sawbridge, 2 by S. B. Thompson, 7 and 8 by Eric Tucker).

vice or came out to meet the congregation when they did so. And half-way down the immense nave two small platforms had been erected against the piers, facing each other. On each of these padres were posted—on the South side three 'Lectors' to read, and on the North three 'Cantors' to sing. These arrangements—and they fully proved their value—had been made after careful survey of the place by Fr. Barnes of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, who had compiled a form of service which added greatly to the debt which Toc H already owed him.

The purpose of the service, as the printed preface to it reminded us, was to "begin our week of Dedication," a time not intended to "waste itself in a passing enthusiasm or in empty aspirations or to be directed to some man-made purposes and not to the hallowing of God's Name, the increase of His Kingdom and the doing of His Will." Our first thoughts were to be "of God's greatness and glory, of our own littleness and sins and of the need of His Grace." And the service, we were further reminded, was not "done for us": "it is the meeting of our Family and the whole Service is the business of each one of us We are on duty in the Court of God."

Part One: Three Lessons

There were no preliminaries, beyond a very short procession of robed clergy, with the Archbishop of York as the final figure. Then the organ led the great congregation into Tubby's familiar Festival hymn, "Come, kindred, upstand." The service was divided into four parts, of which the first contained three sections, respectively headed "Praise," "Humility," and "Penitence and Grace." Each of these sections opened with a short reading of Scripture by one of the 'Lectors.' First the voice of David Wallace (East London Area Padre) was heard from the platform in the Nave, reading from Isaiah LXIII: "Thou, O Lord, art our father, our redeemer; thy name is from everlasting . . ." The congregation knelt for verses and responses and for the Toc H Prayer; then sat again while Herbert Leggate (Kent and

Surrey and Sussex Areas Padre), the second 'Lector,' read from the first Book of Chronicles XXIX: "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." Again the congregation knelt in humility, to "receive our society at God's hands" and each to "offer himself for God's service." The final section of this first part opened with a reading, by 'Sawbones' (H. F. Sawbridge, Western Area Padre), from Isaiah VI: "I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

Part Two: Hymns and Sermon

And now came Part Two, opening with the hymn, "Just as I am, thine own to be."

"In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserves and no delay—
With all my heart, I come."

Before the singing ended the Archbishop of York was in the high pulpit, looking down on thousands of men's faces, surely a very heartening sight. He preached without the aid of a microphone, and a large proportion of the congregation, it is to be feared, caught no more than words and isolated phrases here and there. His sermon, in response to many requests, is printed in full on pages 23-25. When he began the summer twilight was fast fading, and the immense congregation sat very intent and still in the dusk. As he ended lights gradually came up from end to end of the Cathedral. First they flooded the great choir and the sanctuary: high in the rounded apse, above the rich reredos of the altar, gleamed the figure of Christ the King, throned and crowned, dominating over all.

The congregation rose, with a low rumbling sound like the breaking of a long wave, to sing Whittier's beautiful Quaker hymn, "Dear Lord and Father of mankind." For the better-known but rather anæmic tune was substituted (at the Archbishop's wish) Hubert Parry's robust tune *Repton*. It was a sad pity that this was unfamiliar to most of the congregation: it is good music which deserves to be practised and used among us.

Part Three: 'Dedication'

And now followed Part Three, "The Act of Dedication," which was intended to be, and surely was, the core of the whole service. The Archbishop, still standing in the pulpit, now bade the congregation "stand to renew your resolution." Clause by clause he read in a loud voice the Main Resolution of Toc H: "Do you now pledge yourselves to strive—to listen now and always for the voice of God?" The congregation answered with a deep voice "I do." And so on to the end, which came in the final words and response of the Ceremony of Light. And then, with the congregation still standing, "erect and attentive" as the rubric bade them, there was sung by the three 'Cantors' the story of the Crucifixion from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. The 'narrator' was Rev. W. E. Lees (St. Clements, Eastcheap) and the other parts, the voices of Our Lord, of Pilate and of the accusers, were sung by 'Gerry' Harmer (late Manchester Area Padre, now one of Pat Leonard's curates at Hatfield) and W. F. E. Pearce (Precentor of Bristol Cathedral and Padre of Bristol Branch). Nothing could have been more moving as a prelude to the solemn moment of self-dedication which was to follow: many hearers will never forget it. Before it ended, at a supreme moment—"Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost"—the congregation went quietly on its knees in preparation for an act of humble dedication, which was left to the individual conscience and will of each one present. The words were only meant to be said, as the rubric reminded us, by "those members of Toc H who have prepared themselves to do so in all sincerity."

"O Lord Jesus, I give thee my body, my soul, my substance, my fame, my friends, my liberty, my life; dispose of me, and all that is mine, as it seemeth best to thee, and to the glory of thy name.—*Amen*."

Further than that no man can go in self-

surrender; it is indeed "dedication." At the heart of Toc H there are men who could truly take such a vow—how many it is not possible or fitting to reckon: they are known to God. And so long as such men continue to work quietly among us by the virtue of their tremendous reserve of love and joy, Toc H will not fail but increase in true fellowship and service. This is its intangible but real secret.

Part Four: 'Dismissal'

The Archbishop's blessing immediately followed. And then came Part Four, "The Dismissal." It opened with the hymn which no congregation ought to be asked to sing often—not nearly so often as it is asked in some churches. For the words of Isaac Watts and the tune *Rockingham* combine to charge the hymn "When I survey the wondrous Cross" with dangerous emotion: sung without thought or an effort of the will it comes near blasphemy. But this was a time and place to which the hymn properly belonged. Two of the writer's original touches, garbled by Victorian hymn-books which seemed to find them 'in bad taste,' were restored—the fine second line "Where the young Prince of Glory died" and the verse:—

"His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."

And now, as a last act, Tubby stood on the chancel steps to dismiss us. In a voice which rang from end to end of the Cathedral he spoke the great words of the Book of Revelation (XIX):—

"And I saw heaven opened and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True . . . And he was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; and his name is called The Word of God . . ."

"And so let us depart": and the great congregation answered "In the name of Christ our Lord. Amen."

A Festival Prayer

O THOU Who didst give us Light before Thou gavest us Breath, renew our Light and breathe on us anew, at this our Manhood's Festival. Whose faith is shallow, deepen it, O Lord; where vision dim, clear our enfeebled sight; where pride prevails, give us humility to serve mankind in thankfulness to Thee. For our hearts, we ask the sacrificial love our Elder Brethren knew; for our minds, clear, honest thought, Thy kingdom as its mark; for our wills, the tempered steel of purpose for our Cause; and for our hands, the tasks that Christ would do. *Amen*.

The Archbishop of York's Sermon

THE Archbishop of York said: In the 8th chapter and the 34th verse of St. Mark's Gospel it is written '*If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.*' There are no words more familiar or more appropriate for our thoughts to-night, because we desire, I think, to come back to what lies at the very foundation of our faith and work, and try if we can to make that a little more real and living in ourselves; to believe with our hearts what all our lives we have believed with our minds; to take as the object of our will what has always been the object of our desire. Let us recall the time when the word was spoken. A disciple had confessed his Lord as the promised Christ. As soon as that was recognised and confessed He began to give the new teaching which He had never given before but from then onwards was to give frequently, setting forth the kind of Messiah that He would be and the way in which God's kingdom would come—"the Son of Man must suffer."

In agreement with that He issued the invitation to his followers. One of the things expected of the Messiah was that He should lead a triumphal procession into the capital of the kingdom which was to be the kingdom of God, and He seems to say, there is going to be a triumphal procession but it will not look like one. Those who join in it must have no sense of their own personal importance or achievement, no thought that they are imposing the ideals that they have adopted upon others whether they will or no; they must forget all about themselves. To take up the cross was in the language of those days what is expressed to-day as putting a rope round one's neck. This procession will not look like a procession of conquerors; it will look like a set of condemned

criminals following their leader to the gallows. And yet it will be a triumphal procession; because we know quite well, as our Lord knew in advance, that from the cross of His shame he would establish the kingdom of His glory, and from then till now and to the end of all ages would reign from the Tree.

St. Luke in giving his version inserted the word 'daily,' "Take up his cross daily." What our Lord demands of His followers is not some single heroic act but self-dedication, self-surrender throughout life. To give life need not mean to die. There can be spiritual fulfilment where no opportunity for the literal imitation of the death of Christ is offered. It may mean to live many years, but all of them for service, and that is just as truly a gift of life, just as noble a sacrifice, as is the death of those who have been called to give their lives in death for the cause they serve, and perhaps of the two the giving of life by death is the easier way. When a great crisis confronts us, and there is glory upon one side and shame upon the other, most of us are able to rise to the call that has come and to choose glory rather than shame. But there is a harder test than that, and it comes in days of peace as the other comes in days of war. That is a harder time for the giving of life; and what is asked of us is certainly no more easy than what was asked of our Elder Brethren twenty-one years ago in that struggle out of which Toc H was born.

"Let him deny himself," that is the first requirement. When our Lord used that phrase it was a new one. What are the conditions of self-denial? It is not the denial of luxury or comfort, though these may be included; it is what the word says, a denial of self, a setting about our work as if there was nothing concerning

us that could even be considered. It is total self-forgetfulness in surrender either to the leader or to the cause.

The Older Member—

Toc H was born in a fellowship face to face with death. The men who gathered there, irrespective of rank, were united in the common experience of knowing that death was very near and were ready for their country's sake to meet it. Toc H has, I believe, preserved its unity, and has been able to hand on to successive generations this spirit, because it has always found its bond of union in the three-fold cord of a common endurance of the days when it was born, in the common hope for the fellowship that should embrace mankind, and in common allegiance to a Captain and Leader, who has Himself endured more than we can be asked to endure, for the sake of the joy that was set before Him—the joy of a world by Him redeemed from selfishness and hate to fellowship and love. And now Toc H comes of age. It is not only a parallel to the moment when a young man comes upon the full responsibilities of life; it is also a definite era in the life of this fellowship. It is, and from its nature must always be, mainly a movement of youth. It is well that there should be older members of it, and none I think desire that they should be lacking; but mainly it must and ought to be a movement of youth, and that means that broadly speaking as such a fellowship comes of age the direction of it is passing from the hands of those who first moulded it into the hands of others, who cannot have had the same experience and who are certain to have somewhat different aspirations.

And so the elders must be ready to see the younger take charge. To them I would say, do not be anxious about the leadership of those younger men. Your

faith was surely never in yourselves but in God, and if your faith has always been not in yourselves but in God, then let it rest there still, for God can guide these your younger brothers as surely as he guided you. Self-denial for the older members will mean in part a readiness to believe that the younger will surely follow the guidance of the Spirit.

—and the Younger

And let the younger upon their side seek to capture and be guided by the spirit of the elders. Above all, let them be free from the arrogant self-consciousness of youth, which is always liable to have about it the temper of mind which says, "These older folk have made a fine mess of things, but we are going to show them." Believe me, younger members, you are not wiser than the elders. You have your own outlook, and rightly so; you have your own experience and must draw upon it; but you too can do none of this work wisely or well except in so far as it is the Spirit of God that lives in you as it lived in the elders before you. Self-denial for the younger will partly consist in the refusal to suppose that to them alone is given a wisdom other than that of their own generation for their own time.

The younger lack in some degree what has been one of the bonds of unity. Theirs is not the personal experience of the agony and the joy out of which Toc H arose; not for them is the bond of a common endurance shared in the past in a fellowship face to face with death; and therefore if their cohesion is to be as close and as rich in fruitfulness, they must be all the more sure that they are held together in the other bonds of unity. First a common hope. Never was there a time when hope was so manifestly a high virtue and a fruit of the spirit. These are days when hope is not easy; but they are days when without hope

we must fall into an abyss of ruin. If you have high hopes of what your generation can yet make of this world, you may save our civilisation; but without hope you can do nothing; and if you are to have that hopefulness, that gaiety of spirit so characteristic of the earlier Toc H, you must be filling it with the grace of God. You will not find the world in which you live very responsive, or at any rate easily responsive, to your gaiety of heart. In the years just after the war, the prevailing mood was one of intense relief from the intolerable tension of the war itself, and there was a ready response to the voice of hope and the promise of the good time coming. There is less of that to-day. The world is a fearful world and an anxious world; and you will not cure those fears and those anxieties by sharing them, but by confronting them with hope and light-heartedness which you win from your faith in God. This hope must express itself, as it has done throughout the history of Toc H, in a widespread universal belief that the ordinary man is capable of responding to the highest ideals if only they can be brought to him in the tones that touch his heart. All of us have the responsibility of showing to our neighbours the source of that hope, the happiness that is in us, the joy that is the fruit of the spirit. But none of this will be possible, especially in the days now before us, except in the inspiration and the power of a common allegiance. It is more than allegiance, more than discipleship; it must be worship.

Worship

Toc H finds its whole focus in worship, and if that begins to drop out of it, if you begin to care so much for your acts of service that you become forgetful of the God from whom alone flows the desire to serve, Toc H will lose its distinctive

quality; it will become one more of those innumerable attempts to bring good-hearted folk together and let them do what they can in their own strength for the world. History is full of them, and they accomplish just a little no doubt but never very much, nothing corresponding to that hope which is part of our inspiration and bond of unity, that strength that comes from worship. It does not mean coming together from time to time, as we are gathered here, to be physically present while words of praise are uttered and prayers recited. Perhaps that exerts some influence upon the secret places of the soul, but it is not worship. Worship means concentration of the whole man upon the object of his worship. It means the quickening of imagination and the stimulation of conscience by the object of worship. It means submission of desire and surrender of will to the object of worship. It means the giving of our whole being into the hands of the God we worship. That is what there must ever be at the heart of Toc H if it is to accomplish its purpose. That must be the recognised source of its power and its direction. That must be for every individual the centre of his purpose as he dwells upon the joy of the fellowship, which is Toc H.

Not only take up the cross; not only "deny himself, but follow Him." Let your prayer be to Him, let your thoughts be of Him, let your hope be in Him, let your joy flow from Him. It can be done by every one of us. It requires no special gifts of poetic imagination or intellectual power; each one of us can take care that every day we lay our lives before our Lord, and call our Leader to rule our lives; every Group and every Branch can be resolute that the companionship of Jesus Christ shall be the focus of its worship, the source of its merriment, the inspiration of its service, and the strength of its sacrifice.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23

THE King's Birthday falls on June 23, and its chief public celebration in London is the Trooping of the Colour. The Festival programme left the morning free in order that visiting members, especially from overseas, might have a chance of witnessing the spectacle and seeing their Patron on

parade. This they did in large numbers on the edge of the Horse Guards Parade or along the Mall. The ceremony, perhaps the most picturesque survival of the days when the truth about war was disguised in pageantry, never fails to reward onlookers with magnificent colour, music and movement.

The Mansion House Meeting

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Overseas Representatives received a civic welcome in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House from the Right Hon. Sir Percy Vincent, Lord Mayor of London. The speakers, besides the Lord Mayor, were Lord Bledisloe (late Governor General of New Zealand), the Hon. Vincent Massey (High Commissioner of Canada), Sir John Cadman (chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company) and Alec Paterson (H.M. Prison Commissioner, a former Chairman of Toc H).

The Lord Mayor's Welcome

The Lord Mayor said it was a great pleasure to him to welcome to the City of London the representatives of Toc H overseas. Few things were more remarkable than the way in which the movement had spread across the world in so short a space of time. It looked back to a tiny but most honourable origin, in one small house in Flanders, a place of cheer and friendship and refreshment of body and soul for all ranks who fought in the immortal Salient of Ypres. It sought to keep alive the memory of the men who gave their all for a great ideal, and to spread that spirit of mutual service and understanding between men which was the only sure basis of a lasting peace. The members of Toc H, from all parts of the Empire and beyond, gathered in London for the Coming-of-Age Celebrations, were heartily welcome in the City of London.

Speaking here in the heart of the capital city of the Empire he would like to draw the attention of leading city men to the services which the Overseas Commissioners of Toc H at 42, Trinity Square were able and willing to render to their young men going out to

posts overseas. Those Overseas Commissioners were men with ripe experience of the territories with which they dealt. They could tell a young man much that it was useful for him to know, but especially they could commend him to the welcome and friendship of keen groups of Toc H men at ports of call and at his destination. He was glad to know that most large business houses now themselves made excellent provision for the reception and guidance of their young employees. Nevertheless there was much to be said for furnishing men going out to a strange and new experience with the opportunity for comradeship with other decent fellows beyond the immediate circle of their work. He commended this service to the heads of business houses (cheers).

Lord Bledisloe's Speech

Lord Bledisloe wished to say on behalf of those who came from overseas how delighted they were to see Tubby Clayton last night in St. Paul's Cathedral, looking his old self and apparently restored to his former vigour (cheers). He (the speaker) wanted to tell him that they who knew something of the overseas Empire realised that they could not do without their Tubby (cheers). He must take great care of himself for he was a great asset to the movement as well as to the Empire.

He believed that the spread of Christianity among what were called Christian peoples would alone bring peace and save the world from anarchy, and he knew of no more effective agency in the achievement of this aim than Toc H. It not merely proclaimed unostentatiously its faith in God, but quietly and unremittingly sought every occasion for

personal service without distinction of class.

He came there that afternoon to welcome their comrades from overseas, and especially those from New Zealand, where he had spent the best years of his life, and where Toc H was a potent force for advancing the kingdom of God by love and fraternity and mutual helpfulness to His children.

The movement had existed for 21 years in this country, but only 11 in the Dominion of New Zealand, where it took birth in the year 1925, following a visit by Tubby Clayton and the Rev. Pat Leonard during their first world tour. In 1927 there were seven units in the Dominion, entirely confined to the chief cities. Four years ago came Bobs Ford and Harry Chappell, and shortly afterwards that astonishingly live wire, Herbert Leggate (cheers). The first Dominion Festival of Toc H was the result. It was a great joy and inspiration to him to be allowed to participate in it. There were now 40 units of Toc H in New Zealand including ten Branches. There was a vigorous Dominion organisation under the enlightened and active leadership of Dr. Bowerbank of Wellington. What were the prospects and what the objectives of the family in New Zealand? Well, his confident hopes for the future of this great Christian brotherhood in that delectable Dominion were as follows. First the provision of a constant stream of men for civic and national leadership (and leaders to-day were wanted in every part of the Empire) who had found their vision of service in Toc H. Secondly the creation of strong links connecting lonely settlers with a real family. Thirdly the contribution to New Zealand national life of men of virile and unflagging Christian faith, and lastly the preparation of young New Zealand for the age of greater leisure, which would in time overtake New Zealand as it had already overtaken the old country, so that such leisure might be used for a fuller and richer life in the Dominion rather than for its demoralisation and spiritual impoverishment. If he had ever entertained any doubt as to whether young New Zealand would guide the thing along efficiently those doubts were set at rest when he came into contact with a little loyal band whose object was to

think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, to build bravely. There were to-day many citadels of human progress in the British Commonwealth of Nations, light-houses, if he might so describe them, radiating a steady light of practical Christianity, courageously erected by the unflagging faith of devoted comrades. They were met together that day in the very heart of the Empire. Let them take counsel together how best they could buttress the walls of their citadels and strengthen their battlements.

The Hon. Vincent Massey's Speech

Mr. Vincent Massey said he was very happy indeed to be able to take part in the celebrations of Toc H on the attainment of its 21st birthday. He had watched with the deepest interest the growth of the movement since it was founded 21 years ago. As a fellow undergraduate he had had the privilege of knowing Gilbert Talbot, whose name and inspiration had become bound up with this great movement, and he was happy to know padre Tubby Clayton. He was sure it was a satisfaction to him (Tubby) to see how his spiritual offspring had grown and developed and widened and intensified its usefulness throughout the Commonwealth of Nations. It was not only a tribute to the efforts of those devoted men who gave the movement its being, but it was a tribute also to the rightness of the ideas which guided them. Toc H, as they were reminded, was the product of the dark and anguished days of war. It often happened that under the stress of such a time men's minds were so quickened that they could see realities more clearly. So it was in this amazing example of vision, the fruit of which was before them in its rich development. Those war years might seem relatively clear compared with the confusion that seemed to surround them on many sides to-day. There never was a time when the spirit which was rooted in Toc H seemed more desperately needed than it was just now. He was not thinking only of international spheres but of other spheres as well. They were all conscious as they looked about them of a sense of bewilderment and confusion and sometimes even of pur-

poselessness. Life had become mechanised, sometimes they felt increasingly artificial. They had been busy setting up machinery which they did not well know how to control, and they were confronted with a greater impersonality in human affairs and a difficulty of adjustment to changed conditions. That suggested a problem and an obligation which society could not afford to ignore. To those problems Toc H had addressed itself for years, and fully justified the faith of its founders in what it had accomplished in the 21 years of its activities. He would like to suggest very briefly why he believed in Toc H. In the first place he had always been impressed by its true simplicity. No idea in this world ever had much force or accomplished very much which was not fundamentally simple. Toc H had no complicated theology, no elaborate machinery, it represented the simple essential principles of a simple faith which could be comprehended and accepted by all. Secondly it was personal. They could not think of it as institutional. It started as, and it has remained, a group of men. Its task could only be performed by contact of man with man. Its peculiar job could never be done by any institutional action. Its founders understood that, and have always regarded the material equipment with which it works as subordinate to its primary purpose. They had seen more than one idealistic movement smothered by the very machinery created for its expression. It has also been marked by its modesty. He remembered a phrase which stated that the movement existed to spread the gospel without preaching it. It was not impossible for that process to be reversed; some of them had known instances of preaching without spreading. In any event the lack of self-advertisement, the lack of self-consciousness which were exemplified in Toc H enabled it to exert an influence in direct relation to its unobtrusiveness, and an influence so exerted was very powerful. It represented a universal idea, its application was to no one community; it made its appeal everywhere. It was based upon a fundamental human need. Therefore it had been able in its very short life up to date to adjust

itself to communities far removed geographically from Great Britain and prosper in very different soil.

He had been asked to say something about Toc H in Canada. What he had been hearing lately confirmed what he knew when he left Canada that Toc H throughout the Dominion was prospering, that its work was broadening in a very remarkable way. There was plenty of evidence of that. One saw in the current report that so far as the central provinces were concerned the groups were growing and the membership was growing. In the West a very fertile soil existed for Toc H, and now a full-time padre would soon take up his work in Winnipeg. As a symbol of the activity and importance of Toc H in the Dominion it had been given a very fitting honour by the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, who had assumed the office of Dominion President. Then lastly the success of the movement in Canada was only one illustration that Toc H had the vitality to make it prosper in any soil. He would like to see it spread even farther afield. Toc H embodied the conception of common humanity in a practical form. The other day in a cottage he came across the words, "He who would be a builder must first build a bridge." The leadership that Toc H offered them today was in the form of a bridge for uniting all men in a common allegiance and in the performance of common tasks.

Sir John Cadman's Speech

Sir John Cadman said he had been asked to say a few words, and he had been asked to follow very eloquent speakers. He could not make any claim to oratory, and so he would confine himself to speaking in simple language of a great institution and the difficulties that institution had in bringing about necessary activities other than mere spade and shovel work. It was well in the front of the minds of himself and his colleagues of this great organisation that had to control oilfields in different parts of the world, refineries again scattered about in different parts of the globe, and tankers—it was well in the front of their minds that they had got to do

certain things. First they had got to establish a medical service and to get a fit and efficient personnel to run it. That in itself was a great piece of work in an organisation that embraced many thousands of people and covered thousands of miles. But the period to which he wished to refer was the period when they became aware that there was something else to be catered for, and that was the moral and mental stability of the mass of people under this great umbrella. He was considering at that time how best to tackle this difficult problem when he had the good fortune to make contact with Tubby, who was kind enough to come into that tall building in Finsbury Circus and begin to attempt to solve the problem they had got to solve. From that time they had never looked back. Tubby had been good enough to help in the selection of a padre and a lay worker. Padre Reed was the selection, and he had done colossal service for the people who served the interests of this great organisation. Not only that, but Tubby brought with him and introduced into this sphere of work an amazing personality—Pat Leonard. This subject had to be delicately handled. It had to be done very cautiously. It was impossible to force from the top an attempt of this kind. With the help of Tubby Clayton and Pat Leonard a Toc H Circle was started in Britannic House. Meetings were held there monthly preceded by a short service, and the influence of that group was bearing fruit and could be seen in every direction. It was a much more difficult task to handle the personnel in the oil tankers, but here again Tubby gave the lead. He had become almost a sea-dog. He had travelled in their tankers on many occasions and had thrilled the men by his personality, and his influence was felt in all their tankers, of which there were 80 in their service. It was a great work that Toc H was rendering to their fellow beings.

He had been asked to refer to the great pipe line across the desert, hundreds of miles in length, and to the isolated stations over the track of that desert. Thanks to the energies of Toc H and Padre Harry Moss the lives of the men in those lonely stations had been made worth while.

He had apologised to them for his inability to put over what he wished to put over, but he would give way to no man in his admiration for the service Toc H was rendering. He and his colleagues were proud to have met Tubby Clayton and Pat Leonard, they were proud to be associated with a band of workers who had instilled within them a spirit which would lead to greater things. He was proud to be there that afternoon and to express the admiration of himself and his colleagues for the work Toc H was doing.

Alec Paterson's Speech

Alec Paterson said there was always in the English heart a readiness to serve. It only needed the call of the Crusades and later of Cromwell to bring young England to make its vow at the altar or offer its prayer in the meeting-house. The last war had burnt into the hearts of those who bore arms in the Ypres Salient the full meaning of those ancient words, service, comradeship, sacrifice. They may have read how not long ago the engineers of Palestine having occasion to pierce the foundations of the prison in the old city of Acre found beneath the ancient dungeons a Crusader's chapel. When the last shell had demolished almost the last house in the Salient and the smoke had cleared away, there survived still a little Crusader's chapel in the old house in Poperinghe.

Toc H had formed a bridge between pre-war and post-war Englishmen. Like a certain famous bridge known to them it had had to carry a good many asses in its time (laughter), like another famous bridge it had had its sighs and its disappointments, but it had carried from pre-war to post-war a torch and an inspiration (cheers). They must remember that Toc H was not just an echo of the war. If it had been it would have died as men's memories grew dim. They had Flanders at their back; they had their faces to the future offering that same spirit of service and comradeship for the solution of urgent problems, whether they be social, imperial or international. Toc H differed from a Victorian charity wherein the rich and fortunate citizens banded themselves together in

a spirit of *noblesse oblige* to give away something to the poor and unfortunate. Toc H was not a class, not an order, not a clique. In every Branch and Group of Toc H there should be men who had tasted almost every phase and experience of life, men of every different sort of upbringing, all united to help the rest of the community. So far from the rich helping the poor, it might well be that the poorest member was rendering the greatest service to the community. He confessed he was a little startled when he read that gentlemen were requested to wear lounge suits that afternoon. He had pondered very carefully whether a single tailor in the whole City of London could make Tubby Clayton look like a lounge lizard (loud laughter). He would be false to Toc H if he failed to remind them that Toc H was a movement grounded in the love of God. They would rather have a few members none of whom funk the road that led right up to Jerusalem rather than thousands of easy-going members who were content with the smaller triumphs of Capernaum. Toc H sought to work a very simple miracle, to take an ordinary man and to make him an unselfish man, to bind him to an idea, and to give him the inspiration to pursue it. In the prisons of this country he not infrequently met friends of his who assured him that they were doing their three years for nothing (laughter). But one of the things that sur-

prised many prisoners was when they were paid a visit by an ordinary Toc H member and helped by him, and then to realise that that Toc H man was not 'doing' three years but was 'doing' his whole life for nothing. To-day they were principally concerned to think with gratitude and hope of the work of Toc H overseas. Those of them who had had the chance of seeing the young Englishman alone in some far corner of the earth, finding new temptation in every new experience, realised how vitally important it was that the best traditions should be deeply implanted in him before he left these shores. They were therefore all the more grateful to their Overseas Commissioners in London who could tell the young Englishman when he goes out to that other country to face his task, that he may think of himself as just getting a living out of that country or he may think of himself as giving a life to that country. They will tell him when he goes out not to patronise, not to antagonise, but to appreciate, to assimilate all that is good and great in the country he goes to serve. If honest and humble service is manifest to the people of that country, he need have no fear for his dignity and prestige. By such humble lives of duty overseas, unobtrusive and unremitting, they had come to the realisation that service was the true road to mastery, and after all it was the meek that usually inherited the earth.

Events of the Evening

It was a night of many meetings. That afternoon at 4 o'clock overseas members of the League of Women Helpers had been received by their Patroness, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, at a reception held by the Duchess of Devonshire (President of L.W.H.) at her house in Carlton Gardens. The same evening L.W.H. overseas members had a choice of four Guest-nights. E.C. and Tower Hill Branch were their hostesses at New June; Harrow Branch at the Toc H rooms at Harrow; Muswell Hill Branch also at the local Toc H rooms; and Westminster Branch at St. Gabriel's Hall, Pimlico. (For L.W.H. events see pages 80-83).

There was a 'mixed' meeting of special interest—the Festival Gathering of Toc H Builders (who may be of either sex) at the magnificent hall of the Grocers' Company, near the Bank of England. There were two specifically Toc H meetings, for men only—a District Guest-night staged by Kingston Branch on a big scale in the Assembly Rooms at Surbiton, and a meeting in the East End of London. Impressions of the Builders' Gathering and the Kingston Guest-night will be found in the following pages. The meeting at Poplar Occupational Centre was run by the Poplar and Isle of Dogs Branches and Bow Group; D. L. Ralph (Shanghai) spoke.

Toc H Builders at the Grocers' Hall

*If Builders unto Grocers,
To what shall Stewards fall?
Or grosser shall they grow sirs,
Till billed as Builders all?*

These cryptic lines by our Mr. Jim Brown of Highgate are not so puzzling to the uninitiated reader as the event to which they refer was before it took place so successfully. Figure that out. Well, it's quite simple when you know. It was like this. Toc H, very sensitive of the fact that there are many members of the family who, like good foundations, are sure but rarely seen, remembered the debt which they owe to their builders and decided that they should have an evening to themselves during the big week of the Festival. At 8.30 p.m. therefore on Tuesday, June 22, about five hundred Toc H Builders entered the handsome doorway of the Grocers' Hall (which explains line one of our Mr. Brown), for a "Festival Gathering." They crocodiled up the great staircase to be received by Lord and Lady Goschen, who most kindly acted as hosts in the place of Lord and Lady Salisbury, who, to everyone's regret were unable to be present owing to the death of the Bishop of Exeter. There was music from a string band in an alcove; a neat display in two corners of literature, like commerce disguised for a party; the usual groups of Staff, hanging, loitering, coagulated, or single, all curious and sober for the occasion, decorating doorways and the upper reaches of the banisters. So far all was normal. This was an entertainment at which Mr. Punch has often assisted. But once inside the main Hall, there the mystery began.

The Grocers' Company were particularly generous with the loan of their Hall. Builders were wedged into leather seats, handsome and comfortable, by stewards, those persons of Mr. Brown's second line. And there they sat, unconsciously faced by an unknown experience, an entertainment which, indeed, Mr. Punch had never seen. While Lord Goschen in a short and well-worded speech welcomed the visitors; while Tubby was hailed back from abroad, while he forced Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham to

give a valuable talk on the need for building Toc H in the three Services; it was then that a score of ordinary members felt queer and awkward, terrified and self-conscious and cold in the feet at the thought of the thing they were to let loose upon the innocent citizens gathered around them. They intended to stage a Branch meeting; not in jest, not satirically, but as it should be, a paragon of all the *Rules of the Road*! Henceforth, through them, that army of Builders would know what they help to build; in drawing-room, at Ascot, in Sogworthy vicarage, in small flats, in humble dwellings, in Mayfair, voices would explain, would exclaim, "Toc H! My dear! We've seen it! We saw it at the Grocers' Hall."

'Mayfair-cum-Clapham in the Wold' rehearsed by Leslie Wood were very anxious and very zealous for the good name of Toc H. They wondered why they had come and wished they hadn't. And when Brian Dickson, their Chairman, slowly mounted the stage a score of hearts were as quickly swallowed. In a few moments, however, Brian had the assembly laughing between the leather seats and painted monarchs on the wall and the 'demonstration' began in the atmosphere of a family affair. Gradually the Branch Guest-night was built up. Many afterwards spoke of the spontaneity with which it was put across. Some things of course were assured: the jobs discussed, the letters read, and the points of view about Toc H responsibilities, for these were genuine excerpts from real life. The only 'drama' was the short, amusing and extremely well done burlesque called *The Old Firm*, given as a rehearsal interlude in the unit business by two Toc H and one L.W.H. members of the Drama League. The Ceremony of Light, then Padre Leggate's straight talk to everyone in the room upon the issues facing Toc H, as a body of men deeply concerned about the health of the world, and pledged to give a sense of direction to life in our rich progressive age: and at the last Family Prayers broke down all the assumed barriers

between Builders and performers and made them members of one another. One was not surprised therefore that the refreshments which followed seemed to have a natural touch of a Branch night about them.

They may or may not be the subject in Mr. Brown's line three. But of line four, there is no doubt. An evening which was an adventurous and happy undertaking we are sure "Billed everyone as Builders all."

The Kingston Guest-night

The crowds of breadwinners who pack the early evening trams from Waterloo were on Tuesday, June 23 augmented by miscellaneous groups of men whose *venue* was the Surbiton Assembly Rooms, and whose attraction was the Kingston Guest-night. Rumours of masses of members who had made unsuccessful application for tickets has reached the palpitating hearts of the team responsible; these larger rooms, capable of accommodating twice the number contemplated at first, had been booked; and a strong guard posted to deal with possible gate-crashers.

Within the guard were set four men whose function was to present each guest and member arriving with favours coloured red, or green, or blue or yellow, with stern injunctions that these should be won forthwith. So all the assembly was divided into four several companies, and seated itself on tiers of chairs around the room, which had been so arranged as to leave a somewhat spacious arena within.

Proceedings opened with a welcome to all members and guests voiced by Rupert Castle, the Chairman of the District Team, and then appeared upon the scene the Master of the Games, who introduced four stalwarts wearing each a sash which marked him captain of the companies. This functionary also announced the inauguration of the Olympic Games which without more ado were set in motion. Each captain called for competitors from his team to enter for the various events—as the 100 yards, 88 yards, and obstacle race, not recognisable maybe by such as frequent meetings arranged by the A.A.A., but calling for skill, staying power and stamina of another order. The crowning event, more in accord with recognised rules and conditions, was a Tug-of-war between an Overseas Team and a Kingston District Team. The home team had not a chance—in height, weight

and muscle the visitors showed themselves superior and won easily in two pulls. Not the least amusing event took place when the successful competitors were presented with mugs suitably inscribed (not of mere silver or pewter but of an exquisite enamel) and Certificates of Merit. The shyness which marks the average man (sometimes!) had been dispelled, and the house settled down in good spirits to the great event of the evening.

So for longer than we realised we listened to Alec Gammon. Those to whom Alec was but a name had been promised that they would hear something worth listening to, and the reception given his words, and remarks heard later showed that his audience was very far from being disappointed. He has a wonderful gift of charming his audience from the very first word, and his talk is full of flashes of sparkling wit, periods of dry humour and of deep wisdom. He told us the story of Toc H Colombo and we could almost scent the spicy breezes ("due mainly to the bad state of sanitation in the island"!) and see the small boys flocking into the Clubs, their little brown bodies clad only in the tin tab which was the membership card. Then he spoke of the future of Toc H and left us with a deeper realisation of what may yet be, if we can be but faithful to maintain and pass on the deep Spirit of the Thing.

And now appropriately followed "Light," preceded by some brief and well chosen words of explanation by "Dippy" Wicks; and after some opportunity for general conversation, Family Prayers and so home.

This was an evening not soon to be forgotten even in the crowded engagements of the Festival week, and congratulations are due and gladly accorded to Dippy Wicks and his small team, who undertook, and so successfully carried out, the organising and arranging of the evening.

A. F. W.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 24

IF Tuesday had been a day of meetings and speeches, Wednesday was a day of sight-seeing, which ended in an evening of charming informality. This programme had been

planned as an interlude—not entirely ‘comic’—before the Conferences of the morrow, lest the Festival visitors should slip into the sedentary habit.

Morning at Tower Hill and Trafalgar Square

At 10 a.m. six or seven hundred Festival badges were to be seen upon Tower Hill. One section converged upon the Tower of London, which is well accustomed to crowds. It subdivides them firmly into parties under experienced guides, and in this way concerted action to capture the Royal fortress is rendered hopeless, without need to turn out the resident battalion of the Guards. Our members worked hard at the sights of the grimmest building in London without losing heart.

Meanwhile another section explored All Hallows Church. There is so little of the history of England, and of Britain before it, which cannot be related to the old church and its site—especially when Tubby is the guide—that the time was all too short. But visitors, especially those from countries where fifty years of existence makes a building rank as old, had their fill of beauty and moving story here. The parties from the Tower and

All Hallows interchanged, and so the morning passed busily.

The company took the road at noon for Trafalgar Square to visit St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a church which is not only known world-wide through wireless but which has long had its place in Toc H history. There the “Four Points of the Compass” had their cradle, and it was once big enough to contain the congregation for a Birthday Festival Thanksgiving. And now two Toc H men welcomed the party—Pat McCormick and Jack Richardson, one of his curates and once Tubby’s A.D.C. in South America. There was much to say of the life of St. Martin’s folk which has likeness with Toc H membership. And to this was added an organ recital and family prayers. A limited number of the visitors were also able to eat their midday meal in the fellowship of the restaurant below the yard of the church.

Afternoon at Westminster Abbey

After lunch some 350 members assembled at Westminster Abbey.

This afternoon in the Abbey was designed to be more than a sight-seeing tour or an opportunity for quoting Milton. At the beginning, Canon F. R. Barry welcomed the party with peculiar appropriateness. Toc H is not unaccustomed to the Abbey. At two previous festivals our hymns have been sung and our prayers said there. But a closer link between Canon Barry and ourselves is that he was Tubby’s chief in the Ordination Candidates’ Test School at Le Touquet and afterwards at Knutsford. It was of these days that Canon Barry spoke and of Tubby as he was then, gathering his forces for the attack on London that was to set Toc H on the

post-war map. Two members, from Australia and South Africa respectively, then laid a wreath at the head of the grave of the Unknown Warrior. The wreath was the Double Cross of Ypres in orange marigolds that glowed against the grey stone. A simple card on it read:—

*In Thanksgiving to God for the humble
witness of our Elder Brethren in every age.
We will remember them.*

*From the World Family of Toc H on the
occasion of its Coming-of-Age Festival,
1915—1936.*

Tubby replied, ranging from our thanks to Canon Barry to the glories of the Abbey until he was courteously and firmly stopped by a verger with a silver staff. At this the party split into two, part following Tubby to

Evensong, part to make a tour of the Cloisters, the Library (a rare privilege), the Chapter House, and together with the section released from Evensong, the Royal Chapels. Interesting though this tour was, it was tiring in the extreme. For that reason the party was more than thankful to Canon Barry, who put his beautiful private garden at our disposal. There on the lawns people sat, stood or sprawled, while Tubby, taking up his tale again, gave a characteristic dis-

course, learned, witty and romantic all in the same breath, about the Abbey in which he once spent a year of his life as anyone will know who has read the *Birthday Book*. It is not generally remembered that the learned classifications and notes on the fragments of pottery and tiles in the Abbey Museum are also the results of Tubby's industry. At the end it was a hard wrench to leave the garden, some of us for ever, and to hear the gate clanged to by so punctual an angel.

Evening at the Zoological Gardens

In its earliest sketch of the programme for the central week the Festival Committee marked down one evening for the plan to book some thousands of seats at the Open-air Theatre in Regents Park. Probably the play—round about Midsummer Day—would be *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and what more English to the core than that? As time went on there was increasing doubt whether the Open-air Theatre would be able to hold a season at all this year (it eventually did, with *Henry VIII* as the opening play) and the scene of the gathering was shifted, not many hundred yards, to the Zoo. This proved to be a very happy idea, for it gave complete freedom to a couple of thousand members to enjoy a go-as-you-please evening. From 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. the crowd wove its casual, cheerful patterns all over the Zoological Gardens. It did its duty by the animals, wakeful and a little bored as many of them were in the glare of flood-lights: it laughed at the monkeys (who no doubt found good reason to laugh back), shuddered at the snakes, enjoyed at a safe distance the indolent humour of the polar bears.

At 9 p.m., according to plan, the whole crowd assembled in the Elephant Walk, standing in easy groups or sitting on the grass, and awaited some unannounced event. It soon appeared why this place was chosen. For the mounting of an elephant—at any rate in England—implies a staircase, two stair-

cases with a sort of dry-dock between them in which the animal is moored while passengers go aboard. On the top of one staircase appeared Geoffrey Martin, not without persistent comic interruption from bowler-hatted Brooke Eliot of Bombay. And up one side of the second staircase filed the overseas members in turn, pausing at the top just long enough for Geoff to introduce them to the crowd below before they were bundled down the other side to make room for those who followed on their heels. Throughout the long procession Geoff, with the manner of a good auctioneer, displayed his human wares to great advantage, maintaining a steady stream of lively comment and picturesque personal insult. It was excellently done because it was not overdone.

The assembly—probably an 'unlawful' one, for speeches are properly forbidden inside the Zoo—broke up at last. Men and women wandered again, peering at names on each others' 'identity disks,' shaking hands, making friends. Some sat and supped, others listened to the band. Strings of coloured lights festooned the avenues, floods of green and gold, subtly placed, transformed bush and pool into a fairy scene amid which flamingoes stalked like queer ghosts, and over all a clear June night, still rosy with sunset, spread a tent of loveliness. Closing time, cried by the keepers across the Gardens, came all too soon. A most happy evening.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25

Conferences at the Caxton Hall

THE conferences at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Thursday and Friday were as fitting to the scheme of the Central Week as any of the jollifications. They gave an opportunity, particularly to members from Overseas, to get together and find one another in the right way of discussion and sharing experiences.

On the Thursday morning after "general assembly," Hubert Secretan addressed the 'School' as Headmaster and then dismissed us to the three form-rooms. The masters were Jim Burford, Stuart Greenacre, Garner Freeston; and the studies were respectively, 'Probationers,' 'Guest-nights,' and 'Area

Group I: From Probationer to Trained Member

JIM BURFORD said: the subject which you will be called upon to discuss and upon which I am to speak is entitled "From Probationer to Trained Member." There is a preliminary matter which will undoubtedly come up in discussion and which I may as well forestall or anticipate, that is, how do we get hold of the man so that we can make a probationer of him? This is an important matter. There is an old cookery book which in its recipe for "Jugged Hare" has as its first statement: "First catch your hare."

Toc H has a first job—catching its man. To change the metaphor, we usually speak of fishing. Some of us favour line and bait fishing for single specimens; others favour the drag net method. There can be little doubt that our Master used both, but that on the whole He favoured—especially for His followers—the latter. He declares that many are called but few chosen; and in the parable of the draw net He gives us a picture of a great inclusion and a final selection. This when we come to think of it was the method of the Old House—"let 'em all come" is everyman's club. The chosen fish is equal to the selected team idea. From which it would appear that while there is room for both methods, the wider net or way of the Guest-night is the better. If I had to choose between "Let me explain Toc H to you"

and District work to suit every taste.'

Hubert Secretan closed the conference with a short talk. He did not sum up, for to do so would have been a hopeless task, instead he reminded us that we are not after definite, final conclusions, but as workers we are like the weaver, who sitting behind his loom to build upon the *back* of his tapestry works in the faith that by his skill he is weaving upon the right side the vision of the picture he has in his mind's eye. Discussions and conferences are merely pauses to make sure that the work is there and progressing.

The opening talks of the leaders, with a few notes on the discussions, now follow.

or "Come along with me and see for yourself," I should, and do, choose the latter answer.

1. ALL KNOWLEDGE BEGINS WITH A FEW BASIC FACTS OR WITH THE ELEMENTAL. No man is suddenly a scientist, an artist, an artisan, he must begin at the beginning. Somehow man seems to think himself capable without any training or schooling therein, to sit up, and give judgment on Religious and Spiritual affairs. Sit down as a child before the fact.

2. KNOWLEDGE IS GAINED BY THE IMPACT OF MIND UPON MIND. ALL KNOWLEDGE IS MEDIATED. If I know how to mine coal or sing a song, or that two and two make four, it is because someone told, showed, and taught me; they were the mediators of that particular piece, branch, or form of knowledge. Knowledge of and in Toc H is not, cannot be, an exception to this rule. I grant that in all walks there are seers and discoverers, but as for the ruck of men they must be recipients of knowledge, not discoverers. Therefore all Toc H men should be prepared to impart, to share, to mediate their knowledge and experiences of and in Toc H.

3. THE IMPARTING OF KNOWLEDGE is not usually a haphazard chancy business. The all-round teacher of years ago has given way

to the man who deals with some branch or part of a branch of the whole tree of Knowledge. An expert in fruit trees need not be, and usually is not, an expert on markets and fruit prices. Toc H has chosen or accepted the usual method, and has its selected and supposedly trained men to impart to the newcomer some one or more aspects of Toc H lore, love, and aspiration.

4. THE TRAINERS OR MEDIATORS. (i) First and by far the most important are the newcomer's *Sponsors*. Mark that these are not ordinary proposers and seconders of a member as of a resolution—which becomes the responsibility of an assembly once it is put forward—but men who are the parents, guardians, and shepherds, of the man for always.

N.B.—The heart of the word *responsibility* is the same as the word *sponsors*. They are like unto the god-parents of an infant, and always must stand responsible for their offspring in Toc H. To introduce, to stand by, and to seek if so be they wander away.

(ii) *The Pilot*. This man is not an imitation of or a substitute for the Padre. Perhaps he has been given an unfortunate name. As I see him he is like unto the all-rounder in a working gang; the man who is practical, experienced, and to whom the apprentice and the new hand will turn for help and guidance. He should, in my opinion, know the history and literature of Toc H, and function as the yarn-spinner of the crowd. He should also have had experience in the practical working of the unit and be not unacquainted with the difficulties of men. In a phrase, he should be the guide, the counsellor, and friend to every new chum. Not every man will make a pilot, and not every unit has a man who can meet all these demands.

(iii) *The Padre*. The understanding Padre regards Toc H as a workshop in which he may or must ply his craft. There is a real sense in which the word priest-craft can be used. St. Paul speaks of the process of men-making in some such terms as these:—"First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual." Company, understanding, friendship, and education are all perfectly

natural stages upward, but must be completed by the work of the Padre to whom is committed the duty of helping the man we have in mind towards the deeper, the spiritual knowledge, without which no man either within or without Toc H is complete. It is not the work of the Padre to persuade men to return to or join this Church or that Church. There are some things a man must do for himself, this Church-going decision is one, but it should follow as natural to the growing man. Personally, I hold the view, that no man can successfully be a Toc H man unless he does not grow up to, or back to, the worship of God in the congregation, and the adoration of Him in some sanctuary or other.

(iv) *The General Member*. I should say that the work of the ordinary fellow-member is rather one of attitude than of obvious activity, and that attitude should be one of natural manly friendship; guarding against over-hasty familiarity, and undue reticence, and the sometimes fatal error of mistaking hooliganism for humour. The old member must learn to play in the team with the new man. No football team, for instance, can play its real game if every old member therein is busy shouting directions and instructing the newcomer how to play. An old football trainer once told me that the best way to help a new man is to play your natural game, and with a smile on your face.

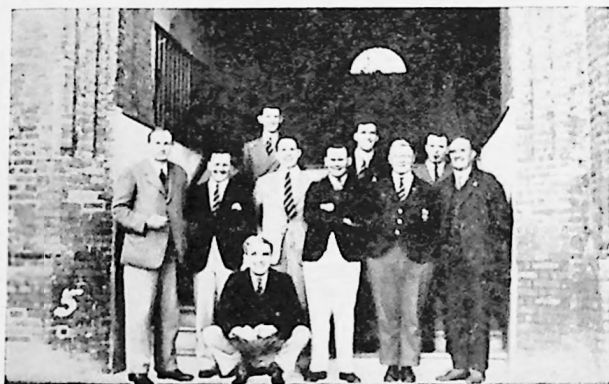
5. METHODS. The pilot and the padre, the former especially, should regularly lead probationer classes, wherein the probationer must be prepared on his part to be schooled. I think it essential that they should be taught systematically the main features of Toc H history, the substance of the Royal Charter, the Main Resolution, the Four Points of the Compass, the words, romance, and symbolism of the Ceremony of Light, the Toc H Prayer, the words of initiation into membership, that is if they are to be at all grounded on that side of Toc H which may be expressed in the word *knowledge*. The best place to learn swimming is in the water. Probationers therefore will be given opportunity of trying themselves out in the conduct of Guest-nights, in the doing of jobs, in ex-



SOUTH AFRICAN MEMBERS ON PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLD HOUSE (p. 10).

1. Paul Slessor talks to them in the garden of Talbot House; 2. Some of the party at the grave of Gilbert Talbot in Sanctuary Wood Cemetery; 3. Surveying the Salient from Kemmel Hill; 4. At the 'Pool of Peace,' Lone Tree Crater; 5. At the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arc de Triomphe, Paris; 6. 'Tickets, please!' at the Belgian frontier.

(Photos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 by Eric Tucker, South Africa; 5 by N. H. Toye, Bexley Heath).



VARIOUS EVENTS.

1 and 2, Tubby speaking in Canon Barry's garden, Westminster Abbey, June 24, (page 33). 3 and 4, the Elephant Steps and Gardens at the Zoo, June 24 (page 34). 5. Training Week-end at Farnham Castle—Greeno sitting, Sawbones standing on left (page 89). 6. Pat Leonard and Harry Willink. (Photo: 1 by S. B. Thompson, 2 by C. H. Cheshire, 3 and 4 by G. Scoones, 5 by H. Leggate, 6 by Eric Tucker).

pressing themselves on Toc H matters at the discretion of the pilot etc., either in training nights of their own or in the ordinary Family Gathering of the unit. It is sometimes useful to give them the opportunity of discussing what they have been taught and the training they are undergoing, but care must be taken that discussion does not become as I have too often seen it, simply chatter about anything on earth except the matter they should be handling. On your programme you have a last clause "The Relation of Teaching to Training." I am not a Dickensian. Somehow I can meet, search out, and come across so many real living human beings that I feel no need of those who are enshrined in the many volumes of the immortal Charles. I may be the poorer for this, on the other hand, I may be infinitely richer, in any case, I maintain that living men are as interesting to-day as ever they were. Knowledge of men is best obtained from men, and as far as is possible I recommend you to be your own novelists. Nevertheless, there is in one of the books of Dickens, a boy, who is being taught; he is asked to spell *window*. He does it, as you will doubtless remember, as *winder*. He is then told, "Now clean it." That is the difference between teaching and training. Teaching is of the school, training is of the workshop.

DISCUSSION.

As in my experience is usually the case, the Discussion, despite the efforts of the Leader to control and direct it, wandered very considerably from the terms of reference laid down. Speaking for myself I came away with the impression that one of the things Toc H men (or at least some of them) must learn, is to keep to the point, or failing that to bear it in mind. The following useful aspects or points were raised and discussed.

I. THE TYPE OF MAN TO BE MOULDED INTO A TOC H MEMBER—

(a) The need of simplicity in teaching the illiterate.

(b) The insistence upon expecting young men especially to submit to training must be emphasised.

(c) Some units who have been working

among mental defectives etc. were worried in that some of these people were inclined to demand membership; other cases of unsuitable candidates keeping off the right type of man were cited. By almost common consent these units were advised to be strong in their considered refusal.

(d) One unit emphasised that men should understand the difference between their *being* useful to Toc H and Toc H *being* useful to them.

(e) Another unit or more pointed out that the main thing was not Toc H and its members and mutual benefits, but the job of building the Kingdom in the world.

(f) There was a lot of discussion about the wisdom or otherwise of stressing the religious aspect to men in their early stages. The usual Rolands were given for Olivers in this part of the discussion. As leader I give it that the strongest and best expressed body of opinion was in favour of not only mentioning, but stressing the spiritual and or religious basis of Toc H right at the outset. So that men might know something of their journey's end before they set out to march towards it.

2. Quite a long time (perhaps too long) was given to dealing with going to Church. To the surprise of 'the school' some one or two units, or at least men in them, had been insisting upon attendance at a Church as a necessary qualification to Toc H membership. As though with one voice 'the school' uttered protest against this.

3. Lastly, a discussion led chiefly I think by Padres (I wish these fellows would wear their reversed collars, other men would then know what they are!) which revealed a marked tendency to identify the Church in some form or other with the Kingdom of God and which savoured strongly of the Augustinian dictum, "Outside of the Church there is no salvation." Several speakers helped materially to correct this and it was generally agreed, I believe, that the properly taught probationer, and member of Toc H in his own way and in his own time and by his own decision will reach or return to worship in the congregation and adoration of God in some sanctuary or other. J. B.

Group II: The Function of the Guest-Night

Its object. The relation of plan to purpose. Planning. Variety and change while preserving unity. Pitfalls. The Guest and member meeting the cost. (Leader: STUART GREENACRE.)

Greeno opened the Conference on Guest-nights by saying that he was first introduced to Toc H in the early days by being invited to one of the weekly Guest-nights of the Oxford Branch and was fascinated and held by its spirit and deep sense of purpose. He felt that a night with guests was Tubby's original idea for the weekly gathering together of members of a Branch as opposed to the somewhat formal meetings of a kind that men know so well and with which they get bored.

In more recent years many Toc H Branches and Groups have put in the place of regular Guest-nights, meetings that are known as "Family Nights" which usually mean that neither a speaker or guests are present and that the evening is taken up with discussion by members on various domestic problems and routine business.

In the early groping days these Family nights are perhaps good and essential, for any team needs to practise and in Toc H every team has to learn about the ideals and methods of the Movement before they can hope to work up traditions sufficiently to attract and hold guests. But once the groping stage is passed and traditions have been worked up, and a true understanding of our aims is grasped, our object should be to radiate Toc H spirit. And what better method is there than having plenty of guests to share with us in this joyous thing, the whole team week by week acting as hosts as the members of Talbot House were, remembering that the Members were the nucleus of worshippers in the Upper Room who helped Tubby to build traditions and the spirit which was so infective and vital? There in the Old House guests came and went all the time, many of them catching something of the spirit and passing it on to their friends.

The first question of the Conference was:— "Should a Branch aim to throw a Guest-night almost every week?"

The leader felt that it should have that aim, and that at any rate its weekly Toc H night

should be planned as a Guest-night. If the Branch wants to have meetings for members only, let it choose another night in the week, especially if it wishes to indulge in what is known as a "Business Night." Experience has shown that where the Branch Executive or Group Committee is functioning, generally speaking it is unnecessary to have more than one or at the outside two such business nights during the year, for surely the leaders of a unit, namely its Committee, ought to be trusted to deal with the routine business, so saving valuable time at the weekly night being taken up with such discussion. That weekly night is very precious when we remember that two or three hours a week is not very much time for a team corporately to learn about the development and practice of our ideals and the art of true host-ship.

The weekly Toc H night is the unique instrument of the Movement for developing the Toc H ideals among its members and for "catching men." If that is generally believed, then many Branches ought to start over again with team practices in order to learn the "art" of using the instrument and much more thought and care should be taken between the weekly nights in choosing the team and producing a truer representation.

The value of special Branch Guest-nights was stressed as being an opportunity for definite personal invitations to be sent to large numbers of guests invited for various reasons, perhaps more to spread Toc H and with an eye to a widening avenue of recruitment, than for reasons of hospitality. It was suggested that such a night was a chance to get a good speaker on Toc H and for every member of the Branch to bring one or more guests with him. Experience has shown that it is a good plan to run these once in six weeks or so, during the spring and autumn.

In addition to special Branch Guest-nights the regular District Guest-night, say once in three or four months, is again an opportunity of personally inviting a large number of men

in order that they may see Toc H on a somewhat larger scale than that of a Branch and it is also the means of cementing the friendships and deepening the corporate life of Toc H in the District. Both District Guest-nights and special Branch Guest-nights often, if well planned, are most inspiring and compelling and can be splendid instruments for building Toc H and spreading its spirit.

Concerning the Guest-night itself the necessity of variety and imagination was stressed, and the need for finding and training Guest-night Leaders is of the utmost importance, for the art of leading a Guest-night and the gifts required are something rather different to that of those needed by a Chairman of a business committee. It is important that the two should not be confused. Careful preparation by the leader and others taking part is essential if the Guest-night is to have an easy swing and a true mixture of grave and gay, with an air of spontaneity running through it all.

Some time was spent in describing various items that go to make up a good Guest-night and their place and time in it, amongst them being the Ceremony of Light and its introduction, it being noted how important it is that there should be absolute silence and a spirit of expectancy before the actual Ceremony is taken. Notices and news by the Branch Officers should be concise and to the point, and it was felt that more thought should be given concerning speakers and their subjects, with an especial eye to helping us in learning and spreading the spirit of fair-mindedness, for one hears so often of Groups

refraining from having talks on controversial subjects such as religion and politics, which seems to be an awful mistake.

An interesting discussion followed during which finance, songs, food, punctuality, gratitude and prayers were mentioned. In the realm of finance it seemed to be generally agreed that the cost of Branch Guest-nights should be covered by a Self Assessment scheme and at District and Ladies' Guest-nights the same method should be adopted, challenging all members to give according to their means in the light of the bill to be covered.

There is much room for research in the field of song and a need for songmasters to be found to come in and train Groups and Branches in the singing of folk songs, choruses, sea shanties and action songs.

As part of our hospitality food should be an integral part of the Guest-night and we should stress the importance of the whole team being present and punctual as part of our hospitality too. We should be both courteous and grateful to those who serve and help us, not least those who come and speak to us; therefore let us always be careful to thank our speakers simply and sincerely.

Some felt there was a danger in some Groups and Branches, of Family Prayers being gabbled and insincere and it was hoped more care would be taken to see that prayers at Guest-nights should be sincere and real and related to the life of the Branch or Group. Two men from overseas mentioned that it should be made easy for anyone who did not wish to take part to stand out.

Group III: The Spirit of Area and District Work

Organisation, its development in Toc H. How should it be used? The task of the District Team, collectively and individually. The best use of its time. Extension. Unit difficulties. Leadership. Area Executive. Leader: GARNER FREESTON, who said:—

I know that to some members anything in the nature of organisation is regarded as dry stuff, red tape, an imposition from H.Q. etc. and either apathy or anathema is the result. I venture to suggest that a great deal of such prejudice is due to ignorance and misunderstanding of the use and need of organisation and the part it has played in the rapid

development of Toc H. There seems to be a reluctance amongst some District and Area Leaders to talk about organisation lest they should bore their audience, but in my small experience I have found, on the contrary, that the membership appreciate having the history and development of our organisation explained to them, and I think it is only right

and fair to them that they should be given such opportunities.

It is not generally realised that the development of our organisation came quite naturally as a result, not only of the growth of Toc H, but largely, as a desire from the membership. From the earliest days members wanted quite naturally to get together to discuss problems, exchange ideas and plan future developments. Gradually these gatherings took shape in the form of conferences and it was the outcome of a request for some form of district organisation which came from one of these that Peter Monie set up District Committees, or Teams as they are more often called to-day.

Also as Toc H grew, Tubby found it necessary to hand over a very considerable part of his task to others such as Pat Leonard, "Sawbones" and Gilbert Williams, and they became centred on certain places, Manchester, Leicester, Sheffield and so on. They also concerned themselves with units in surrounding parts and thus quite naturally there came about Toc H Areas which later were given a kind of self-government, under the Area Executive organisation as we know it.

Both the District and Area forms of organisation were first tried out under the guidance and supervision of experienced Staff men before it was decided to adopt them, and then they were only introduced, as and when Areas were considered sufficiently developed to profit by them.

Another point not often realised is that our leaders, far from having any wish to produce red tape or to "lay down the law," are constantly having to guard against such impositions from the membership. Enquiries are quite frequently received for a ruling or pronouncement on this or that, or suggestions for further rules or regulations. Time after time it has to be carefully explained that we do not go in for rulings or passing orders in Toc H; what powers we have are in the nature of safeguards, are little talked about and are only used as a last resort after appeals to reason have failed.

I think I may say with every confidence that the dangers of over-organisation are more fully realised by our leaders than by the

membership as a whole; they know that the tendency in any form of organisation is to restrict and limit and eventually even to kill the very thing it was set up to foster and help. It has been said that every movement goes through three stages, first the stage of inspiration, then organisation and finally fossilisation! Now we have had a wonderful stage of inspiration; our twenty-first birthday finds us a responsible body having to face and take on responsibilities that the reaching of that age demands; we must now take care that we do not drift into that fatal third stage. I have little fear that we shall but we must not shut our eyes to the dangers of over-organisation. Machinery must always be our servant and never our master.

At this stage of our development however, we cannot do without a framework of organisation. The ideals of Toc H are very high, outside influences would like to lower them and even to use them for selfish ends. We are thus trustees of these ideals and must guard against their abuse or misuse.

Then, our movement is faced with the common difficulty of finding sufficient leadership; many of our leaders are having to take on more than they can do properly and our membership are mostly busy people with little spare time. We all know also how much the building and spreading of Toc H is handicapped for lack of money. If properly used, organisation can be of incalculable help in making the best use of our time, energies, resources and leadership.

Again because Toc H is rather an unconventional movement, this is too often made an excuse for being casual and slipshod. I am sure we have all, at one time or another, felt sad and ashamed at the casual and thoughtless behaviour appearing in some units, which must result in an unnecessary waste of time and energy, not to mention worry and irritation. Informality should not mean inefficiency and careful administration should be encouraged and respected so long as it remains a means and does not become an end in itself.

We must beware, however, of working on paper and not through men's lives. Toc H

has been built through personal touch and believes in preserving it through everything: this is where it differs from many societies and organisations. It is an adventure in friendship based on the corporate life of a Christian family and its first approach is through making friends. It is not the method of Toc H to go in for passing formal resolutions or making solemn pronouncements; every one of its Committees is expected to learn first the true meaning of the "team spirit."

Toc H is a movement which should be particularly free to experiment. After all it is a spirit with infinite forms of expression and so long as the fundamentals remain unchanged, we must always be prepared to try out new ways and methods of expressing this spirit. In other words we must never allow organisation to cramp our style, initiative and enterprise. This particularly applies to Area and District work.

The simplest way of trying to sum up what I have been trying to explain is to take the analogy of a home. Nothing would be more deadly and soul-destroying than a household entirely run by rule of thumb with everything "cut and dried" from morning till night. On the other hand if each member went his own way, not saying when he was going out or returning and there were no set times for meals, and so on, or sense of responsibility for the corporate welfare of the household, things would soon become chaotic and unbearable.

So we must aim throughout to work our organisation with thoughtfulness, tact and patience; whilst being efficient with our business, to preserve the personal touch at all costs. We must be prepared to use the present machinery only so long as it is doing its job properly, but to be bold enough to scrap any part of it as soon as it fails its purpose.

Now all that is by way of an introduction. Let us start our discussion by considering the task of a District Team. If you read the foreword to the printed Constitution of District Teams you will find a brief outline of what the job should be. It reads quite nicely on paper but it is of necessity rather a bald state-

ment and is far from easy to put into practice. For instance take the final paragraph which reads as follows:— "their job is to know, to think, to inspire. They will form the friendliest and liveliest unit of Toc H in the District." Let us therefore ask—

What is it they should know?

Are they constantly seeking to learn Toc H?

Do they stand four-square on its full meaning?

What things should they be thinking about?

Are they aware of the vital part they are to play in the building of Toc H of the future?

What traditions are they creating now?

Are they preparing themselves for shouldering greater responsibilities?

Do they inspire?

Do units feel that District Teams are a source of inspiration?

If not how do they regard them?

Are District Teams the friendliest and liveliest bunch in the District?

DISCUSSION.

In the discussion that followed the following points arose amongst many.

1. In view of the varied conditions, particularly Overseas, under which Toc H has to work, the need of keeping organisation elastic.
2. The vital importance and difficulty of preserving the personal touch. Overseas examples in overcoming these difficulties were "eye openers" to the home members.
3. The impossibility of District Teams and Area Executives accomplishing much without having the confidence and loyal support of the membership. This confidence is gained by the motive of friendship and the proof that advice and practical help can be given. Therefore the need of units giving up their best men for the wider scope of District and Area work.
4. The need of opportunities being supplied for units and leaders to meet together and react on each other, to overcome parochialism, and small-mindedness, and to stimulate initiative and enterprise.

Open Night at the London Marks

On Thursday evening, June 25, our visitors were invited to distribute themselves amongst the nine London Houses, and many of them did so. There was a great variety of speakers.

Mark I had a yarn from the 'Rector' of the world's longest and narrowest Parish, Harry Moss, Padre on the Iraq Pipe Line. Overseas visitors to Mark II were given, by Geoffrey Martin, most interesting and entertaining glimpses of village life and village characters in Somerset, and then South African news and views were presented by Eric Tucker and Herbert Miller.

Mark III and their guests were treated to two talks on Toc H in the Antipodes, one by Bob Cave, of South Australia, the other by Len Williams, of Tasmania. Mark VII also had an Australian speaker in the person of Bishop Crotty, late of Bathurst, New South Wales; and his talk was preceded by one from that 'evergreen,' yet by no means 'green,' member, Dr. Leonard Browne.

The assembly at the Brothers' House at Kennington had a great talk from Padre Pryor Grant, of New York. Mark XV at Woolwich entertained, and were entertained by, 'Tosher' Elliott, Chairman of Toc H in India and Burmah.

Putney (Mark XX) had a visit from Harry Hodkisson of Eastern Canada and Padre Sawbridge, better known as 'Sawbones.' At Denmark Hill, Mark XXII, noted for Scots Wardens, Scots wisdom was poured forth by Ian Fraser: and the Pierhead House party at Wapping was, you may be sure, ably entertained by the Honorary Warden, G. A. Jones, so inaptly named 'Jonah.'

Never, probably, have such cosmopolitan crowds assembled on one evening in the London Houses, but the hostellers and other members of the Mark Units hope that on many future occasions they may again have the joy of welcoming many guests from the Provinces and from Overseas. R. L. W.

Two Festival Messages

From the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

"As one of the three original Presidents of Toc H named in the Royal Charter granted to it in 1922, it gives me great pleasure to send a message to the members, young and old, at home and overseas, on the occasion of its Coming-of-Age.

"My association with Toc H dates from its very early days; in fact, in one respect I might say that I was associated with it before Toc H itself existed, by reason of my close connection with the Cavendish Association. This body began in 1913 its work among public and secondary schools and carried it on until its amalgamation with Toc H in 1921. Since then the Schools Section of Toc H, now dealing with nearly 300 schools, has helped many boys to an understanding of the ideals for which Toc H stands and to some experience of social service. I have watched with great interest the recent development of the North of England Schools and Club Camp at Chatsworth, with which many Toc H men are associated.

"With the Duchess as President of the L.W.H., I have been deeply interested in the growth of the Toc H movement from its small beginnings to its present strength. The burden and the happiness of spreading the ideals of Toc H must now mainly fall on a younger generation: and to them we both wish courage and hope for the task."

From Field-Marshal the EARL OF CAVAN, K.P., to Poperinghe Pilgrims.

"Lucky boys to be going to the Old House at Poperinghe and without that cringing feeling all down the spine which is caused by waiting for the 'next one'! I wish I could come with you, but I can't. "I am proud to remember that I was Commanding the XIV Corps at Poperinghe when Tubby first told me of the Old House. I went to early service there on Good Friday morning . . . That beginning for me of the Toc H Movement, always sticks. May you renew your memories in the same way!"

FRIDAY, JUNE 26

Conferences at the Caxton Hall—continued.

THE 'School,' in three classes again, reassembled at 10 a.m. in the Caxton Hall for a busy two hours. One Group discussed 'Service,' led by Padre David Wallace; another 'Family Finance,' led by W. J. Musters, the Registrar; and the third 'The Younger Generation,' led by G. K. Tattersall, Schools Secretary. We regret that no reports of the first two are available: an impression of the third follows.

At noon the whole 'School' came together for half-an-hour's 'choir practice,' genially and instructively led by Dr. George Brockless, the Festival Conductor.

Group III: The Younger Generation

Essential affinity exists between Toc H ideals and the highest aspirations of boys in schools and industry; but do we attract them? Do we 'transmit' the ideals in sufficiently up-to-date terms? (Leader: G. K. TATTERSALL).

Opening the discussion, the leader said that many theories were growing up about the treatment of youth. It was often a bone of contention even between mother and father. Mother might say "Let his impulses have free expansion: do not thwart his desires and merely create in him complexes and inhibitions." This doctrine, if faithfully applied, meant standing by if the child's soul happened to express itself by pouring lubricating oil into the piano. If the child were not tall enough, it might even be necessary to provide a chair in order to facilitate the process. Father's theories, however, might differ considerably, especially if he was still paying for the piano by monthly instalments.

The number of theories was rapidly increasing. Almost every year new schools were started for their practical application. Probably every person present had a different theory. He would like therefore to suggest a starting-point for the discussion—something about which he thought there might be some measure of agreement.

Whatever they deplored in youth, its cruelty, its inconsiderateness, its instability, its precocity, its disproportionate love of games or its limitless capacity for strawberries, they might all agree that most young people were possessed at some stage by a wondering and a longing. It was a longing to penetrate into the mystery of things, to know what was at the back of the beauty of flowers, a longing for more perfect human relationships (why was it that these somehow

never came to be actualised?) and for that very elusive quality, true unselfishness. The longing was more emotional in some, more intellectual in others. In either case they would stretch out their hands towards such older people as they could trust, and ask for some kind of compass by the aid of which they might find their way towards the region of truth and joy.

Undoubtedly Toc H possessed the very compass for which they asked. But somewhere or other there was a hitch. Although a great deal of propaganda was done by Toc H in schools and although large numbers of Toc H members worked in a variety of ways with industrial boys, the amount of senior boys from either of those sources, who were attracted to Toc H or its principles, was lamentably small. Why was that so?

It is impossible to record the whole of the discussion that followed. It went on for over two hours without a pause. Some were disappointed in the fact that the schoolboy was discussed more than the industrial boy. All the same, in the view of the writer, the chief points about our dealings with the industrial boy were actually mentioned. First of all it was necessary to establish contact with him through the channels of Y.M.C.A., Clubs, Scouts, Brigades and so on. That this condition was fulfilled was shown by the discussion itself in which many referred to the jobs in connection with boys performed by themselves and their friends. The question then arose as to whether the Schools Section

of Toc H could not in some way help such Toc H members as were doing work in Clubs, Scouts, etc. At any rate could there not be some central organisation to which they could look for help? The answer, quite clearly, was that the Schools Section, or any other special department at Headquarters, could do no more than give advice from a distance. All the work and most of the thought would still have to be done by the men on the spot. Anyhow, the Schools Section, which was already doing a specialised job with quite a different technique, would do no good and only make itself enemies by attempting to rival such centres of really expert help as Scout Headquarters, Brigade Headquarters, the National Association of Boys' Clubs and so on. Stupidly enough, no one mentioned this in the discussion.

The final point about dealing with the industrial boy (or the schoolboy either for that matter) was the necessity for taking into account the capacity of most young people for discriminating between true and false. This was a natural accompaniment of their desire for truth. If there was any discrepancy between a man's teaching and his actual behaviour and aspirations, boys had a kind of sixth sense—a sort of instinct of self-preservation in their spiritual beings—which enabled them to smell it out. The chief requirement was therefore sincerity. Without that, one might try the cleverest expedients but one would fail with them. It was therefore necessary to think about that rather than to debate endlessly about expedients, about Bible-classes versus services, about the merits of rd. subscriptions, etc. In regard to the Toc H member this meant that, if he wished to impart Toc H principles to boys, he must not only explain them, but also he must, in the words of the Archbishop of York at St. Paul's, be the kind of man who has 'no sense of his own personal importance and achievement, no thought that he is imposing the ideals that he has adopted upon others, whether they will or no.' He must 'forget all about himself' and set about his work 'as if there was nothing concerning him that could even be considered.'

About the Schools Section and its particular job many things were said. Outstanding amongst the criticisms of its work were several condemnations of the practice of relying on visiting speakers at schools. These came from people who had heard such speeches. They said that the speeches themselves were inoffensive enough and might even have been quite good. The point was that the Toc H 'lecture' was only one amongst many lectures. Immediately after leaving it, boys would have to plunge into the next school-activity. Their minds were full of games, exams., 'prep,' and so forth. Consequently all they remembered was something vague about Poperinghe. If the correspondent at the school did not say anything further about it, or failed even to reveal the fact that he was a Toc H correspondent, naturally there was very little result to show for the labour expended by the Schools Secretary. Other members from places as widely apart as South Africa and Hampshire declared that they had never relied on speeches at schools but on such personal contact between boys on the one hand and Toc H members and jobs on the other as circumstances and school authorities allowed.

At this point the Schools Secretary informed the conference that he had for years been trying to diminish speech-making and to develop the method of actual contact. Since, however, he could not be in 270 different places at the same time and doing an interesting job in each of them, he had to rely on local units for providing the opportunities for personal contact. If, as was still the case in the majority of units, his representatives would not, or could not, take the necessary steps, he had to fall back on speeches at the school, because otherwise the connexion with the school would have nothing whatever to subsist on. Having contracted obligations with the school, it was better to continue trying to fulfil them by means of speeches than to ignore them altogether. He appealed strongly to representatives at any rate to play their part by informing their local schools of the more interesting activities of their units, especially

those that happened to come during the holidays. If the schools persistently refused to play their part, it could not be helped. He felt sure, however, that many would be glad of suggestions and then at any rate in those cases, he would be spared from pursuing the method of speech-making in which so few had any faith. As an example of the right policy he quoted an example. A Toc H Branch in London was about to run a camp for boys who had been transferred from the 'Distressed Areas.' They were going to be helped by senior boys at the school and the camp was to be held on the school grounds.

Some expressed the view that there should be no Schools Section partly on the grounds that, from their inexperience of life, schoolboys had no background against which Toc H could appear as a thing of value, and partly because most schoolboys were too busy

to take interest in our concerns. Since this is a point about which even Headmasters disagree, it is not surprising that no conclusion was reached by the conference. All the same, still more people who had tried the method of personal contact with senior boys spoke up at this juncture and averred that, as a result of their efforts, boys who had recently left were already starting a new unit in their district.

There were other suggestions about greater co-operation with branches of the Junior British Legion, the Y.M.C.A. and other bodies. All seemed to be agreed that such co-operation would be right, and that, where such bodies existed, local Toc H Branches should make friends with them and help them. This job, like all others, would not only be a job but also a means of spreading Toc H ideas.

A Royal Reception at Buckingham Palace

His Majesty the King conferred upon the members of Toc H Overseas home for the Coming-of-Age the great honour of receiving them personally at Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of Friday, June 26. About 150 were present, from a variety of countries and stations. Canada, the United States, South America, the West Indies, East, West and South Africa, Navy, Army and Air Force members recently serving in the Mediterranean and Near East, India, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, the Far East, Australia and New Zealand were all represented, and in addition there were members from France, Belgium, Germany and Denmark.

The King, in welcoming the representatives of Toc H Overseas, said that as Patron of Toc H he had watched with great interest the widespread growth of the movement throughout the world. He regretted that he was unable himself to light the new Lamps on this occasion, but his brother the Duke of Kent would do so on his behalf.

He reminded those who came from the great self-governing Dominions and from distant outposts of Empire that they had the privilege of taking a large part in building into their national life a real family spirit.

His Majesty wished the overseas representatives a happy time here and trusted that they would return with a deepened sense of what Toc H might become in the future and of their own personal responsibility for it.

His Majesty then shook hands with each of those present.

Many times over many years has the King shown that his office of Patron of Toc H is a real and personal one. That knowledge will now be carried back by members who had the privilege of being received by him to all parts of the world, and scattered units in remote places will be heartened by the realisation that the King is concerned to know how they are maintaining their light.

A member who was present wrote afterwards: "We were at home as soon as the King appeared. He spoke simply of '*our* Movement,' '*our* tasks,' and of the opportunities awaiting '*us*.' Some of us would have liked to persuade ourselves that we had been invited by the King because of some special little thing we had done or because he had heard of us. When he had finished speaking we were glad it was none of these things. We had been invited because we were *trying* to do a Big Thing."

'Hyde Park Evening' at Harrow

Hyde Park conjures up in my mind green grass and trees and music whilst shadows—and people who seem only little more real—play around, and the fact that there is a corner of the Park where so many gather to talk and argue is incidental to the picture. The uncertainty of the English climate frustrated the perpetrators of the evening's programme from transferring the soap boxes of Hyde Park to Harrow.

Again Harrow calls up to me a picture of a Church Spire on a Hill and it holds much truth. There in that church perched on the Hill the Spirit of Harrow was nurtured—whatever may have happened on the playing fields at Eton—and the traditions are enshrined in the Great Hall of the School. And both buildings played their part in making the evening memorable for those who were fortunate enough to be there.

Overseas members, feeling perhaps somewhat subdued and overwhelmed by their visit to Buckingham Palace earlier in the afternoon, were received by members of Harrow Branch and entertained to tea at the Branch Headquarters. They were then conducted in parties to see some of the School Buildings under the best possible leadership—members of the School themselves. What a setting! no wonder Byron was moved to verse as he sat in the Churchyard with half England spread to view: no wonder every Englishman, wherever he may wander on his quest in other lands, creates as far as possible a garden which may remind him of close-cropped lawns and hedges with flowers.

The short service in the ancient Church came as a fitting interlude to gather up one's thoughts before the evening meeting.

The meeting was originally planned for the garden and Grove, but the rain had planned otherwise. The evening, however, was saved by the generosity of Harrow School who lent their 'Speech Room.' There followed in it an evening which an eavesdropper called "a sheer joy from beginning to end." The setting more than

compensated for being the open. Regret there were that time and place prevented more questions being put to the speakers who deliberately threw out challenges to their listeners. Dr. Donald Soper on Peace, Valentine Bell on Education, each questioned the average man's attitude towards these questions. Dr. Soper spoke on Peace. He told us that from his experience on Tower Hill, the two principal questions that interested the man-in-the-street were those of capitalism and war, for both were related to each other and vital issues. What was wanted first, he assured us, was individual repentance followed by national cleansing before we grappled with international righteousness. Val Bell took 'Toc H and Education' as his theme and struck two notes—first the unity of front which overstepped barriers of class and creed when mankind was faced by war; secondly the injustice and inequalities of opportunities in the present educational system, carried on into later life. He urged Toc H to look seriously at the question.

An interesting talk was also given by the Harrow Troop Scoutmaster (Jack Beet) stressing the need for more leaders and the great results to be achieved by the Scout Movement. The talks were interspersed with stuff in lighter vein. A skit, "Bones for the Villagers" and Toc H in Timbuctoo (from the Jungle to Board-room) by the Harrow Branch gave much amusement. But the item that will live in the memory of most of those present was the singing of some of the school songs by the school twelves led by Dr. Thatcher at the organ. Seldom can they have had a more appreciative audience. The day before they had been singing to their mothers and fathers, sisters and cousins to whom a Speech Day in most cases is an annual event. At our meeting the boys had an audience of men to whom it was an entirely new experience and among whom were representatives gathered from most parts of the globe.

With prayers, another event in the Festival Programme ended, but there can be few who will forget Harrow.

D. L. R.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

THE morning was occupied by some members in a visit to the Houses of Parliament, that perennial Saturday show which catches comparatively few Londoners but many charabanc parties from the

Provinces and farther afield. Major W. H. Carver and other Members of Parliament and of the House of Commons Group of Toc H wrestled gallantly as guides with a crowd of about 3,000.

Garden Party at the Crystal Palace

From lunch time onwards Toc H was making its unmistakable mark upon the Saturday crowds at Victoria Station, and the trains to the Crystal Palace were packed with members. A sultry sky, which promised thunder but did not perform it, hung over the Palace grounds; it had no effect on the gaiety of the 'Garden Party.' Thousands of members of Toc H and L.W.H., in shifting groups, seemed like so many handfuls on the immense spaces of the terrace. The Toc H flag flapped lazily from the tall flag-staff in the centre, and beneath it the Silver Band of Cory Brothers, one of the best miners' bands from the distressed area of South Wales, made loud and merry music from the bandstand. It gave us full measure of sound in three periods—2.45 to 3.45 p.m., 4 to 4.45 p.m., and 5.45 to 7.15 p.m.

General Assembly

In the second of these intervals there was a 'General Assembly' on the Terrace, so that the crowd could listen to a few spokesmen from the balcony of the 'Ambassadors Room' which juts out, high above the heads of the audience, from the great steel and glass cliff of the 'Centre Transept' of the Palace. With the aid of an astonishing battery of loud-speakers which carry the voice easily across the wide expanse of the grounds Freddy Bain (Chairman of the Festival Committee), took the chair. Rex Calkin read a long series of messages to the Festival (see below).

Next, Neville Talbot, enormous even in this setting, bent to the microphone and spoke for a few minutes, introducing Tubby. Tubby, who had been holding a belated meeting of service members on a corner of the Terrace, had been captured by the crowd

and carried shoulder-high, amid cheers, up the long staircase into the Palace for his short turn of speechmaking. After him Barkis was brought forward and contented himself with calling upon all those in the audience who had been present at the first Birthday Festival in 1922 to declare themselves, on the word 'Three!', by waving a handkerchief: there was rather a surprising response. The elusive Registrar was sought but was not found for the purpose of addressing the troops, but the Hon. Administrator had something to say. Meanwhile the balcony had been filling up with service members in the uniforms of the Royal Navy, Army and Air Force. A blue-jacket, a Seaforth Highlander and a R.A.F. corporal were in turn presented to the microphone and made a few shy sounds of greeting which earned much applause. Tubby had already urged their fellow-members to penetrate "the reserve underneath the King's uniform" and to make friends with them quite simply. As the company left the balcony an old shipmate prodded a very stout bluejacket forcibly in the tummy, with the greeting "Cheerio, Nobby! what price your reserve? I see you've still got some under the uniform."

Seen from the balcony the ranks of up-turned faces which filled the centre of the Terrace and lined the staircases up into the Palace was a sight which made one think of Toc H gatherings in the past, which seemed incredibly big at the time but were but a tithe of this in number.

Festival Messages

Messages of greeting and congratulation, not all of which were read by Rex Calkin to the Family on this occasion, had been received from the following:—

The Duke of Devonshire, President; Field

Marshal Lord Cavan, Vice-President; The Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, Vice-President; Bishop H. L. Paget; Lord Home and 19,000 men engaged in the work of the Boys' Brigade; The President and Secretary of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations; The President of the Church of England's Men's Society.

SOUTH AMERICA: Monte Video; Shackleton Branch, Buenos Aires; Toc H Argentina. WEST INDIES: Antigua Group.

CANADA: His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General, President of Toc H in Canada; Winnipeg Area; Vernon and Kelowna, British Columbia.

NEW ZEALAND: "Toc H New Zealand joins with you in spirit, thankfulness and new endeavour."

AUSTRALIA: His Excellency Lord Gowrie, V.C., Governor General, President of Toc H in Australia; Lieut.-General Sir Talbot Hobbs, President, Western Australia Area; 132 members attending the 11th Birthday Festival in Perth, W.A.; the Australian Executive; Victoria Area; Arthur Davis, Chairman, and Brian Billings, Secretary, New South Wales Area; A. S. Challen, Newcastle District, N.S.W.; Jack Watts, Perth, W.A.; Perth Branch, W.A.; Payneham Branch, South Australia; and Bob Wood, Hon. Australian Commissioner ("Companions of Order of Southern Cross send twenty-first birthday greetings to Cobbers of Great Bear. Ecclesiastes IX 7. Laus Deo.")

Shanghai Branch; Hong Kong Group. Kuala Lumpur Group, Malaya. Chauk Group, Upper Burma. The General Council in INDIA AND BURMA (Calcutta).

SOUTHERN AFRICA: His Excellency Lord Clarendon, Governor General, President of Toc H in Southern Africa; Sir Herbert Stanley, Hon. Commissioner; Natal Area; Grahamstown Branch and Shaw Park Group, Cape of Good Hope; Mark I, Johannesburg; Westport Group, Transvaal (the first group founded in a leper institution).

Captain Treweek. "Toc H Warship Cornwall homeward bound. Chandler." Amsterdam Group. Rotterdam Group. "Paternal blessings.—Knutsford."

The following has been received on a post-card at an Area Office in a provincial city: "To Toc H. Dear Sirs, We cripples of the City sincerely wish you all health and every happiness for another 21 years and may not one of the 500 of you ever need a crutch for the joy you one and all have brought into our lives in giving us Garden Parties and Christmas Tea Parties. If we only had such care in childhood—of having a Cripples' Hospital—how different we could face the future.

"I remain, in gratitude for all your kindnesses,—An old age pensioner, crippled at eight months old."

Inside the Palace

The inside of the Crystal Palace preserves, like no other existent building, the Victorian atmosphere. It is the eloquent monument of Albert the Good and the Great Exhibition of 1851. Its many acres of glass panes, set in a frame-work of out-size 'Meccano,' remains the world's masterpiece of greenhouse design, the triumph of Sir Joseph Paxton, who got his hand in by building sumptuous conservatories for the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The so-called North Nave contains a really notable collection of plaster casts of medieval and Renaissance sculpture. But the South Nave is magnificently Victorian, in the flamboyant patriotism of its 'bronze' equestrian giants, the much-too-refined elegance of its nude white plaster nymphs, the gilt furniture of its cafés and the solidarity of their pastries. There is the glass fountain, which was much admired at the Great Exhibition, and cockatoos in cages. In these decorous halls, so monstrous in taste and scale as to be almost impressive, our members wandered busily and happily, meeting friends, buying Toc H literature at the book-stall and sampling the produce of the refreshment bars. Bobs Ford and Padre Noel Marshall were photographed posing as heraldic supporters to a very naked plaster gent labelled 'Do not touch,' and some members of L.W.H. were caught by the camera in front of a cage labelled 'These animals are dangerous.' The afternoon, inside and outside the great cucumber-frame on Sydenham Hill was a very happy time.

The Festival Evening

At 7.15 p.m. the Programme announced, "the Centre Transept will be open for the Festival Evening." In other words the stewards were ready to take tickets at the barriers which fenced off the great central floor-space and on the stairs which led to the galleries overlooking it—the North and South Galleries, the Royal Balconies and the Second Gallery, 150 feet above the floor. And 8,000 members, mostly men, began to stream eagerly into their places.

For the next half-hour the crowd was thus

moving, until the seats were full. Meanwhile the orchestra of Morley College for Working Men and Women (in South London) discoursed cheerful music from a small gallery at the side of the platform. This excellent orchestra consists of experienced professional musicians, unemployed—with thousands of their musical brethren—in these hard times and often in dire straits: the advent of the 'talkies' and the spread of mechanical and broadcast music have dealt their career the worst knock of all.

LAMPLIGHTING

The Entry of the Old Lamps

At 7.45 p.m. the real proceedings began. The great organ, high in the apse of the Centre Transept, took up the tale and led the audience into Tubby's hymn

"Out of Many into One
Are we fashioned this night."

To the long swinging tune of *Aberystwith* the Banners, Rushlights and Lamps of Groups and old Branches began to advance in processions up the hall. In parallel lines up the two side gangways the coloured banners moved steadily forward, without halt or interruption. They showed a splendid variety of coloured heraldic design, executed in painting or embroidery, upon the uniform black ground of their face; there was rippling movement in the long line and gleams of gold from their emblazoned names and the finials on their banner-poles. As they passed on and up the steps to the first platform, then up further steps to the higher platform and then up the steep tiers of the orchestra to their places, the eyes of the seated, singing audience were feasted with lovely colour—the backs of banners ranging over all the scale of 'orange,' from glowing apricot-pink to pale lemon-yellow. Meanwhile from other entrances the Rushlights and Lamps were borne in at the same slow marching pace; on the platform the processions met and crossed and rearranged themselves without a sign of confusion. A brief rehearsal in the course of the afternoon, extremely detailed typed instructions and the vigilance of a large body

of well-trained stewards made all this possible: the Trooping of the Colour, which many members had witnessed a few days before on the Horse Guards Parade, was not more beautifully done. But here were some 600 'colours,' each the token of a body of members at work somewhere in the world, to be 'trooped.'

All the while the organ had played, at intervals giving out in trumpet notes another tune and lifting the audience into singing. Thus they sang another hymn, most appropriate but less known, of Tubby's:—

"Brave men began the sacred fire
These Lamps achieved of old
Re-kindling Everyman's desire
To serve and to uphold . . .
"Stand back, obliterating night!
Here for His Advent burn
These sentinels of silent light,
Against the Lord's return.
Cleaving our infidelity,
Light is the Spirit's sword,
No cause can wake humanity,
Which fails in watch and ward."

And then, after another interval of organ music, Cecil Spring-Rice's noble self-dedication:—

"I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things
above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my
love . . .
"And there's another country, I've heard of long
ago—
Most dear to those that love her, most great to
those that know—
We may not count her armies; we may not see
her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is
suffering :

And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all
her paths are peace."

Lastly, with breaking waves of tremendous sound, the audience sang the well-loved hymn "Let there be light."

On the moment of the last *fortissimo* note of voices and organ the final pair of banners reached the platform. For half-an-hour the unbroken processions had been advancing and gradually coming to rest as an increasing hedge of colour and faces, too distant to be recognised. Over 1,200 men were now in

their places, filling the centre of the steep orchestra slope from side to side; above them 700 members of the Festival Choir were packed round the organ and up to the back wall of the apse. The stage was set for the next entry.

On the first note of the National Anthem the audience rose to its feet. Accompanied by Tubby and Sutherland Graeme, the Duke of Kent stepped quickly into his first experience of a Toc H meeting. He took his place in the centre of the lower platform and faced a formidable greeting of cheers.

Sutherland Graeme's Welcome

"Your Royal Highness, it is my proud privilege on behalf of the family of Toc H to bid you the warmest of welcomes to our Festival.

"You come amongst us to-night, Sir, in two capacities. First you represent His Majesty the King your brother (and, may I humbly add—*our* brother) in the performance of our traditional ceremony on an occasion when our members have gathered from far and wide to celebrate the attainment of an age of particular responsibility.

"Two months ago His Majesty was graciously pleased to signify his consent still to honour with his patronage our great fraternity whose endeavours he has, from the first, helped and encouraged and not a few of whose larger tasks he has himself initiated.

"I cannot tell you, Sir, how greatly Toc H values that patronage and not least because he who bestows it has ever given himself to a life of unremitting service on behalf of the community.

"Sir, to His Majesty, through you, Toc H pledges its unswerving loyalty and devotion and expresses the fervent hope that, under God, his reign may be long and abundantly blessed.

"But there is another capacity in which you are with us to-night, Sir, and that is as a fully enrolled member of the family. With loyal affection we greet you as a brother. You, Sir, are indeed no stranger to the call for service but at all times ready to give yourself wholly for the common good. How could it be otherwise in a son of a beloved father whom during our ceremony of 'Light' to-night we shall all remember with proud thanksgiving.

"Sir, it is no formal official welcome that we give you this evening but the joyous personal greeting of a great band of men who, whether in body or in spirit, have, in a true sense, come home to give you the hand of fellowship as you take your place within the family circle" (*loud cheers*).

The Duke of Kent's Speech

The Duke of Kent said: "Fellow-members of Toc H, I am very glad to be with you to-night, and to read to you the following message from His Majesty the King on the Coming-of-Age of Toc H" (*prolonged cheers*):—

The King's Message.

"Hitherto, from the very earliest days, I have presided almost annually at the Lighting of the Lamps of Maintenance. This year my brother, The Duke of Kent, brings to you all, in my name, my sincere greetings and congratulations. Toc H is now a Movement which has proved itself capable of good throughout the Empire. Its origin and its

inheritance render its Coming-of-Age an occasion when members may look back with thankfulness and look forward with firm hope and belief that what they build will help the lives of others.

"The Lamps which my brother will light to-night should remind you of the nature of your heritage. The example of the Elder Brethren it is now for you to make your own. As Toc H stands to-night full grown it must be ready to lift those Lamps high to shed their light on the paths of the future. As your Patron I look confidently to Toc H to take its share, by fellowship, by service and by ever-deepening thought, in solving the problems that lie before us, and I wish you God-speed in your task.—EDWARD R.I."

"I am very happy to bring you such a message from the King on the occasion of the Coming-of-Age of Toc H. It is my first appearance in the great family circle. I am, I think, almost if not quite its newest member. Obviously, then, I cannot claim the same personal knowledge of Toc H through its 21 years as the King, but it is a great pleasure to take the place that he has so often filled and to light the new Lamps from his Lamp.

"It is well known that Toc H is spread throughout the world. I have only once before visited one of its Branches, and that was in Rio de Janeiro when I was there with the King. It has its members not only among those who live permanently in the distant places of the earth, but also I am glad to see that its development is increasing in the defence services, men who are able to carry the Toc H spirit with them as they move from station to station. To-night as I light these new Lamps one thought will move across the world to the Branches which they represent—to regions as distant and as various as Africa, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, China, India and Palestine.

"In the same way it is significant that we have to record to-night the gift of two new Toc H Houses, one at home in Birmingham, the gift of Lord Austin, the other in Johannesburg, the gift of an anonymous donor. Both will, we hope, not only build a true Toc H team within the House, but become rallying points for Toc H in the surrounding districts.

"To-night in this great gathering of 10,000 men representative of so many more in all parts of the world, we have to face the extent of the responsibility which now rests upon the movement. That means hard thinking, and I am glad to know that the King's challenge to Toc H at Leicester not to rest content with its actual achievement, wide though it is, of service and fellowship but to think out its contribution to the tasks of the future, has met with a ready response.

"Let me remind you of some of the steps in the growth which we are celebrating to-night. In 1922 at the Guildhall, the Patron remarked that we were only at the outset of Toc H. 'To-night,' he said, 'is a great step in the early life of a great society, a society which will, we hope, remain young when the youngest of us here grows old.'

"Toc H then was but a tiny thing. But a year later, in 1923, the King was able to refer to the first beginnings overseas. He mentioned the establishment of a second Branch in Canada, and added that he thought we might expect to hear something from Australia and South Africa in the near future.

"We have heard indeed. Canada to-day has 38 units and two Houses, South Africa 87 and a House, Australia a House and 140 units. To these we have to add much growth in other parts of the world. Tubby's recent visit to the Eastern Mediterranean has stimulated Toc H in a part of the world where many of its members come from the Navy, Army and Air Force. In the Far East the vision of some of the great firms has made possible the appointment of an organising Secretary. South America is soon to have the benefit of a visit from an experienced leader in Mr. Barclay Baron. We must not forget to-night all those lone units of Toc H, gamely holding on in face of the difficulties of isolation, welcoming strangers, and helping to make up with the great Dominions and India a total overseas development of 400 units.

"But to swell in size is not necessarily to grow in usefulness and quality. The prize pumpkin at the village show doesn't always make the best eating. So I would remind you of what the Patron said of Toc H in this place five years ago:—

"Nothing short of a team spirit can help us to meet our present problems with success. Toc H can play its part if it is not content to remain just another big society. It is, or ought to be, an influence in its own sphere and beyond its membership for stimulating slackness into energy, making those with whom it comes into contact larger-minded, more alert, and more understanding towards the public problems of this country. If it works on the right lines it can manufacture character, the greatest of our exports."

"Those words remain true. Science to-day is enabling us to do with ease things that our forefathers thought quite impossible. The marvels of applied science are at our service. But it is human character that determines whether they are to be used for good or for evil, to build or to destroy (*cheers*). Character is the indispensable basis of leadership, and leadership is the key of achievement. The men in whose memory I am to light these Lamps to-night gave us a splendid example of what character can achieve. To maintain those same qualities of character, to spread them, and to use them for the building of the future is the true task of Toc H" (*loud and prolonged cheering.*)

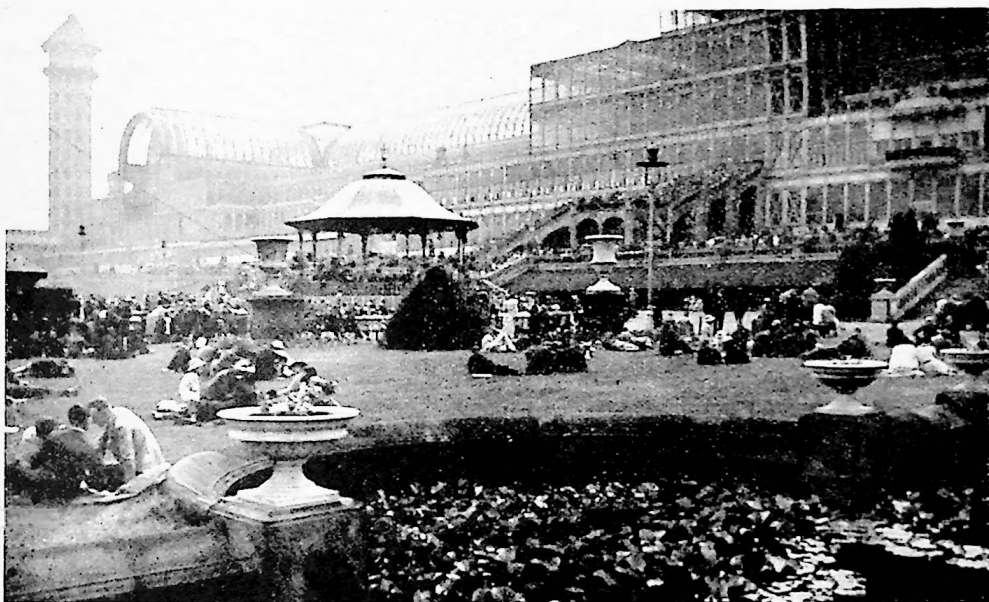
Tubby's Vote of Thanks

Tubby, in a ringing voice, said: "Sir, you have made us all 'Men of Kent.'" There was a moment's pause, and then laughter and cheers began to ripple through the huge audience. When it died down, Tubby called for "Three hearty British cheers! Stand up!" And they sprang to their feet and gave them with a will.

The Entry of the Prince's Lamp

It is time-honoured custom—since the first Lamplighting in 1922—that the Prince's Lamp should be brought from its resting-place on Sir John Croke's altar-tomb in All Hallows and be carried lighted, by Pte. Arthur Pettifer—"The Gen"—to the platform for the new Lamps to be lit from it. "The Gen" now advanced up the central gangway, escorted by the Assistant Lamp-lighters, a well-mixed body of men representing Toc H at work in many places. These were C.P.O. Writer Charles Brownjohn (Royal Navy), P. R. D. Bugler (Mercantile Marine), W. A. Cave (Australia), E. G. Dodds (South America), Lt.-Col. W. R. ('Tosher') Elliott (India and Burma), Squadron Leader D'Arcy Greig (Royal Air Force), H. Hodkisson (Canada), G. R. Hughes (Ceylon), Battery Sergt.-Major C. O'Rourke (The Army), D. L. Ralph (The Far East), E. A. Thompson (Southern Africa), Leslie Wood (The Continent of Europe, for whose units he acts as 'Area Secretary'). Sutherland Graeme (the United Kingdom) joined them on the stage.

The "Gen" set the silver Lamp on its pedestal in front of the Duke of Kent, who was seen to shake hands with him and exchange a few words; a taper was lighted and put into the Duke's hand; and the lighting of the new Lamps at once began. There were 104 of them—more numerous than at any previous Festival. In pairs up the two side gangways the Lamp and Banner-bearers advanced, keeping a regular distance of some ten paces between each 'party,' halting while the Duke of Kent lit each pair of Lamps as it reached the platform. In every case he had a few questions to ask and a few words to say to the kneeling Lamp-bearer before him; meanwhile the Banner-bearer stood a little way apart, displaying the name of his Branch to the audience, then wheeled slowly about and accompanied his Lamp to the allotted place upon the orchestra tiers behind. This Lamplighting occupied more than an hour. The steady, continuous movement of it, unhurried but never laggard, was beautiful to watch. It had an easy solemnity, a sort of solemn joy—for the lighting of its



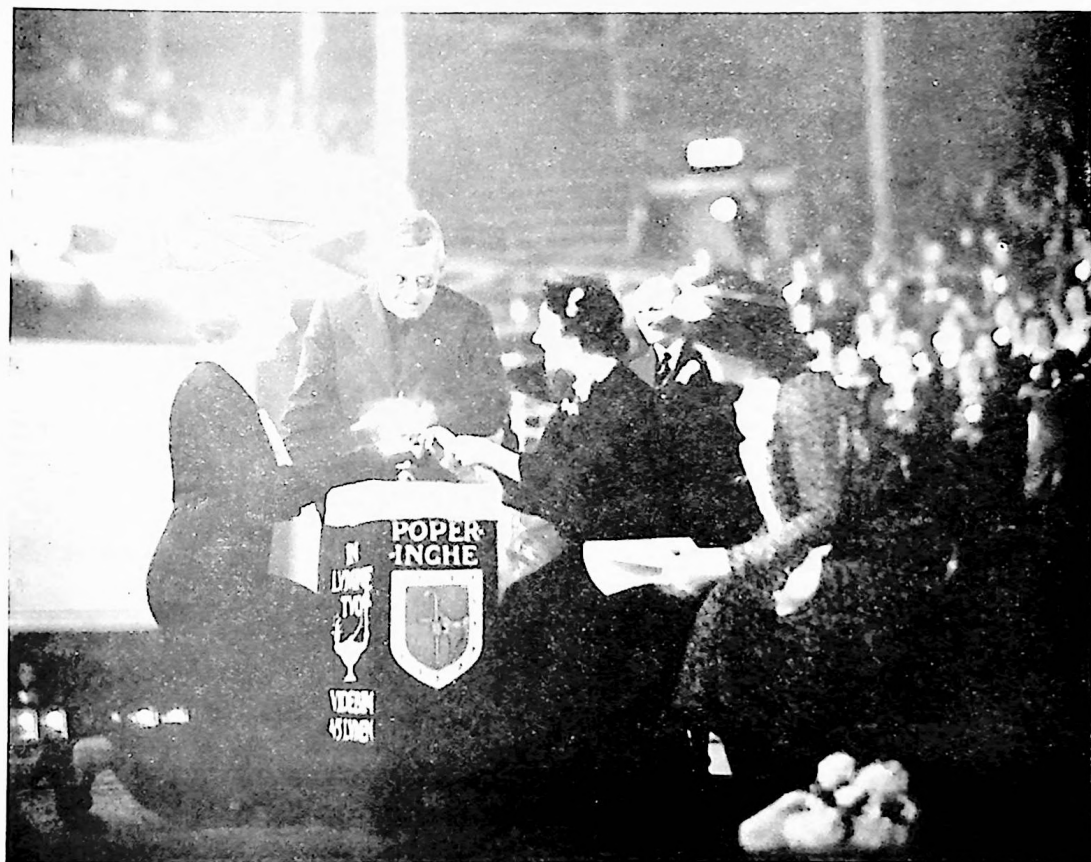
GARDEN PARTY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, June 27.

*Above: General view of the Palace (Photo: C. H. Henderson).
Below: Picnic on the lawn (Photo: F. Sandham).*



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, June 26.

*Above: Entering the Cathedral (Photo: Planet News).
Below: Coming out, with the Duchess of Devonshire.
(Photo: Keystone).*



THE L.W.H. LAMPLIGHTING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, June 26.

Above: Rushlights on the platform—on the left the 'Gen.'

Below: The Duchess of York lighting the Adelaide Central Branch Lamp, borne by Mrs. Marjorie Uncle. Tubby and Miss Macfie on either side. (Photo: Keystone).



GARDEN PARTY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, June 27.

Above: The crowd on the steps; and
Below: In the 'South Nave' (Photos: W. Temple Bourne).
Inset: 'The youngest member' (Photo: W. C. Davies).

Lamp is always a moment long-expected and long remembered by a new Branch. "What is the little formula which the Duke says to each man?" a stranger in the audience

asked. There is no formula—only a few friendly words. The ceremony has long since reached its fitting convention—and remains delightfully unconventional.*

The Ceremony of Light

When something like sixty new Lamps had been thus lit, the Assistant Lamplighters came forward and bent to kindle their tapers at the Prince's Lamp; then began to climb the steps of the orchestra and to pass the light along the standing ranks of the old Lamps and Rushlights. The little plumes of golden flame spread slowly along until the lines were complete from end to end. The last pair of new Lamps—New Zealand and India, a happy enough instance of the unity of the world-wide Family—paused on the platform and passed to their places. The great half-circle of lights was complete.

All this time the organ had been playing, making a pattern of sound against which the action of the Lamplighting had taken place. Now the notes mounted into the familiar tune of the *Hymn of Light*. The audience rose to its feet and sang two verses. And now the 'house-lights,' the arc-lamps high above their heads, began to die out gradually. Tubby stepped forward with the loud word of command "Light!" Every common light

in the hall was gone; the great crowd stood silent and still in the summer dusk. At the same moment 700 golden flames on the steep slope of the orchestra rose slowly and simultaneously as their bearers lifted Lamp or Rushlight to the level of their own eyes: it was a gesture striking and beautiful in its simplicity. The familiar words of the 'Ceremony of Light' were said, the deep response from 8,000 voices made. Silence fell, complete: the moments of it seem timeless in a great assembly like this. Then the words "Let your light so shine" and the final response. A pause; common light returning—and with it the last verse of the *Hymn of Light*, with its soaring first line—"High over all, Love sceptred and crowned . . ."

Last of all, with a magnificent volume of sound, everyone sang William Blake's *Jerusalem*—

" . . . I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

If that truly expresses what was in the wills

* In order of their lighting (which corresponds to the date of promotion of the Branches) the new Lamps were:—Bedale (Yorks.); Guelph (Ontario); Nairobi (Kenya); Whitehaven (Cumberland); Jerusalem; South Petherton (Som.); Stroud (Glos.); Caterham (Surrey); Nantwich (Cheshire); Bideford (Devon); Blackhill (Co. Durham); Ebbw Vale (Mon.); Essendon (Victoria, Australia); Chichester; Mold (Flint); Oamaru (N.Z.); Wanganui (N.Z.); Gravesend; Lyttleton (N.Z.); Mitcham (Surrey); Appleby-cum-Stretton (Leics.); Ashby-de-la-Zouche (Leics.); Bishop Auckland (Co. Durham); Devizes (Wilts.); Exmouth (Devon); Greytown (Natal, S.A.); Harehills (Leeds); Isle of Dogs (London); Jesmond (Newcastle); Knaresborough (Yorks.); Paddock (Huddersfield); Richmond (Yorks.); Sandsend (Yorks.); Settle (Yorks.); Shakerstone (Leics.); Stamford (Lincs.); Stonegate (Sussex); Street (Som.); Teignmouth (Devon); The Deepings (Lincs.); Whitley Bay (Northumberland); Burnley (Lancs.); Camberwell (London); Crayford (Kent); Horwich (Lancs.); Llandaff (Glam.); Paisley (Renfrew); Penarth (Glam.); Riverside (Cardiff); Short Heath (Wolverhampton); Skewen (Glam.); Soho (Birmingham); Wembley (Middlesex); Moonah (Tasmania); Bury St. Edmunds (Suffolk); Bushey and Oxley (Herts.); Chelmsford (Essex); Chester; Cleethorpes (Lincs.); Dalton-in-Furness (Lancs.); East Dereham (Norfolk); Evesham (Worcs.); Falkirk Central (Stirlingshire); Llandrindod Wells (Cernarvonshire); Lowestoft (Suffolk); Maybush (Southampton); Mossley Hill (Liverpool); Paris (France); Prescot (Lancs.); Rhyl Central (Flint); Ruthin (Denbighshire); Shanghai (China); Stifford (Essex); Walton-on-the-Naze (Essex); West Wight (I.O.W.); Witney (Oxon.); Geraldton (W. Australia); Kimba (S. Australia); Acocks Green (Birmingham); Bakewell (Derbyshire); Barford (Warwickshire); Cinderford (Glos.); Eastbourne Old Town (Sussex); Hampton Lucy (Warwickshire); Hulme (Manchester); Indwe (Cape Province, S.A.); Kettering (Northants.); King William's Town—Keiskama Hoek (Cape Province, S.A.); Klerksdorp (Transvaal, S.A.); Leek (Staffs.); Marlborough (Wilts.); Mortimer (Cape Province, S.A.); Newland (Hull); Normanton (Derby); Pinetown (Natal, S.A.); Pitchcombe (Glos.); Sea Point (Cape Province, S.A.); Stratton St. Margaret (Wilts.); Sutton-on-Sea (Lincs.); Ulceby (Lincs.); Waimea (N.Z.); Karachi (India).

of men who sang it as from their hearts, the Festival Ceremony of Light had been no picturesque and empty form but the outward and visible sign of what Toc H, at its truest, has always been and is now called to be.

There was the least pause before the Duke of Kent moved to leave the platform. He

walked quickly down the whole length of the hall, amid ringing cheers. Then the great regiment of Lights and Banners began to move, quickly and orderly, by all possible exits from the scene. And the audience stood applauding them before it broke up in gay chatter for the interval.

THE MASQUE

During the interval the stage was set. It would be difficult to find a building less well adapted to a stage play than the Crystal Palace. Its naked grey girders are enormous and uncompromising: it would not be possible to camouflage them or to rig up any kind of proscenium or curtain that was not far too cumbrous and expensive for our purpose. The great size of the 'Centre Transept,' with a floor which has no 'rake' like the auditorium of a theatre, makes it very difficult for those sitting far back to see or hear what goes on upon the low platform. There are, it is true, great curtains which can be lowered to shut off the North and South Naves from the Transept, but our seating had extended beyond the line of these and they could not be drawn: the 'theatre' therefore was not enclosed at all on a great part of its two sides. From these sides, and from all round, the fading Summer daylight entered through glass walls and roof, an enemy to stage effect which had to be overcome by sheer power and concentration of artificial lighting. To the shallow orchestra platform, a segment of a circle, we had added an open 'apron stage,' forty feet wide and sixteen feet deep, on a lower level than the platform itself: this had to suit the double purpose of Lamplighting and Masque. Steps from the body of the hall gave access to this stage on its three open sides; on the fourth several steps led up to the orchestra platform, the 'upper stage.' And the background to the scene was the tiers of the orchestra running up to the organ, decorated with the musicians and their music stands, the choir with its rows of open books and the mass of Lamp- and Banner-bearers crowded on the tiers behind them up to the back wall. A

low line of green material, draped over the front row of chairs on the orchestra was all the 'back-cloth' which could be permitted to cut off the scene from the crowd behind it; and, moreover, this human background had to be lighted up throughout by arc-lamps overhead in order that musicians and choir could see to play and sing. In the centre of it all, clearly visible above the only piece of scenery on the stage, must be the conductor with his moving baton, for he had to control and co-ordinate the orchestra and choir in front of him, the singers on the stage behind him (whose voices he could not hear) and processions advancing and retiring the whole length of the great hall. The stage-lighting poured its millions of candle-power from various vantage points, the chief of which was on the opposite corners of the Transept, sixty feet above the floor, with a 'throw' of 150 feet to the stage. The chances of producing illusion on an open stage, seen from all sides, depended mainly, therefore, on the power and accuracy of concentration which the half-dozen lighting men, widely separated from each other, could achieve. The audience, largely unconscious of all these problems, will agree that 'illusion' was produced. In other words, they forgot the greenhouse of Sydenham for half-an-hour and were transported into another world.

The plot and action of the Masque had to be correspondingly simplified, for no subtleties of acting could hope to be seen or understood by distant members of the audience. Large effects, like the building up of a vivid coloured picture on the stage, the sweep of big processions up and down the central gangway and great choruses sung by hundreds of voices, were the chief means relied

upon to carry the play to the people. Spoken dialogue would not have reached the whole audience without the abominable expedient of amplifying the voices. The 'speaking parts' were, therefore, restricted to four actor-singers on the stage who expressed themselves in solo, duet and quartet, and what further had to be 'said' was sung by a choir of over 600 voices behind them. The rest of the meaning was mimed, without words, by an acting cast of about 150. And from first to last the orchestra provided continuous accompaniment. Such was the machinery of the play, devised to suit the Crystal Palace and to overcome its severe drawbacks. It was a form, conditioned by the place, for which the name of 'Choral Masque' was found, a name accepted and approved by the dramatic and musical experts of the press.

Another restriction, not imposed by the place, but by the evening's long programme, was that of time. The Masque was planned not to exceed forty minutes and actually kept within this severe limit.

The Plot

The plot of *Master Valiant* for the same reasons of place and time, was purposely thin. It was a 'bed-time story,' so simple as almost to risk absurdity: everything depended upon its presentation. The young man—Toc H, a company of men, young mostly in years and altogether in heart—comes of age. In what guise should this be shown? Our hero might have worn a bowler hat or a mechanic's dungarees or reached the limits of picturesqueness in Scout kit; there might have been a touch of khaki or Navy blue, the uniform of a cinema attendant or an archdeacon, to brighten up the stage. But young men have not varied very greatly in their characters and essential tasks throughout the centuries, they have had to attain their majority under all sorts of conditions. So Master Valiant chose to come of age in the year 1400, when times were dangerous as they are now, but manners more stately (if quite as savage under the surface) and dress as magnificent as it has ever been in our history.

Our young man was of "the public school type" and had passed through the equivalent training of his time. At the age of eight, let us imagine, he had been sent away to his 'preparatory school,' in other words he had become a page in a knightly household, where he had been taught his letters and much beside—to wait at table (an old form of "fagging"), to play games—mostly military, to love field-sports and the chase, to fetch and carry for his master in camp and for his lady in her bower; he had been instructed in religion and manners and given a first grounding in the art of love. At fifteen or sixteen he had been promoted—gone on, so to say, to his public school—and become a Squire. Now he carried a sword of his own, dedicated by the priest and kept bright by himself; he was learning to play in the team among other young men, he might be called upon to face danger beside his master and even death. He was being trained to lead, but still he was a servant, doing the household tasks in dining-hall and stable, his "fagging" was not yet over. And now—when the Masque shows him—he stands on the threshold of twenty-one. He proves his mettle and his skill as opportunity is given and he comes of age, solemnly and publicly, in the ceremony of being knighted by the King himself. Here is the simple basis of the story of Master Valiant, from which an allegory of the life of Toc H might be woven.

'Act I: The Sacrifice'

The trumpets sound a fanfare, then again and the house-lights die down; the stage is flooded with a rosy glow, which falls upon the only piece of scenery, a rocky mound in the centre tufted with grass and with a wild-rose trailing across it. This is SCENE I: *A Wood at Dawn*. The atmosphere is "pre-war," free of care upon the surface; things go gaily as they have long gone. With the first violin notes of a dance children, some tiny six-year-olds, some adolescent, flutter on to the stage from all sides and dance. They are Woodland Spirits in the gay colours of wild-flowers; they advance and fall back, join and break again in the changing light, rose

and blue and gold, of dawn. Then the music and the stage darken suddenly, the children hesitate and shrink back, as a ragged man slinks on to the scene, peers round him desperately, and is gone again. It is the foretaste of tragedy which has broken in, the Outlaw, the figure of fear and hatred and violence which lurks behind the comfortable front of society: as he goes a knife flashes in his hand. The happy tune picks up again and the children's dance goes on.

And then a new music: the humans are joining the gaiety of the spirits of the wood. To the sound of "pipe and tabor" villagers, men and women in gay dress, come dancing up the hall between the audience—first, with fluttering handkerchiefs in the Morris 'processional' *Tideswell*, and then, as they reach the stage, falling into the country-dance *Gathering Peascods*. As they run in to the centre of their ring to clap hands, the great audience begins to pick up the rhythm and to clap with them.

And now, again, a new music—the sweeping arpeggios of the harp, the music of sentiment and gallantry. The gentry approach the stage, ladies in flowing dresses of glorious colour, an elderly knight in the rich robes of peace and his young squire, Master Valiant, our hero. It is a courtly song they sing: the Lady begins with "Sorrow, begone! and banish Care," and Valiant, standing beside her at the rocky mound and taking her hand, sings of "Delight and Love": then, in duet, they scorn the less prosperous world—

Poor men may grieve
And make a moan,
But let us leave
Dull grief alone.
Sorrow be gone
And banish'd quite;
Come Love and dear Delight!

The love song is scarcely off their lips when the Outlaw springs upon Valiant from behind the rock and snatches at the gold chain round his neck. To save the unarmed youngster, the old knight starts to his feet and draws his sword. There is no fight: in a moment of scuffle the Outlaw is under his guard, has stabbed him, and is racing down the stage, over the steps and the whole length of the

hall into the darkness beyond. It looked for a moment as if some of the Rugger enthusiasts in the audience would have tackled and held him! No one foresaw or could prevent the tragedy; the ladies flee in terror, the rustic dancers move too late to help. So the old knight lies upon the stage, his head supported by the kneeling Valiant. He tries to speak, he fumbles with the sword still in his hand and at last it is clear what is in his mind—the sword is still needed and Valiant must bear it for him henceforward: his head falls back and he is dead. All this time the choir in the background has uttered what he wanted to say, in the words of Chaucer's next heir in poetry, John Lydgate, a monk of 1400:—

Tarry no longer; toward thine heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good cheer.
Go each day onward on thy pilgrimage;
Think how short time thou shalt abyden here.
Thy place is built above the starrès clear,
None earthly palace built in stately wise.
Come on, my friend, my brother most entere!
For thee I offer my blood in sacrifice.

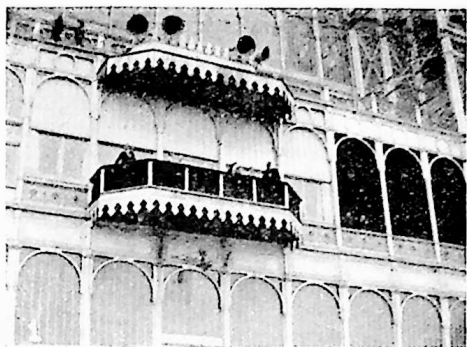
In 1914 the crowds had sat watching a Test Match, not foreseeing how soon the armies would be on the march. And when the blow was struck men went out to interpose their own bodies between danger and what they held most dear. They joined the growing company of the Elder Brethren with one last message—"My sword I leave to him who shall succeed me on my pilgrimage. . ."

And Valiant, in 1400 as in our own generation, took up the sword and the task. The old knight's body has been borne away by the village folk, the woodland children accompanying them with sad steps, and our young man stands alone upon the stage. With the cross-hilt of the sword held high he makes his vow—

To live with Everyman
In love and joy and peace;
To check all bitterness,
Disown discouragement;
To practise thanksgiving;
Leaping with joy to serve
All men in their most need

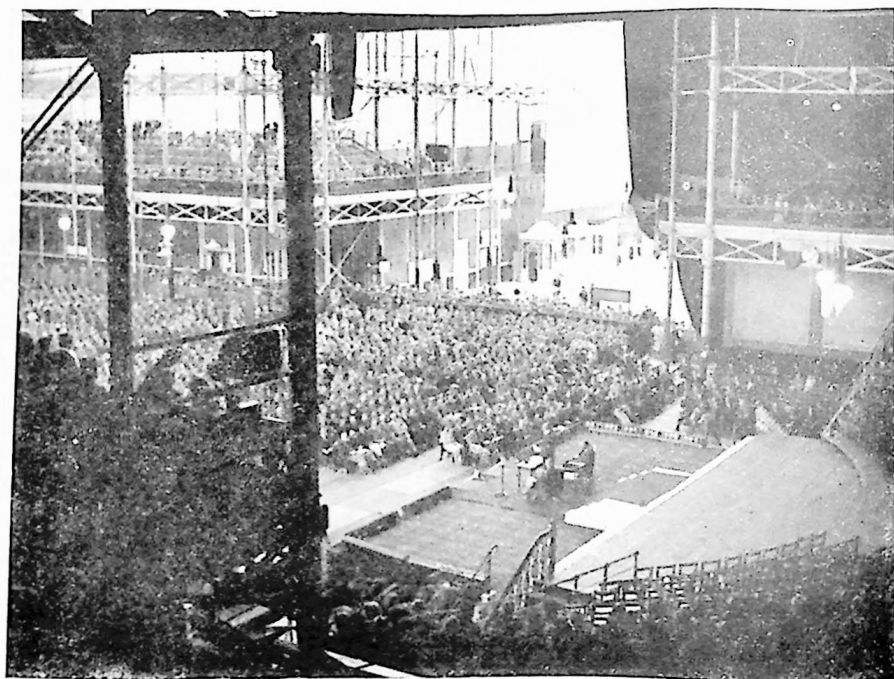
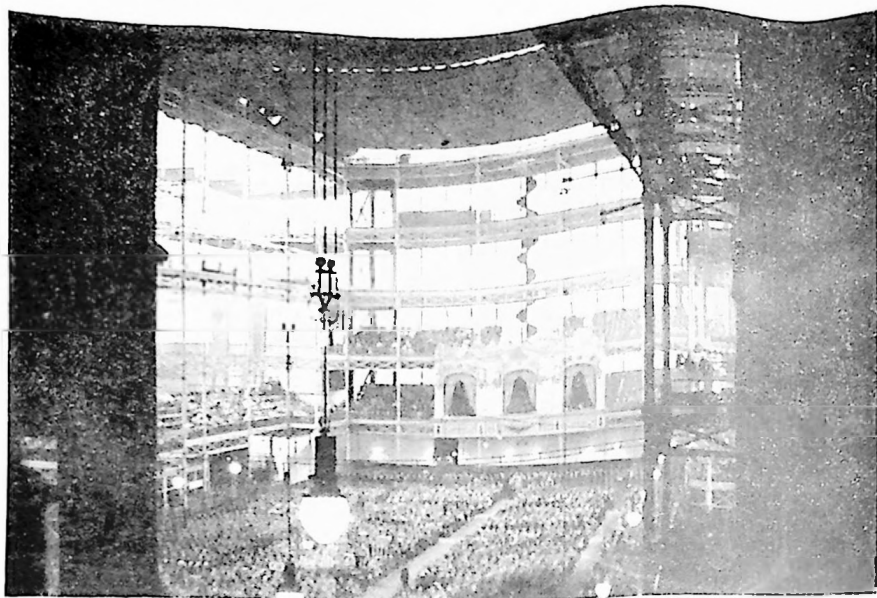
'Act II: The Proof'

There is no pause in the music or the action, but a new phase of the story begins. The village, in its brightly-coloured clothes, begins to crowd on to the scene at the sides.



'GENERAL ASSEMBLY' AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, JUNE 27.

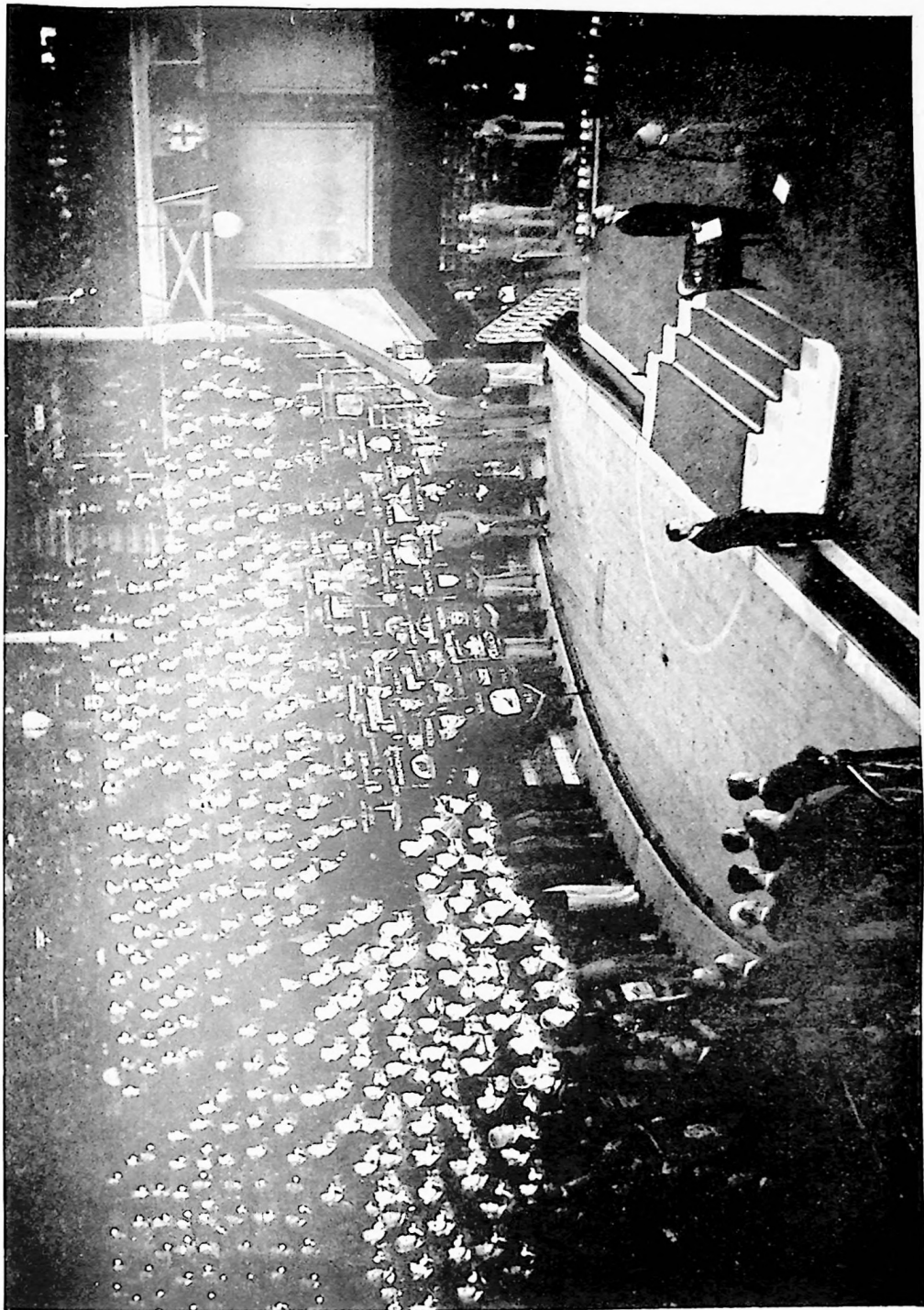
1. The Balcony, with the speakers. 2. The audience listening. 3. Tubby speaking, with service men. 4. Neville Talbot speaking. 5. Barkis speaking; Freddie Bain and Neville Talbot behind. (Photo 1 by W. C. Davies, High Wycombe; 2 by G. Scoones, London; 3, 4 5 by D. H. Paul, Aylesbury).



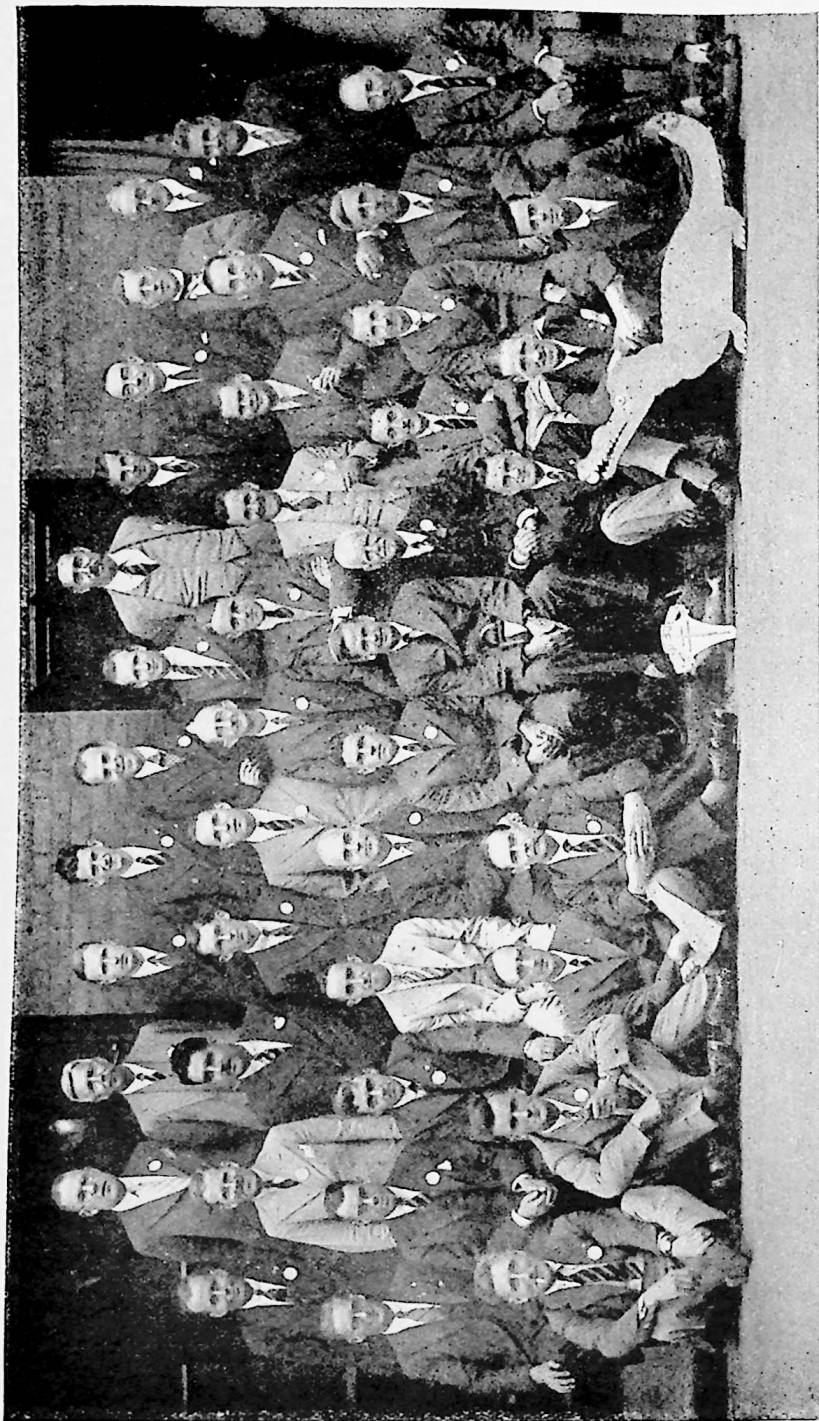
FESTIVAL EVENING IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, June 27.

Above: Looking East, towards the Royal Box (Photo: F. Sandham).

Below: Looking from the Orchestra to the South Nave (Photo: W. W. Clarke).



'LIGHT' AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, June 27.
 Tubby, on the right of platform, is saying the words of 'Light', the Duke of Kent stands in the centre,
 the 'Gen' to the left. The Lamps of new branches are on the lower tiers in the centre, flanked by their
 banners, the old Lamps and Rushlights behind them.
 (Times Copyright Photograph).



OVERSEAS MEMBERS AND OTHERS AT HARROW, JUNE 26 (p. 46).

BACK ROW : J. Young (*South Shields*); H. M. Bruton (*West Vancouver*); F. W. Arden (*Aldelaide, S. Australia*); O. Barton (*Vancouver*); S. R. Moses (*Montreal*); R. P. S. Blackwood (*Glasgow*); W. C. Clark (*Hong Kong*); K. Robinson (*Tasmania*); Padre Noel Marshall (*late Argentina*); D. L. Ralph (*Shanghai*); C. Collingwood (*Jerusalem*).

SECOND ROW : C. J. Groenewald (*Ladysmith*); D. M. Wright (*Rangoon*); H. C. Carter (*Chauk, Burma*); P. Jessop (*Subiaco, W. Australia*); J. R. Shirreff (*Bombay*); H. W. Thomson (*Malaya*); Ove Drazsted (*Denmark*); J. N. Sutcliffe (*Shanghai*); E. N. Tucker (*Johannesburg*); L. Mordecai (*Kingston, Jamaica*); W. H. Leonard (*Dubbo, New South Wales*).

THIRD ROW : C. Kleeman (*W. Australia*); G. B. Forster (*Toronto*); E. Hodgkins (*Victoria*); H. Müller (*King Williamstown, S. Africa*); Padre Pryor Grant (*New York*); D. L. Forsyth (*Fremantle, W. Australia*); Padre G. H. Woolley, V.C. (*Harrore School*); F. Kingston (*Harrore*); F. Page (*Minthead*); E. G. Dodds (*Buenos Aires*); H. Hodgkinson (*Montreal*).

FRONT ROW : H. H. Brown (*Harrore*); E. Curry (*Harrore*); T. L. Bartlett (*Harrore*); Padre E. G. Watts (*W. London*); H. K. R. Smith (*Harrore*); E. P. Blake (*Harrore*); H. K. Fisher (*Harrore*).

From the darkness at the back of the hall a dozen miserable people, men and women, stagger forward towards the stage. They are ragged, barefoot beggars, crippled, blind or palsied. In the rear of this halting procession, at a little distance, there is a twisted man, horribly scarred from head to foot, looking out under tangled hair with desperate eyes. He rings his warning bell as he struggles forward—a leper. So loathsome is his appearance that members of the audience nearest the gangway are actually seen to shrink away, as in fear overcoming pity.

Here is something to be done: who is there to do it? The village crowd points and stares and laughs at the outcasts who come. But young Valiant has sheathed his master's sword and bound it on; he stands his ground and waits to receive these poor neighbours. The first, an aged woman, bent under a bundle of faggots, stumbles on the steps to the stage and falls—Valiant runs down and raises her gently. The blind, the lame, the woman shaking with palsy and held up by another miserable creature, are in turn received, helped from his purse but even more by his strong arm and gentle words. Last of all, the leper drags himself up the steps. The village crowd shrinks back, the beggars draw roughly away a blind man who has taken steps towards him. Valiant himself hesitates, then receives the last of his brothers, and, kneeling, binds up a sore upon his leg. Not otherwise, in spirit and in fact, *Toc H* has done many simple acts of mercy in serving its apprenticeship. All this time the choir has been making its comment, to a noble new tune which is to be heard again before the *Masque* ends—and perhaps often in *Toc H* in the future—

And thou that standest, all untried,
The moment waits thine eager youth
Think fair of all, and all men love,
And with the builder bear thy part;
Let every day and duty prove
The humble witness of thine heart.
Go forth! 'tis God bids thee increase
The bounds of Love and Joy and Peace.

But other claims upon our young man, unexpected and dangerous, are soon coming. Hunting horns are heard, grow louder; a party of huntsmen in green and brown come

gaily up the hall, while the fine ladies come out to greet them. They have captured the Outlaw and drag him with them roughly. "Haste to the greenwood!" gaily sings the Chief Huntsman, and the choir answers loudly "with a ho! ho, ho! and a ho! ho, hoy! we hunt and slay the deer." And then:—

Thorough the greenwood—
Greenwood, greenwood
Never a hind so nimbly ran.
Blow us a call!
'Tis better than all
To hunt and hang a man.

Jeering, they fling the Outlaw full-length at Valiant's feet: he is to be the judge and they the executioners. In a moment a girl, shabbily dressed, runs out of the village crowd, crying "My father!" and kneels to protect the Outlaw. She is roughly dragged away by the huntsmen and thrust, with laughter, from one to another: the Chief Huntsman holds her struggling in his arms and is trying to kiss her. Young Valiant moves quickly now; his hand is on his sword. The Chief Huntsman's sword is out too, but the men of his party hold him back. A younger man, the heftiest of them all, shall deal with this bold lad. The music has grown more and more agitated, and now flickers up and down in a storm of sound as the swords clash to and fro across the stage. The fight is unevenly matched in weight but not in skill: the big huntsman is borne back at last up the steps to the upper stage. He stumbles as his weapon is struck from his hand; he is at Valiant's mercy. Then the lad stoops to pick up his opponent's sword and, as he rises, hands it back, hilt-first, with ceremony. Violence salutes this generous action and retires, with bent head, before Valiant's quiet dignity. Youth has given proof of its heart and will, interposed its own body between oppressor and victim and known how to forgive the wrongdoer.

And now, to close the act, they sing a quartet. First, the Outlaw's daughter:—

The world is wrong, till one shall come
To heal the wound, to find the lost . . .

"Now Youth is come, and he must choose to win or lose" sing the four upon the stage: "Ah, youth must choose" comes from the Choir, like a sigh of the world waiting

beyond. Then the Chief Huntsman, in his deep voice :—

The world is weak, and I had thought
To bend its weakness to my whim;
But youth forbade, and unto him
I yield the victory he hath fought.

“For youth is come, and he is strong to right the wrong,” sing the four, and again many voices of the choir break in “Oh, youth is strong.” And then the Lady, companion of Valiant’s easy days before this new care came to him :—

The world is fair, and I did say
That youth its sorrow should deride
And dwell in dalliance at my side,
Content to dream the time away.

“But youth,” she sings, with the quartet, “hath chose a harder part than win my heart.” And last of all Valiant sings :—

The world is wide, and I must choose
To breast the hill or skirt the plain,
To dare the loss or greet the gain,
Full hardly win or grandly lose.

“O give him grace” they sing “that he may know the way to go.” And as the choir utters this petition quietly again and again, the company melts slowly from the scene, ladies, huntsmen, villagers and beggars, until Valiant is left alone.

‘Act III: The Commission’

The stage has grown dim with the crowd’s departure. And the cold light of the moon which now comes up upon it, falls no longer on rocks and flowers but on an altar, carved and coloured but bare of furniture. Before it Valiant stands, while the music plays a solemn theme. Slowly he raises the sword, horizontal in both uplifted hands, stoops very slowly forward and lays it on the altar—the offering of his courage and skill—and then kneels upon the altar step. All through the night, you must imagine, he thus keeps his vigil.

The morning light begins to glow, and with it come two knights, in well-worn armour but bareheaded, men “grave and well seen in courtship and nurture and also in the feats of chivalry” as an old book ordains them to be. They are Valiant’s sponsors, his ‘Governors,’ in the language of chivalry. One of them bears the device of the Lamp of Maintenance in gold upon his black surcoat, the other the gloved hand and

crozier of the arms of Poperinghe in gold upon a red ground. Behind them follow two pages. The Governors, standing each side of the kneeling Valiant, raise him to his feet. Leading him aside, with the pages’ help they arm him in complete steel and robe him with a great cloak which is coloured with the scarlet and the blue and silver ‘vair spots’ of the arms of Ypres; his great shield, too, bears those honourable arms complete.

While Valiant is thus preparing for his visible entry into the ranks of grown men, a great company of all ranks and conditions approaches the place. As they come slowly up the hall the choir is singing, to the strong, marching tune already heard earlier :—

Go forth with God! the day is now
That thou must meet the test of youth.
Salvation’s helm upon thy brow,
Go girded with the living truth.
In ways the Elder Brethren trod
Thy feet are set. Go forth with God!

Dark is the day and long the Quest
That claims the service of thy sword,
But Righteousness shall steel thy breast
That wears the Armour of the Lord.
Prepared and patient to fulfil,
Go forth with God and do His will.

The Lord of Life His Life did yield;
Thy brethren counted death no loss.
So mark as token on thy shield
The blazon of the Two-fold Cross.
Go forth with God—and though it be
O’er Golgotha to victory.

Think fair of all, and all men love,
And with the builder bear thy part.
Let every day and duty prove
The humble witness of thine heart.
Go forth! ’tis God bids thee increase
The bounds of Love and Joy and Peace.

Behold, with thine uplifted eyes
Beauty through all that sorrow seems;
And make of earth a Paradise,
The substance of thy dearest dreams.
Bring laughter to thy great employ :
Go forth with God and find His joy.
Go forth with God! the world awaits
The coming of the pure and strong.
Strike for the Faith and storm the gates
That keep the citadel of Wrong.
Glory shall shine about thy road,
Great heart, if thou go forth with God.

The procession is representative of spiritual and temporal power: when it comes to go out again the plain man will be there too, all the world from which Toc H draws its recruits. Before all the processional cross, a shining symbol, is carried; then incense swinging, the purifier; then candles, to light

the way—the ancient parables of church ritual. They precede the bishop, a tall, bearded figure in mitre and cope of scarlet and gold, his pastoral staff in his hand. He advances under a canopy of crimson and gold, borne by four white-robed monks; more monks follow two and two behind.

After a little interval in the march, the banner with the leopards of England, which heralds the King. He is seated in a golden litter-throne, carried on the shoulders of eight tall men, four in the rich robes of the court and four in complete suits of chain-mail—for he reigns in peace and war. Again at a little interval comes the knightly party into whose ranks Valiant is now to be initiated—knights in heavy plate armour, which clashes as they walk, and attendant men-at-arms in leather jerkins and steel casques, armed with spears.

The Bishop mounts the steps, blessing the kneeling villagers on the stage as he goes up to the altar. Upon the bare altar the golden cross is now set and the candles; the canopy is erected over it. The King is let down from his litter and walks to his place on one side of the stage where his throne is set to receive him. The soldiers are grouped facing him, the people all round. The time has come for the visible acts of coming-of-age.

Master Valiant, still a squire in rank, is brought forward by his Governors to the Bishop, kneels for his sword to be dedicated with the sign of the cross; then rises and is led before the King. He is dressed now from neck to feet in new armour, dazzling silver in the full flood of white light which falls upon it. At this moment the picture on the stage is at its completest, crowded with figures in distinctive groups—the richness of the King and his courtiers, the flashing steel of the knights, the gay flower-bed medley of the village crowd, the sombre green and russet of the hunting party, dominated by the altar under its canopy at the back of the scene, with the tall figure of the bishop flanked by the white robes of his attendants. And behind them all, in the comparative darkness of the orchestra, instrumentalists and singers are beginning to take up a new song, one of the oldest and grandest hymns of the Church. It is being sung in the sonorous Latin in

which it was written and beside which all translation sounds so second best:—

*Corde natus ex Parentis
Ante mundi exordium,
Alpha et O cognominatus
Ipse Fons et Clausula
Omnium quæ sunt, fuerunt,
Quæque post futura sunt,
Sæculorum sæculis.*

(Of the Father's heart begotten,
Ere the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha: from that Fountain
All that is and hath been flows;
He is Omega, of all things
Yet to come the mystic Close,
Evermore and evermore).

Now three of the significant signs of knighthood are being bestowed upon Valiant. The King takes the spurs, offered to him on the cross-hilt of Valiant's sword, and hands them back, one to each of the Governors. And Valiant sets his foot upon the bended knee of each Governor in turn: one buckles on the right spur, one the left, making over it the sign of the cross—"Be swift, my foot, for every duty," is the meaning. Next the sword, still sheathed and with its belt attached, is inclined to the King: he draws it and touches the kneeling Valiant, first on the left shoulder, then on the right—the accolade. And then rising from his throne, as Valiant stands up, he embraces him and while the new-made knight stands with uplifted arms, looking upward, with his own hands he buckles the sword belt round him. Our young man, having served his period of 'probation' in service, having passed through 'training' in his vigil, has come of age in the sight of men. Now he must "go forth with God" to new tasks, not alone but among a great company of all conditions.

The long exit begins, in the same order as the entrance—first the cross, the incense and lights, with the Bishop lifting his hand in benediction; then the King, borne on men's shoulders, with his courtiers; and then the knights and men-at-arms, now with Valiant one of them, with his Governors behind him and the pages bearing his helmet and his blazoned shield. And now the village streams in their wake, rejoicing, throwing flowers, and the huntsmen in green and russet, and then even the beggars hobbling,

with some new touch of joy, behind. Last of all, a little way removed as always he must remain, the leper, alone, ringing his bell but no longer quite without fellowship and hope. Slowly the long train passes down the steps and through the body of the hall, clothed in colour and dazzling light into which the smoke of the censer spreads a wreathing cloud. And the whole while the great hymn of Prudentius rises and triumphs:—

*Psallat altitudo cæli,
Psallite omnes angeli,
Quidquid est virtutis unquam
Psallat in laudem Dei,
Nulla linguarum silescat
Vox et omnis consonet,
Sæculorum sæculis.*

(Sing, ye heights of heaven, His praises :
Angels and archangels sing !
Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful,
Yet your joyous anthems ring.
Every tongue His Name confessing,
Countless voices answering,
Evermore and evermore).

* * * *

The procession has passed out of a lane of white light into the darkness behind. The final, loudest chord of orchestra and organ has died away. The house-lights come on; the great audience stirs and comes back to the actualities of the Crystal Palace from half-an-hour in another world—which is the more real world of the two, we need not here try to say. The Masque is over.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY SPEAKS

The Archbishop of Canterbury then mounted the platform, a fine figure in purple robes. He said he saw in the programme a sentence—"The Archbishop of Canterbury will now speak." He was sure that they must have read that sentence with a sinking heart after witnessing that most moving pageant and after all the stirring events of that evening. He was not going to attempt a formal speech or deliver an oration, he was only going to speak to them some words from the heart as one who put himself beside them as a fellow man, yet perhaps, so to speak, as their father in God. What a wonderful coming-of-age party they had had! He was proud to have been there, and he congratulated all upon its success.

He had a vivid memory of the place where Toc H was born, in the unpretending house in the then noisy street in Poperinghe, where he was received by his host, who seemed to him then to be more like Friar Tuck than any other man (laughter), whose rotund cheerful body revealed the cheerfulness of his soul. How could he forget an even more vivid memory of the Upper Room in Talbot House. He went there with his mind full of that brilliant English boy, whose name the house bore. He could not but think that his spirit must be present with them that evening. How amazing it would be to him, this great body of men carrying his name on into unknown generations! There in that Upper

Room they met, some of them, on the eve of that ghastly Passchendaele, and the phrase came to him, "Father, the hour is come." There in that Upper Room the highest ideals of Toc H were born. All around them, as so many there that evening would remember, was the spirit of comradeship uniting all ranks and classes. Everywhere was the hope that something of this spirit might prevail when the clouds of war had vanished, and the focus, as it were, of that comradeship then and now was in Toc H. Surely they had achieved a remarkable coming-of-age. They had now to prove their manhood by facing up to new responsibilities. Yet he hoped they would carry with them the remembrance of the days when Toc H was born.

Toc H was not so much a society with a policy and a programme as a spirit in a comradeship, and because Toc H was primarily a spirit then he knew that it would be free to adapt itself in the years to come to new calls, new circumstances, new needs, new responsibilities. Here might he say a few words about their great founder padre. He was delighted to see him again in health and strength. He hoped that for many years yet they would not lack the inspiration of his vigorous personality. How proud he must be of this gathering, of all that it means to him when he looks back to that dusty street in Poperinghe when it was given to him to conceive this thing. How wonderful was

the achievement of this single man they would always gratefully recognise. To him they owed much of the inspiration that had brought them there that evening. He knew that they had Tubby in their hearts, but Tubby would be the first to say, "Now that you have come to your manhood you must build upon it." They must not lean upon him too much; they must not put an undue strain upon the powers of that single man. He wondered if they remembered some sacred words spoken by the Divine Leader when He said, "It is expedient that I should go away, for if I go not away the spirit will not come to you." The time must come when the burden must depend less and less upon the person of their leader and more and more upon the spirit of men throughout the movement. Now that they had come of age they must face the task of thinking out great problems, of bringing their spirits to bear upon them. But there was something that never failed, and that was the service that one man could give to his neighbour. Whatever policies might be framed by statesmen, at the heart of the national life there would always be the need of a heaven of men dedicated to

the spirit of disinterested service and willing self-sacrifice. He hoped Toc H would more and more be that heaven in the life of their land and Empire.

His Majesty the King was not only their Patron but he was their comrade and their brother. He would bid them remember the loneliness of his great responsibilities, and prepare themselves during this year so that in each of their Branches they might be dedicating themselves to the task of attaching themselves to the King and helping him to bear his burden by their loyal service wherever they may be called upon to give it. But service if it was to be real, constant, reaching out to all the needs of this time would need the continual inspiration of Him whom they regarded as their Lord, their Master, and their King.

Homegoing Prayers

With family prayers, led by John Palmer (West Midlands Area Padre) and the Archbishop's blessing, the long evening ended and the crowds, well content, streamed homeward.

A Note on The Press

A tribute is due to the newspapers of this country for the standard of their reports of Festival events. For three weeks Toc H was much in the news. Daily and weekly papers published general articles on Toc H, often the contributions of members, and there was a very large number of accounts of the various events in London and elsewhere, almost all accurate and appreciative of a movement always hard to describe.

Gratitude for reporters' work is mingled with regret for a few errors, notably that of a prominent Sunday paper, which repeated the heresy of the "ex-service men's organisation," corrected in the next week's issue as a result of many protests. In the midst of so much courtesy and accuracy, it may seem ungrateful to notice other mistakes but we cannot refrain from mentioning these for the enlightenment of the membership.

One illustrated daily made a preliminary announcement of the Festival and described Talbot House at Poperinghe as having been "given by army officers to Neville Talbot, Chaplain, in recognition of his courageous crawl into No Man's Land to retrieve the body of his brother." Another daily paper, in describing "a giant Festival of Thanksgiving that filled the Albert Hall" reported as follows: "Father Owen Watkins said the work of Toc H as a movement throughout the Empire had quickened many thousands of lives. Our own social structure was being cremated (*sic*) and a new world was being built." Finally, we are cheered by the report of a Group's opening meeting of a new session when personal impressions of the Festival were given by members; "the outlook for the future of the Toc H movement was regarded as distinctly promising."

SUNDAY, JUNE 28

THE night had been short for many, for the excitement of a Festival and the rare chance it offers of making and renewing friendships are enemies of sleep. Round about Tower Hill the stir began early. There were celebrations of Holy Communion for Anglicans at All Hallows at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a.m., followed at 11 by a Sung Eucharist, without a sermon. At St. Olave's, Hart Street, Samuel Pepy's 'old' church, three minutes away, there were Celebrations, timed partly to meet the overflow congregations of All Hallows, at 8.15 and 9.15 a.m. A little further and a little later, in Cannon Street at 8.30 and 9.30 a.m., there were Celebrations at St. Swithun's, London Stone. As many know and more should find out for themselves, Toc H has been privileged to play a great part in bringing new life to this old City church, holding a 'strategic position' opposite Cannon Street station, in and out of which many thousands of 'daily-breaders' stream twice a day. Padre Alan Colthurst, leaving his Area work in Yorkshire, was able to gather new recruits to the faithful small congregation already there, to refurbish and beautify the church almost out of knowledge, and, with the help of the little Toc H group at Unilever House and others, to make the church and its 'porch-room' a very active

centre of worship and work. Since the Festival Padre Baggallay has left All Hallows to become Rector of St. Swithun's and to carry forward the new and living tradition there. Presbyterian and Free Church members held their Communion service in the fine Memorial Hall of the Port of London Authority Building on Tower Hill.

For the worshippers in all these places two Lyons' 'Dens' near Mark Lane and two near Fenchurch Street stations provided not merely breakfast but a very cheerful sort of continuous morning Guest-night. This kind of informal meeting also went on after breakfast, from 9 a.m. till lunch-time, in the beautiful and friendly rooms of the Bakers' Hall and the Clothworkers' Hall near by. Members who had time and inclination to attend morning service had a number of churches suggested to them by the programme: at some of these there were preachers with well-known names, at others (e.g., "'Appy" at St. Paul's, Haringay, and John Lewis at Shepherds Bush Tabernacle) men who formerly served as full-time Toc H padres.

At 2.30 the L.W.H. began their Family Gathering in the Agricultural Hall at Islington (see page 83). At that time a great crowd of Toc H members was streaming towards the Royal Albert Hall for their Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving at the Royal Albert Hall

To many older members the Albert Hall full of Toc H is a familiar scene. When, in December, 1925, it was used by us for the first time for a Festival evening, with Lamp-lighting, some had had misgivings beforehand. Could the 'family spirit' of Toc H prevail in this pretentious amphitheatre, with its rows of boxes and its red upholstery, its tradition of prima donnas and prize fights, of oratorios and oratory? That evening left no doubts that it could prevail. Indeed one great asset—which the Crystal Palace is felt sorely to lack—is the shape of the place: it literally gives us a 'family circle,' as compactly as a family of many thousands will allow. Its fitness for an act of worship is also proved.

A great service had begun the Central Week of the Festival and a great service was to end it. The purpose of each service was distinct, and their forms were quite different in order to suit both purpose and place. Their compilers were men of two strong and different traditions and they had been given a free hand. Fr. Barnes, of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, had been entrusted with the Dedication service at St. Pauls; Padre George Macleod, of Govan Parish Church, with the service of Thanksgiving. But no one who took part in the two services can have been tempted to label them merely 'Anglo-Catholic,' or 'Presbyterian,' for both were 'Evangelical' in the real sense,

as all true Christian expression is—they relied simply and strongly on the Good News of Jesus Christ. Both forms of service were prefaced by certain plain instructions to the worshippers, differing to suit their aim and place. In the Albert Hall, for instance, it was ordained, for obvious reasons of convenience, that “all prayers shall be made standing—the oldest attitude of Christian men’s thanksgiving.” And, again, “no prayer is long. They are not printed, lest the restless turning over of pages defeat our concentration. We ask them for that Silence that is not a tension, but the symbol of the attentive spirit.” At the same time, with the knowledge that many who were present, or not present, would like to have the words of the prayers in permanent form, a footnote promised that they would be printed afterwards in this JOURNAL: they will be found here in their entirety.

As the congregation took their places they found Padre George Moore (‘Skipper,’ of All Hallows) playing the great organ and caught, now and again, snatches of the *Master*

Valiant music from the night before. The oblong arena was soon quite full; tier above tier, up to the steep edge of the balcony, rows of faces looked inward to the platform. And then some sixty robed padres entered two and two, white linen beside black Geneva gown and the scarlet of Doctor of Divinity and King’s Chaplain, and took their places on it. The voice of Pat Leonard, the ‘Officiating Minister,’ called for a short silence, and then 5,000 voices broke into singing “Let us, with a gladsome mind, praise the Lord, for He is kind.” The Thanksgiving had begun.

There were three periods of prayer besides the Toc H Prayer at the end, and the manner of them was well designed to impress their meaning, clause by clause, upon men’s minds and wills. Each sentence was spoken slowly by Pat Leonard and had a short response said by Tubby, who stood beside him, and then repeated by the whole congregation, standing. There could be no mumbling, no haste, no superficiality in this method; it made worship plain and actual. First, in these words:—

Prayer of Thanksgiving

NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME BE THE GLORY.

.

Because when days were darkest, Thou didst give Thine only Son to be born in a stable, to become the Light of the World,

RESPONSE: We thank Thee, O God.

CONGREGATION: *We thank Thee, O God.*

And even in our own time, when men had lost the Way, that Light came down again at Poperinghe and Ypres, to kindle fire and make a Home,

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

.

Because when Jesus came to manhood, He worked as a Carpenter and fashioned hardest wood,

RESPONSE: We thank Thee, O God.

CONGREGATION: *We thank Thee, O God.*

And that in our own time, the same Carpenter came to Flanders to fashion even us,

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

Because on Calvary's Hill, He died to make us free,

RESPONSE: We thank Thee, O God.

CONGREGATION: *We thank Thee, O God.*

And that in our own time, Thou didst make even the wrath of man to praise Thee,

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

Because as in ancient days the Message of Thy Love flared forth like forest fire, to Judaea, to Samaria, and out into all the world; so even in our own, hearths have been kindled and homes built up from Caithness to Dorset, Hobart to Abadan. . . .

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

For men in colonies and dominions who, because of this Thy Light, are listening now and always for the voice of God,

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

For men in Navy, Army, Air Force, in Tanker and on Pipeline, who, because of this Thy Light, now know Thy Will, and do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion,

RESPONSE: We praise Thy Holy Name.

CONGREGATION: *We praise Thy Holy Name.*

For multitudes of men everywhere, who are
thinking more fairly,

and loving more widely,

witnessing more humbly,

and building more bravely,

BECAUSE OF THIS THY LIGHT,

RESPONSE: We thank Thee, O God.

CONGREGATION: *We thank Thee, O God.*

NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME BE THE GLORY.

WHAT SHALL WE RENDER TO THE LORD FOR ALL HIS BENEFITS UNTO US?

WE WILL TAKE THE CUP OF SALVATION AND CALL ON THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Wherefore let us join with all His children everywhere in that prayer which He taught us, saying *Our Father, which art in Heaven . . .*

Three Lessons and a Hymn

Then followed "Three Lessons from an Older Covenant," which were read by Hubert Secretan, Hon. Administrator. We were first bidden to "call to mind the Thanksgiving of an earlier day" in the record (*Ezra*, III, 11-13) of the founding of the new Temple in Jerusalem after the Captivity:—"When the builders laid the foundations of the Temple of the Lord, they sang one to another in praising and giving

thanks to the Lord . . .” And then comes that moving touch which wakes response in the minds of our own ‘Foundation Members’ from Poperinghe days when they consider Toc H as it has since grown to be: “But many of the priests and heads of fathers’ houses, the old men that had seen the first House, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy.”

The second short lesson (I *Kings*, III, 7-14) was intended to “call to mind a Royal Dedication,” part of Solomon’s prayer at the dedication of his Temple: “And now, O Lord my God, Thou has made thy servant King instead of David my father—and I am but a little child, I know not how to go out or to come in; and thy servant is in the midst of a people that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude: give Thy servant, therefore, an understanding heart . . .”

Lastly, “in thanksgiving and dedication,” we were bidden to “set our Course.” Here the grand words of Isaiah (parts of chapters 61 and 62) were used:—

“The spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord God hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: . . . that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities,

the desolations of many generations. Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord: men shall call you the ministers of our God . . .”

This first section of the service, with its theme of Praise, ended with the full-throated singing of Tubby’s Festival hymn: “Come, Kindred, upstand in the valour of Jesus, and praise Him and plight Him the troth of true men.” During the fourth verse a ceremony, grown familiar but always made significant by its extreme simplicity, took place. The representative of a unit which has a fitting place set apart for its reception—in this case Shaftesbury Lodge at Bournemouth—came up the platform to receive a wooden War Graves cross from the resting-place of an unknown soldier in Flanders. He came, took the cross and retired to his place while the congregation sang:—

Trudge on, singing praise for a spirit twice
gifted
Through lads in the line from their Lord on
His Tree.
As strong stars at midnight, His Lamp they
uplifted,
And strode to their tasks like tall ships
running free.

We are debtors to them, who, with Lamps ever
burning,
Foregather this instant in heed to His call.
Re-union they brought us by never returning,
And, homeless, they builded a House for us
all.

Then followed the second period of prayer, in the same manner of short phrase from Pat, and response by Tubby and the congregation.

Prayer of Intercession

Almighty God, Who hast commanded us always to make intercessions with
thanksgiving,
amid the unwearied praises of those who stand round Thee in heaven,
hear these our prayers of assured hope, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
For men everywhere, that they may be brought to the knowledge and obedience of
the truth,

RESPONSE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

CONGREGATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

For His most sacred Majesty The King,
So long Thy power hath blessed him sure it still will lead him on.
That he may have strength and wisdom to continue gladly to serve this people whom
he loves,

RESPONSE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

CONGREGATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

aspire, that it may be most truly that which it ought to be,
cross that is its standard, may also be the standard of our lives,
being blessed of Thee, may be a blessing to all nations.

SE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

GATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

whole body of Christian people everywhere,
and peace may be multiplied to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ

ue penitence for our divisions,
e can break down prejudice,
s shall yet make us firm for principles;
e be rent and the body of Christ be broken,

SE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

GATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

ce of the world,
Who at Easter-Time didst say to Thy disciples,
"and showed to them Thy pierced hands and broken side,
ow that "peace is only built of sacrifice,"

SE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

GATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

pray for all of this great family who are not here this day, but
nite us now,
d away because their Toc H job prevented,
d away that others might be here,

k,
rowing,
ve endeavours seem to falter,
hest hopes seem like to break,
Thou wilt grant some token of Thy presence even in this hour.

SE: We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

GATION: *We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.*

SE: AMEN.

GATION: *Amen.*

Four Lessons and a Hymn

ated themselves again,
me, Chairman of the
l "Four Lessons from
These were short and
y on one of the Four
Compass.' First, from
"that we may think
ned according to this
ormed by the renew-

ing of your mind, that ye may prove what is
the good and acceptable and perfect will of
God: for I say, through the grace that was
given me, to every man that is among you,
not to think of himself more highly than he
ought to think"

And, next, "that we may love widely," for
which, naturally, the text was part of St.
Paul's famous analysis and praise of Love in

Corinthians XIII: "If I know all mysteries and all knowledge: and if I have faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long . . . envieth not . . . is not puffed up . . . seeketh not its own . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

And then, "that we may witness humbly"—the parable of Jesus about the Pharisee and the Publican (*St. Luke*, XVIII, 9-14).

And lastly, "that we may build bravely"

—in the words of I. *Corinthians*, III, 9-17: "We are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building; for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ . . ."

The organ now took up the tale again, with Tubby's interpretation of John Bunyan:

Bless'd be the day when moved I was
A pilgrim for to be,
And blessed also be the Cause
That thereto movèd me.

At last, beyond the mire of mood,
Master, Thy man am I.

The congregation remained standing for the third section of prayer, in the same manner as before.

Prayer of Supplication

AND NOW, O LORD, WE COME TO DEDICATE OURSELVES TO THEE.

Lord Jesus Christ:

By this vision granted us in these last days:

By the things that our eyes have seen, and our hands have handled of The Word of Life,

RESPONSE: Help us to have done with lesser things.

CONGREGATION: *Help us to have done with lesser things.*

Lord Jesus Christ:

By the vision also granted us in days of war:

By the memory of the just made perfect;

In loyalty to the great cloud of witnesses by whom even now we are compassed about,

RESPONSE: Help us to have done with lesser things.

CONGREGATION: *Help us to have done with lesser things.*

Lord Jesus Christ:

By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy Cross and Passion,

RESPONSE: Help us to have done with lesser things.

CONGREGATION: *Help us to have done with lesser things.*

.

THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH, WAITING FOR THE REVEALING OF THE SONS OF GOD.

RESPONSE: Make us Thy sons, O God.

CONGREGATION: *Make us Thy sons, O God.*

TEACH US AGAIN, O FATHER, TO THINK MORE FAIRLY.

From every criticism of a brother's failure.

RESPONSE: Good Lord deliver us.

CONGREGATION: *Good Lord deliver us.*

From all reliance on the words of men, and from forgetfulness of the Word of Life,

From championing any class of men, and from forgetfulness that Thou carest for all,
And yet from easy tolerance,

RESPONSE: Good Lord deliver us.

CONGREGATION: *Good Lord deliver us.*

From ever resting content with our own opinions,

RESPONSE: Good Lord deliver us.

CONGREGATION: *Good Lord deliver us.*

HELP US AGAIN, LORD CHRIST, TO LOVE MORE WIDELY,
That we may more gracefully endure all who contradict us in word and life,

RESPONSE: Help us, Good Lord,

CONGREGATION: *Help us, Good Lord,*

That we may grow, in love for the helpless;

in understanding of the hopeless:

and may resolutely refuse to set any bounds at all to the frontiers of Thy love,

RESPONSE: Help us, Good Lord,

CONGREGATION: *Help us, Good Lord,*

That we may never rest content till this family be known
as the mad Champions of the Forgotten and the Troubadours of Hope,

RESPONSE: Help us, Good Lord,

CONGREGATION: *Help us, Good Lord,*

AND DO THOU INSPIRE US, HOLY SPIRIT, TO WITNESS MORE HUMBLY.

By the memory of our constant failures,

RESPONSE: Shame us, Good Lord.

CONGREGATION: *Shame us, Good Lord.*

By the memory of Thy constant Hope in us,

RESPONSE: Shame us, Good Lord.

CONGREGATION: *Shame us, Good Lord.*

By the witness of the Prophets and the Martyrs

—of ancient days and present days alike—

Who, led by Thy Spirit, have given all they possess,
and even now are pouring out their lives that Thy Kingdom may come nearer,

RESPONSE: Shame us, Good Lord.

CONGREGATION: *Shame us, Good Lord.*

And now, O Lord, what wait we for? Our only Hope is in Thee.

God Almighty, guide us, support and strengthen us,

As some of us go back to the desert places,

RESPONSE: Be Thou, O God, our Rock.

CONGREGATION: *Be Thou, O God, our Rock.*

As some of us return to dark corners of city streets and lands forsaken,

RESPONSE: Be Thou, O God, our Light.

CONGREGATION: *Be Thou, O God, our Light.*

As each of us goes out to scale once more,
the steep and dusty road alone,

RESPONSE: Be Thou, O God, our Staff.

CONGREGATION: *Be Thou, O God, our Staff.*

LORD, WE WOULD BUILD MORE BRAVELY.

RESPONSE: O God, build each one of us anew.

CONGREGATION: *O God, build each one of us anew.*

(Pause.)

RESPONSE: AMEN.

CONGREGATION: *Amen.*

The Address—and the “Climax of Praise”

The congregation seated itself now for the address by Owen Watkins, Hon. Administrative Padre. They soon realised that this was his valediction, his words of affection, faith and counsel to the whole Family of Toc H before he sets sail for South Africa, the land which he knows and loves well and which knows and loves him. He spoke, from the first word to the last, out of his heart and the hearts of the hearers went out to him. Thousands of members who did not have the privilege of listening to his voice in the Albert Hall will be glad to read what he said: it is printed on pages 70-72.

The organ then led the congregation into the splendid hymn:—

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes. . .
Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine Angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;

All laud we would render: O help us to see
’Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

Our praise and thanksgiving was now to seek its “climax.” It mounted up, as it has done in all places and many ages of the Christian Church, in the great hymn of *Te Deum laudamus*—“We praise Thee, O God.”

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the Powers therein; to Thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry—*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy glory. . .*

The Close of the Service

Three final acts brought the service of Thanksgiving to an end. First, the saying of the Toc H Prayer—not at all perfunctorily as it is too often said at the close of a Branch meeting, but clause by clause said slowly, first by Tubby, repeated slowly by the congregation and then pondered in a short silence, made real, uplifted, by each worshipper for himself.

This was followed by the Benediction, pronounced by Owen Watkins. And then, last act of all, the congregation prepared to go out to their duties, widely different and separated all over the world, by singing the hymn from the Festival Masque which had sealed Master Valiant’s commission:—

Go forth with God! the day is now
That thou must meet the test of youth.
Salvation’s helm upon thy brow,
Go girded with the living truth.
In ways the Elder Brethren trod
Thy feet are set. Go forth with God!



Owen Watkins' Address

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone.

Lord wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of every soul.

Amen.

Men of Toc H,

MY WORDS this afternoon will be few and simple, for I am certain this is not the time for much speech. We have reached the end of a wonderful week. It has been a great experience. At the beginning, in St. Paul's Cathedral, we solemnly re-dedicated ourselves and this our Family of Toc H to the service of God, and throughout the days that have followed we have been thrilled and inspired. We have gloried in and rejoiced over the past; we have been lifted to the heights; some have seen the Heavenly Vision, and all have felt emotion and been deeply stirred. Now we have come to this final act of humble thanksgiving, and in quietness we would listen to the voice of God.

"The tumult and the shouting dies

The captains and the kings depart—"

And then, What? — Inevitable reaction? A sense of anti-climax? Flatness and staleness? God forbid! Yet it is so difficult to gather up and use the experience of this week. It seems impossible to say in words how we can make them a permanent influence in our own and the Family life. Perhaps the wise man would not try, and so this fool steps in where angels fear to tread.

One thing is certain, this 21st Birthday Festival is a mile-stone on our Toc H journey. It marks the end of one phase and the beginning of another. We have emerged from childhood; the happy, care-free days are over. The irresponsibility which made no plans for the future and took what came as a matter of course is gone for

good. Some who knew those first days may regret this—parents sometimes feel that they wish their children wouldn't grow up, but actually they glory in their growth and development. Toc H has grown up but we are still youthful. We have reached that stage in our development when our sense of vocation is dawning, we are beginning to realise God's purpose in us, and are striving to equip ourselves for the task that is ours. Already we realise that all our dreams cannot come true, but we have also discovered that if we yield ourselves into God's hands something better than our dreams transpires—and anyway many of the dreams of childhood cannot be fitted into real life. Toc H to-day is something very different from the thing dreamed and planned by our Foundation Members, but I venture to say that it is a far greater and better thing than their best dreams. They saw a vision and out of it has come this thing which has already quickened many thousands of lives in many different lands. This would never have happened if we had not from the beginning humbly and deliberately refrained from trying to insist upon *our* dream coming true. We left the guidance and growth in the hands of God; it is He Who has raised up and spread our Family; this is a house of His building.

'Think!'

In Toc H we remember with gratitude those who have gone before—our Elder Brethren who have lived self-forgetful, sacrificial lives—but whilst our roots are in the past drawing inspiration and strength therefrom, we do not *live* there. Our faces are turned towards the future, we reach out towards the things that are before. We do not live on or in our memories, we feed on faith and hope and

the promise of things to come. The years ahead of you will be glorious if you choose to make them so. There never was a time in the history of the world when life was so great an adventure as it is to-day. Our whole social structure is being re-made; out of the ruins of the past a new world is being built. Toc H has a great part to play in this re-building and we must equip ourselves for our tremendous task. Remember the words of the King, when at the Festival of 1934, identifying himself with the rest of the Family, he said:

"The tasks that are ahead of us require not only a friendly heart and a serving hand, but an understanding mind. Understanding comes not from the heart only but from the head. From now onwards work as hard as ever, but above all *think*."

. . . THINK! A thoughtless childhood is no longer possible, and if you be men indeed you will not desire to return to that stage of your development.

Personal Influence

I believe that to-day Toc H *is* thinking and thinking better than it has ever done before, and is doing it both corporately and individually. It has become acutely conscious of the complex problems by which it is surrounded, and is trying to find a solution, and the result is growing capacity for leadership amongst its members. Our Branches and Groups are not only "Everyman's Club" but places where men realise needs that must be supplied, discover in themselves powers which they never suspected, and develop in varying degrees the ability to lead and inspire others. If that be fact and not a dream, just think what it means! Imagine the potentiality of these groups of men now scattered all over the world! It is by such means that God has always worked His miracles. The most potent instrument in His hands—as the Duke of Kent emphasised last night—has ever been consecrated

human personality. How high it can go and how potent it can become was made known to us through the human life of Christ. Personal influence!—there is no greater power on earth! We all, however weak and inept we know ourselves to be, have something of this power, it is for us to use it, and by use develop it to the uttermost. Do you remember that vivid picture given to us by Thomas Carlyle in his *French Revolution* of a riot in the streets of Paris? Down the street swept a furious mob, storming the barricades, overwhelming the soldiers, capturing the guns, irresistible—when suddenly their rush was stayed: one white-haired old man stood bare-headed in the street, his hand upraised for silence. The mob recoiled, and their leader cried, "Citizens, it is de l'Eure, sixty years of pure life are about to address you!" And the mob, which cannon could not quell, was stilled and subdued and sent home in peace—conquered by character and personality. That is the weapon with which Toc H must fight; that is the weapon with which already it has won its chief victories.

The phrase "the Kingdom of God" is one that is often on our lips in Toc H. What do we mean by it? Something external? Something yet to find? Our Master said "the Kingdom of God is within you." Think of it! "Within you"—a glorious, unsuspected possibility, which, if it be developed, if it be fostered and cared for will blossom into beauty, grow into fruitfulness, and transform you and through you kindle others.

'Pray!'

If this promise is to be fulfilled in us, then not only must we think and work, not only remember the past and look to the future, but we must also pray. From the very beginning those who have led Toc H have tried to teach you to pray. When our Lord's disciples began to realise

which lay ahead of
their Master, "Lord,
ay," for
Christian's vital breath
in's native air,"

wisdom will be but
length weakness and
ems that beset him he
way. Then *pray, pray*

God for the wonder-
He has led us. We
has vouchsafed to us
Heavenly Vision. We
that has been accom-
is help and guidance
y—one years, and we
mercy we have now
e.

with the passing years
fade but may become
r. As the years of
behind, may we still
spirit. Above all we
never lose the gift of

laughter, our sense of humour and the
spirit of adventure—and from all formal-
ism, hypocrisy and cant (the dry rot that
has ruined so many great causes), good
Lord, deliver us!

As one of the elders who has been per-
mitted to share with you in these first days
of a great adventure, I bid you God-speed.
You are marching to a new and better
land. You are building a new and better
world. Many of you here present may
live to see that world in being; I shall not.
But we who know you of the New
Generation trust you, believe in you and
love you. Your friendship is one of our
chief treasures and we thank you for it.
In the words which form part of the
birthday gift which "Barkis" has given
the Family, I bid you

"Go forth with God! the world awaits
The coming of the pure and strong.
Strike for the Faith and storm the gates
That keep the citadel of wrong.
Glory shall shine about thy road,
Great heart, if thou go forth with God."

A Birthday Broadcast

go, when the British
orporation first heard of
celebrations, they gener-
ur at the disposal of
of the central Festival
5.30 p.m. on Sunday,
one for home listeners
s overseas. The broad-
d relayed again at an
to some other parts of
d that many thousands
e were able to hear it.
enquiries about Toc H
ers have reached H.Q.
s an interesting and
e of team-work. Leslie

Wood, Harry Willink and Jim Burford did
a great deal of preliminary work on it and a
number of other members were gradually
implicated. Sunday morning, June 28, was
spent by them at Broadcasting House in final
rehearsal, and the 'actors' left the Albert
Hall Thanksgiving by car that afternoon just
before it ended, to be in their places in good
time to 'go over the air.' A number of mem-
bers of the B.B.C. staff, led by Mr. Reed, were
concerned, and their patient and cheerful
help to the amateur team was splendid.

We print, by permission of the B.B.C., the
full text of the broadcast, and preface it with
an impression by a member of the team of the
scene in the studio.

On the Air

ive o'clock, the cast are
ive studios. A miracle

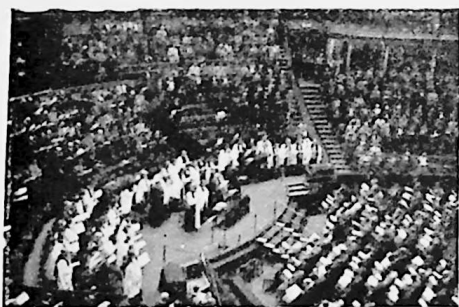
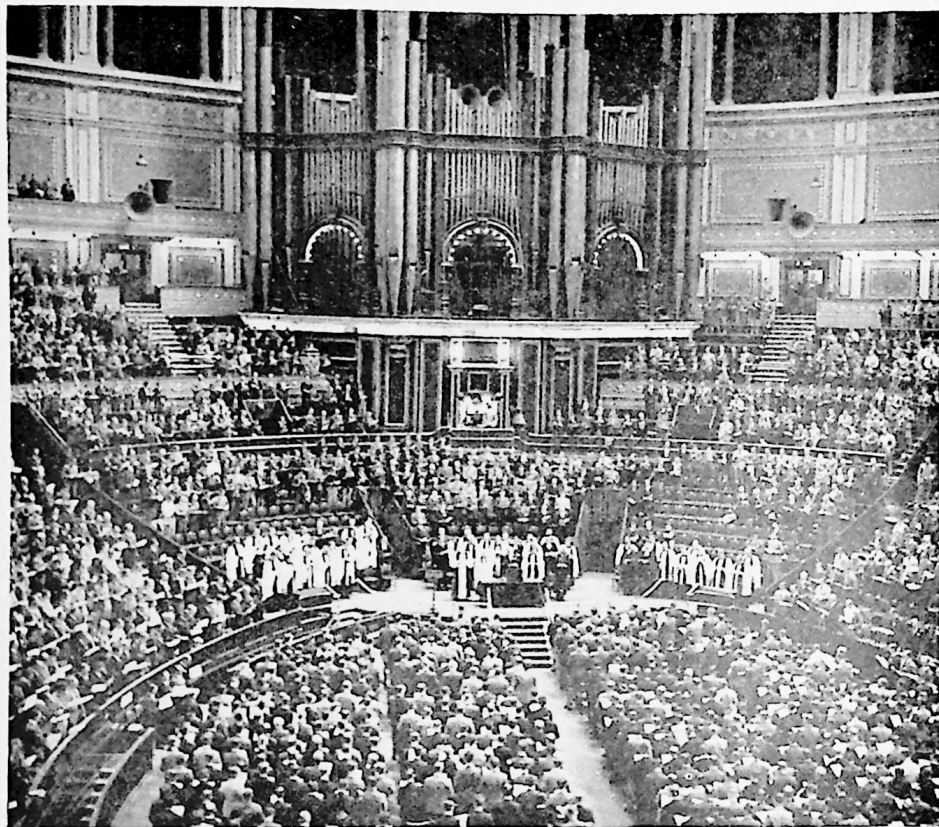
has brought them here punctually. Pat
Leonard is still breathless from the rush of



CONGREGATIONS LEAVING ALL HALLOWS ON SUNDAY MORNING, June 28 (p. 62).

(In the upper picture Tubby is marked 1; Padre Rew of All Hallows, 2. (Photos by J. S. Walker, Chesterfield).

Inset: All Hallows seen from the New June Lunch Club (Photo: Eric Tucker).



THANKSGIVING IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, June 28 (*see page 62*).

*Above: General view of the scene (Photo: C. H. Henderson).
Below, Left—The platform, from above (Photo: C. T. Baldry); Right—Coming out of the Hall (Photo: W. Temple Bourne).*

disrobing, fighting his way out of the Albert Hall, being flung into a taxi and raced away to Broadcasting House. The sound of Bow Bells, the 'National's' familiar interval signal, fades out—silence . . . noiselessly the electric clock points to five exactly. Here is the Announcer's voice, "This is the National Programme—Everyman's Club" We are talking to the World!

An assured voice begins quite calmly: "Twenty-one years ago in the little market town of Poperinghe" It is a 'Pro' opening the innings to give us amateurs confidence. Right on the heels of his last word comes the "Gen." We look at each other, breathe with relief—"Bravo, Gen! He took that cue like the Buff he is." Steadily the "Gen." reads on, telling of Tubby in the early days. Without hesitation he threads his way through the last-minute cuts in the script, sewing the edges neatly together. A silence: has he broken down? We are petrified; after two seconds he goes on quite calmly—what a relief!

Now Barkis is speaking. What a picture and in how few words—St. Paul's, the Crystal Palace, the Abbey, only an hour ago! (Yes, but don't tell anyone: that was written a week before the event).

Then Harry Willink takes up the tale—"In 1919, after the Armistice, Talbot House, like its *habitués*, was demobbed." How confident he sounds!

The three 'Pros,' who had come out of their studio, for a hurried cigarette, dash back. The pace increases. Facts, dates . . . There is music behind—Elgar for a certainty. The music is swelling to a climax—"1936: 1,400 Branches—23 Marks—a membership of 50,000"—a burst of music—a pause—a *long* pause—*too* long a pause? A quiet conversational voice "And most of them too young to have known the war."

Then, straight away to Toc H serving the community. Each man introduces himself. It is like a relay race—when one stops another springs into action.

Alec Gammon first, telling in his pleasant drawl of Podi Appuhami, who lives in the slums of Colombo, and of the Boys' Club.

Then, Mr. Oliver of the British Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, tells how Toc H helps in emergencies. The sands of his minute run out too quickly.

Mr. Stiles, England's great Freak Showman, has met Toc H on the fair ground. His sturdy voice comes over well: "We showmen do feel responsible for the youngsters in our charge; that is why we appreciate the Toc H rest room more than any sumptuous entertainment." "But please don't bring your tea and buns to my skeleton man!" Our silent laughter is scarcely off our lips before a Welsh voice cuts in—

"My name is Ivor Eynon, I am an unemployed coalminer" His voice has come alive, an achievement after so few rehearsals. He ends strongly—"I am glad I met it and hope, unemployed or working, to be always a Toc H man." After Wales the sing-song voice of the West Country.

Here is Jack Ford, born and bred a Wiltshireman. The announcer drops in for a moment to listen to his fine characteristic voice as he tells what Toc H has meant to him in his village.

These are the outward shows of Toc H which spring from an inner conviction. Here is Pat Leonard. He has his breath back now. Quietly he does the almost impossible—saying in five minutes what is the heart, core and root of Toc H. The announcer mutters to himself "Ah, Mr. Leonard, you are going a little slowly." There is an anxious glance at the clock. He phones to some mysterious controller—"We shall be running one minute over." We have a hurried calculation; it is likely to be more than one minute. He phones again. It is Sunday afternoon and we shan't be faded out if we do exceed our time. There is thanks in that. Pat finishes. We are shot back in time to the Crystal Palace the night before to hear the Duke of Kent bring a message from his brother, the King. A roar of applause when he finishes, then Tubby's voice lifted up—"Sir, you have made us all men of Kent." A long pause, surely they have seen the joke? then at last a roar of laughter and applause. "*Jerusalem*" comes flooding in.

During this we have been collecting in a big studio—we few privileged listeners, the Announcer, the three 'Pros' as well as our own performers, for the Ceremony of Light. We have been on a job together and so for

ourselves we say our Ceremony. Harry Willink leads—the silence—the response—and finally Harry's "Good-night."

Then silence until the signal light flickers green. Toc H has spoken to the World.

What They Said

VOICE 1: Twenty-one years ago in 1915 in the little market town of Poperinghe, seven miles from Ypres, a soldier's club was opened which came to be known throughout the Salient as Toc H. During the past week thousands of men from all over the world have been meeting in London to celebrate the coming of age of the movement which bears the same mysterious name. What has happened during these twenty years? How has a soldiers' club in Flanders turned into a movement of world-wide significance? What is Toc H and how did it get its name?

Toc H, which is the army's abbreviation of Talbot House, was the creation of the genius of the garrison chaplain of Poperinghe, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, from that time onwards better known as Tubby. Tubby's batman was Private Arthur Pettifer of the Buffs, whom the children of Poperinghe christened the General. "The Gen." he remains to-day. Let us take a glimpse through his eyes at Toc H as it was in those early days.

The Old House

"THE GEN.": In November, '15, I was ordered to report to the Reverend Philip Clayton as batman. I didn't think I could do the job, but I was told to find him at a place called A30. It turned out to be "C" Camp, near Brandhoek. I found Tubby in a Church Army hut. He eyed me up and down, then said: "Why! They've sent me a mudlark." "All right, sir," I said. "You'd better send the mudlark back." Tubby laughed. "No," he said. "We'll be mates. You've only got a push-bike and a pair of boots to look after." We've been mates ever since.

In '16 I nearly did him in. His bedroom at Talbot House was next to his study. We had an oil stove in the study, and one cold morning I thought I'd warm the room up a bit before he got up. I lit the stove and

turned it up high, then went downstairs to light the kitchen fire. I meant to go back and turn down the stove, but what with doing a few odd jobs I forgot all about it for an hour. Dashing upstairs I saw black cobwebs hanging from the ceiling and the books smothered with soot. In the midst of it I walked Tubby, for all the world as if he'd been down a coal mine. Black from head to foot he looked at me and said: "Gen, that's the only silly thing I've ever known you do." "Yes," I mumbled, "and I think you'd better have a bath and go out for the day so that I can clean up." Lighting that stove gave me one of the finest day's work I've ever done.

We had all sorts of furniture in the Old House at Pop—scrounged from one place and another. One day when we were getting things straightened out, I overheard Tubby say he'd like a carpet for the Chapel. I'd seen a good one in the house next door. So I scrounged it and put it down at Tubby's feet.

"What's this?" he asked. "A carpet for the Chapel, sir," I said. He looked at me and murmured: "Gen! Gen! How *can* I say my prayers on a stolen carpet." I said it might do for the study, but Tubby wouldn't have it, and I had to take it back. A few days later the C.O. of the 6th Divisional Supply Column took over the house next door as his billet. I asked Tubby if he remembered the carpet. He said he did. "Well," I said, "the Army Service Corps have scrounged it now."

We used to get Canadians, Aussies, Cockneys and all kinds, especially for Tubby's tea-parties every afternoon. I used to take tea up to them, and they sat on the floor drinking tea and talking—all mixed up—officers and privates together; with no worry about rank. The notice over the door of Tubby's room

helped chaps who might have been a bit shy. "All rank abandon, ye who enter here," it said. But Tubby wasn't always in his room at Talbot House. He used to get up the line with the chaps, and he took a bit of Talbot House everywhere he went. At week-ends we used to go round the batteries, the Field Survey Companies and the light railways. We loaded up with Woodbines and chocolate and handed a ration to any lad we met on the road. It's twenty-one years next November since I reported to Tubby near Brandhoek. He's always been the same, from the first day I met him.

VOICE 2: Now let us move on twenty years and see Toc H in a very different setting. (*Here the sound of the crowd in the Crystal Palace broke in*).

To-day

EYE WITNESS OF CELEBRATIONS: Hospitable London is used to crowds and strangers. Its citizens, whether they are policemen or plain men, can always spare time to help a bewildered visitor. And they've come across many such during the past week: men from all parts of the world, men of every class and kind.

Each day has been crowded with events. I might take you to big gatherings at Guildhall or the Mansion House or the Zoo, or down river on a packed steamer, or to hours of conference in the Caxton Hall, or to family parties in Toc H rooms and Houses all over the Town. In all of these events there has been a mixture of grave and gay. I think you would have been rather surprised to see how quickly men can change from one to the other and back again—and be just as sincere in both moods.

Have you ever seen St. Paul's Cathedral full of *men*? It is a very great sight. There were 4,000 Toc H members there last Monday evening. It was called—and at *was*—a Service of Dedication.

Then there was last night at the Crystal Palace. Movement—and colour—and pageantry—and music. Its meaning, deep down, was the same, but differently expressed. The central ceremony was the familiar one of Lighting the Lamps of Main-

tenance, each one the cherished symbol of a Branch of Toc H somewhere in the world. The Lamps of 104 new Branches, formed during the past year, were lit for the first time by the Duke of Kent—representing the King, Patron of Toc H, who had performed this office at Festivals for many years past. I wish you could all have seen that slow procession moving for an hour to the platform, with banners and music—and then stood with 8,000 of us in silence while we remembered our Elder Brethren who have passed on, and offered ourselves to carry on their tasks. More pageantry followed—the story of Master Valiant's coming-of-age in the beauty of mediæval dress and with Martin Shaw's music sung by a choir of 700 voices.

And then there was this afternoon—only an hour ago—in the Albert Hall. Thousands of men, again. This time, as the final act of our Central Week of Festival, we felt we had reached the moment for thanksgiving. It was the summing up of a week of great happiness, of high resolve.

(*Here there was a short musical link*).

VOICE 2: After the Armistice, Talbot House, like its *habitués*, was demobbed. Nothing remained but some 2,000 names on the Communicants' Roll.

VOICE 1: Needless to say there was no question of stopping.

Re-birth

HARRY WILLINK: Enthusiasm ran high in those early days in 1919, but funds were low. Dreams pictured the setting up of Talbot House in Trafalgar Square, although Clayton's address was Knutsford Gaol, then a temporary college for ex-service ordination candidates where Tubby laboured as a tutor, hastening to London during the vacations on vigorous and unconventional recruiting campaigns for Toc H. In November 1919 he moved to London. A tiny top floor flat was found in Red Lion Square to whose window was anchored a luggage label announcing that Toc H had come to London. Day and night brought a stream of men anxious to re-create in those hectic days the friendship they had known in Flanders. Jobs were hard to find and per-

sonal tragedies abounded, but men found something to hold on to in those overcrowded rooms where the midnight brew of tea was the best and twice cooked rissoles heralded many a dawn. Talbot House in London was the first objective still before Tubby's eyes. With £30 in the bank the prospects of buying the Guards Club in Pall Mall at a cost of some £30,000 or £40,000 was remote. But a wide appeal in the spring of 1920 brought unexpected support both in men and money. The family moved from Red Lion Square, grew rapidly until it found a home in South Kensington. There being no money available for a pantechicon, the furniture was carried by hand under cover of night, "a manner of transport," remarks Tubby, "infrequently adopted in the neighbourhood."

This first full-sized embodiment of Talbot House in London took the form of a residential house, and was christened Toc H Mark I, the army's war-time label for a new model. Its hostellers ranged from ex-soldiers in business, and civil servants to students and youngsters newly entering upon City life, living together, each paying according to his means and pledging himself to some kind of spare-time service. From here the infection of its eagerness spread. Two more Marks were opened in London in 1921. Groups of men began to meet in the industrial North; the Midlands were roused and the West of England gave a whole-time padre to the movement. In Manchester the first Mark outside London was opened. Toc H had reached the Provinces!

Progress

VOICE 3: By now the membership had grown too large to be absorbed into the existing Marks, and a wider fellowship, the Toc H Branches, began to come into being.

VOICE 1: In the summer of 1922, although conditions of membership were growing daily stricter, there were 5,500 members in Great Britain!

VOICE 3: Autumn 1922: foundation of The Sister movement, the Toc H League of Women Helpers!

VOICE 2: Winter 1922: Toc H granted its

Royal Charter of Incorporation under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who, as King Edward VIII, is still its patron to-day.

VOICE 3: Peter Monie of the Indian Civil Service gives up his career to become Hon. Administrator. Under him a full-time staff in teams of two, layman and padre, get to work to knit existing Branches together and establish new ones.

VOICE 1: The same winter All Hallows Barking-by-the-Tower becomes the guild church of the Anglican members of Toc H with Tubby as its vicar.

VOICE 2: 1925, Toc H overseas! Tubby and Pat Leonard take a lightning trip round the world, leaving units in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt and Jerusalem.

VOICE 3: 1926: Toc H in South Africa.

VOICE 2: 1928: Toc H in France, Belgium, Malta and Germany.

VOICE 1: 1933: Toc H in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tokyo!

VOICE 3: 1936: 23 Marks, 1,400 units and a membership of 50,000.

VOICE 1: (After a pause). And most of them too young to have known the War.

These are the facts. But the purpose of the movement cannot be defined in terms of dates. It is pledged to the service of the community. How does it set about it? It would take a long time to tell you the whole story, but here are some fingerposts for your imagination.

A Boy in Ceylon

ALEC GAMMON: Mean hovels sprawl around the coaling grounds of Colombo—Podi Appuhamy lives in one of them: a small, dirty, little brown boy, sharp, and full of life. You can see him, with his chequered cloth tucked up round his middle—and dozens like him—running after a ricksha, pulled by a sweating, half-naked man. He insists that the passenger is his father and mother, hoping for an odd coin in exchange for a sadly-bruised flower.

He has dodged schooling and two of his brothers are in jail for over-enthusiastic tout-ing as junior agents in the dope racket—and worse. Two of us—my friend a Ceylonese—

were on our way to the Boy's Club one evening and met him coming away from the Municipal playgrounds about six-o'clock; too dark to play any more, for there is no daylight saving in Ceylon. A Boy's Club . . . what was that? We explained and after a deal of persuasion he came—more out of sheer politeness than anything.

Fortunately it was a cinema-night, and he thought to himself, "well, this is not such a bad show after all," so he came again. He turned out to be a good little boxer, and had the enormous satisfaction one night of knocking two front teeth out of a Toc H member from H.M.S. *Emerald*, who had obligingly knelt to make it a fair fight.

He did not take to English and Arithmetic lessons too kindly, but they have helped him to a real job—in a printing works, and he now pays a monthly subscription of a penny. His attendance is irregular: a street brawl round the corner, a procession or travelling circus are irresistible counter-attractions. Discipline came slowly, too, but scouting has helped, and Podi Appuhamy is now a Patrol Leader.

Toc H runs three clubs in Ceylon—two in Colombo and one in Kandy. They are open to all, and generously supported by Buddhist, Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian alike.

Blood Transfusion

MR. OLIVER: I am the secretary of the British Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. At the height of the storm on Sunday evening last, I had been for over an hour trying to obtain a blood donor for a little boy of a rather rare blood group, but had found that all those on the telephone were away from home. The need was getting grave, when I noticed that we had a suitable lady donor living in the neighbourhood of a Toc H Mark. I telephoned there. A member immediately dashed out, went to the house, found that the lady was at business, ascertained the telephone number, communicated with her, and, within ten minutes of getting my message was able to report to me that she was on the way to the hospital by taxi. Now, although I might have found other means of

getting a message to the house of the donor, there would have been no possibility of getting it relayed, with instructions, to our member. This is just an example of the security which I always feel when making use of Toc H: the certainty of immediate, vigorous, brainy and effective assistance.

There is something about blood transfusion that seems to appeal to Toc H members. Not only do the members themselves contribute, but they organise services among their friends outside the movement. I can say definitely that in this way Toc H contributes a larger share to the country's blood transfusion services than all other organisations together.

The Show Folk

MR. STYLES: I am the proprietor of a travelling freak show. I have been in the show business for 45 years now, and I have been interested in freaks for over 20. I have the smallest man in the world, the largest girl, the tallest boy, the thinnest man, and a man who is half black and half white. There is no life in the world so romantic as mine; Hollywood couldn't hold a candle to it. We are always on the move. There are new faces and new adventures round every corner, and old friends as well. But it's a hard life also. We are often at work right through the morning and afternoon until late at night handling huge and persistent crowds without an inch to move in. Even if we have time to snatch a meal, we have to fight our way through the throng of thousands of shouting, jostling human beings to get to it. You can imagine what a blessing it is when a tray of steaming coffee and sandwiches is brought right up to your front door for you. That's one of the good turns that Toc H does on the fair ground.

My first introduction to Toc H was about six years ago. Wandering round the fair ground I came across a tent marked "Show-men only." Inside I found camp beds to rest on and tables to write letters on and a genial attendant who was there all day and all night to give any kind of help he could. Since then I have had many a happy time in the Toc H tent. There is always a piano there and concerts are arranged. The boys and

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VOICE 2: Winter 1922: Toc H granted its

Royal Charter of Incorporation under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who, as King Edward VIII, is still its patron to-day.

VOICE 3: Peter Monie of the Indian Civil Service gives up his career to become Hon. Administrator. Under him a full-time staff in teams of two, layman and padre, get to work to knit existing Branches together and establish new ones.

VOICE 1: The same winter All Hallows Barking-by-the-Tower becomes the guild church of the Anglican members of Toc H with Tubby as its vicar.

VOICE 2: 1925, Toc H overseas! Tubby and Pat Leonard take a lightning trip round the world, leaving units in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt and Jerusalem.

VOICE 3: 1926: Toc H in South Africa.

VOICE 2: 1928: Toc H in France, Belgium, Malta and Germany.

VOICE 1: 1933: Toc H in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tokyo!

VOICE 3: 1936: 23 Marks, 1,400 units and a membership of 50,000.

VOICE 1: (After a pause). And most of them too young to have known the War.

These are the facts. But the purpose of the movement cannot be defined in terms of dates. It is pledged to the service of the community. How does it set about it? It would take a long time to tell you the whole story, but here are some fingerposts for your imagination.

A Boy in Ceylon

ALEC GAMMON: Mean hovels sprawl around the coaling grounds of Colombo—Podi Appuhamy lives in one of them: a small, dirty, little brown boy, sharp, and full of life. You can see him, with his chequered cloth tucked up round his middle—and dozens like him—running after a ricksha, pulled by a sweating, half-naked man. He insists that the passenger is his father and mother, hoping for an odd coin in exchange for a sadly-bruised flower.

He has dodged schooling and two of his brothers are in jail for over-enthusiastic tout-ing as junior agents in the dope racket—and worse. Two of us—my friend a Ceylonese—

were on our way to the Boy's Club one evening and met him coming away from the Municipal playgrounds about six-o'clock; too dark to play any more, for there is no daylight saving in Ceylon. A Boy's Club . . . what was that? We explained and after a deal of persuasion he came—more out of sheer politeness than anything.

Fortunately it was a cinema-night, and he thought to himself, "well, this is not such a bad show after all," so he came again. He turned out to be a good little boxer, and had the enormous satisfaction one night of knocking two front teeth out of a Toc H member from H.M.S. *Emerald*, who had obligingly knelt to make it a fair fight.

He did not take to English and Arithmetic lessons too kindly, but they have helped him to a real job—in a printing works, and he now pays a monthly subscription of a penny. His attendance is irregular: a street brawl round the corner, a procession or travelling circus are irresistible counter-attractions. Discipline came slowly, too, but scouting has helped, and Podi Appuhamy is now a Patrol Leader.

Toc H runs three clubs in Ceylon—two in Colombo and one in Kandy. They are open to all, and generously supported by Buddhist, Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian alike.

Blood Transfusion

MR. OLIVER: I am the secretary of the British Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. At the height of the storm on Sunday evening last, I had been for over an hour trying to obtain a blood donor for a little boy of a rather rare blood group, but had found that all those on the telephone were away from home. The need was getting grave, when I noticed that we had a suitable lady donor living in the neighbourhood of a Toc H Mark. I telephoned there. A member immediately dashed out, went to the house, found that the lady was at business, ascertained the telephone number, communicated with her, and, within ten minutes of getting my message was able to report to me that she was on the way to the hospital by taxi. Now, although I might have found other means of

getting a message to the house of the donor, there would have been no possibility of getting it relayed, with instructions, to our member. This is just an example of the security which I always feel when making use of Toc H: the certainty of immediate, vigorous, brainy and effective assistance.

There is something about blood transfusion that seems to appeal to Toc H members. Not only do the members themselves contribute, but they organise services among their friends outside the movement. I can say definitely that in this way Toc H contributes a larger share to the country's blood transfusion services than all other organisations together.

The Show Folk

MR. STYLES: I am the proprietor of a travelling freak show. I have been in the show business for 45 years now, and I have been interested in freaks for over 20. I have the smallest man in the world, the largest girl, the tallest boy, the thinnest man, and a man who is half black and half white. There is no life in the world so romantic as mine; Hollywood couldn't hold a candle to it. We are always on the move. There are new faces and new adventures round every corner, and old friends as well. But it's a hard life also. We are often at work right through the morning and afternoon until late at night handling huge and persistent crowds without an inch to move in. Even if we have time to snatch a meal, we have to fight our way through the throng of thousands of shouting, jostling human beings to get to it. You can imagine what a blessing it is when a tray of steaming coffee and sandwiches is brought right up to your front door for you. That's one of the good turns that Toc H does on the fair ground.

My first introduction to Toc H was about six years ago. Wandering round the fair ground I came across a tent marked "Show-men only." Inside I found camp beds to rest on and tables to write letters on and a genial attendant who was there all day and all night to give any kind of help he could. Since then I have had many a happy time in the Toc H tent. There is always a piano there and concerts are arranged. The boys and

in in and add their quota
is out to be a harmonious

some spectacular cases of
Where I work the striking
watered for by wonderful
St. John Ambulance
showmen are keenly con-
welfare of our younger
do thoroughly appreciate
ace to go to and rest and
the kindly ministration of
not tea and coffee and its
are worth more to us than
us entertainments could be.
e word of criticism to offer.
not to bring huge loads of
eed my skeleton man. Pre-
e largest girl in the world.
her!

Coal Miner

My name is Ivor Eynon. I
d coal-miner from Tredegar
n town of 27,000. It has
in the industrial history of
employed three and a half
y-two years of age.

my work I found Toc H
in Tredegar a few months.
a Dan Thomas, a butty of
l keen.

was not an ordinary thing,
ot to like it because I began
ne difference. It was not so
g of the meeting, the bit of
of tea, the game of cards or
talks we had, but the spirit
friendliness of the chaps.
H holds for me.

into the habit of wanting to
d got busy collecting books
and funds to take boys to
with them; all the time
men better and being helped

two thousand unemployed.
e for cheerfulness, but those,
have found Toc H have

found something that gives us companion-
ship, hope, and a wider outlook on life. I am
glad I met it, and hope, whether unemployed
or working, to be always a Toc H man.

The Village Postman

JACK FORD: I am a postman at the little
village of Box on the Bath-London Road.
My name is Jack Ford. I was born in the
village of Colerne in Wiltshire and except for
the period of the War, have lived and worked
in Wiltshire all my life.

Looking back (that is before Toc H started
here), I realise that my life consisted of my
work, my home, my garden. I rarely went
anywhere, and mixed with very few people.
I never went to church, nor did I have any
interest in the Parson.

Then in our village they started Toc H and
my son was interested in it. One night he
asked me to come up, but I refused. But
later the wife and the boy roused me out of it,
and I went. There was something about that
first night that touched me, and I went home
and thought about it. The result was that I
went again, and since then I have only missed
one night, and that was when I sprained my
ankle.

I can honestly say that Toc H is the most
wonderful thing that has come across my
path in life. It has entirely altered my out-
look, and through it I have made many
friends. I look back with thankfulness on
the day I attended my first Guest-night.

The Inner Conviction

VOICE 1: Service to the community of this
kind, valuable though it is, is not an end in
itself. It is the outward evidence of an inner
conviction which lies at the heart of the move-
ment. Pat Leonard, who was one of the first
whole-time padres of Toc H, will tell you
what this conviction is.

PAT LEONARD: Despite the haunting warn-
ing of Lot's wife, looking back is not always
fatal. Winning crews on the river invariably
do so. They look back along the course they
have come as they drive their frail ship for-
wards. So we, too, must look back if we
would know the source and the quality of
that spirit which is the dynamic of Toc H.

Joan of Arc in her visions heard voices. This last half-hour you have heard many voices. What of the vision? There is most certainly a vision that inspires those voices, human and very ordinary though they be. It is the vision of common men seeing the truth about God's world, and corporately concerned to make that truth prevail.

1,900 years ago, a Carpenter in a small provincial town on the outskirts of the Roman Empire shut up His shop and fared forth to proclaim the truth about man's relationship to God and to his fellow man.

It was revolutionary in its simplicity. The world, He maintained, was the home of a family of which the Pater Familias was God, that all men were His true sons, having, to discerning Eyes, a distinct family likeness to their Father. The truth, then, as Toc H sees it, lies deep in the roots of our humanity—that men are brothers of divine parentage—I know that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth.

It is only when a man sees that for himself that he becomes a being of value, and an agent through whom the Spirit of Truth can work.

It follows that the art of living is a family business—unlimited. The profits are made by spending, not by saving, for true wealth is not weighed on banker's scales, but is stored in human hearts. Happiness is a bye-product, to be found not by search but in service. In short, the human family is the microcosm of God's universe, so that the world's peace can only be achieved by the expansion of the simple sanctities of the true home circle—love and trust and mutual regard—until the whole world is embraced by them.

Or to change the metaphor. The music of life is orchestral, not a saxophone solo. The music that is heard in heaven is the inter-play of human lives lived tunefully and co-operatively under the hand of a Master Conductor. For Toc H that conductor is unequivocally Christ—and our task is to allow Him to interpret His Spirit in the unison of our fellow-

ship and in the harmony of our service.

For 1900 years men have sought to recapture the melody of Christ's living—and when they have failed, it is because they have forgotten that this spirit is not solitary but social.

The first gift of the Spirit was to a group of oddly-assorted young men, picked by Christ as a demonstration unit. It was through their corporate fellowship and in the recklessness of their loving that the world first saw the new spirit in action.

Toc H, following the Gospel example, has formed its teams of men as diverse in shape and colour as the stones of a mosaic, but exhibiting in their corporate daily living something of the beauty of the heavenly pattern.

For its symbol, Toc H has taken a Lamp—again a Gospel simile. In its light it looks both backwards and forwards—a twofold act of remembrance and rededication—backwards in remembrance, to claim kinship with the sons of sacrifice and to inherit the wisdom of the past; forwards in renewed allegiance to the tasks and leadership of Christ, finding in His service a freedom from the world's fears and fantasies. In all this Toc H is upheld by the conviction that life is a giving and a loving and that the things worth dying for are alone worth living for.

Toc H calls itself a family of serving brothers, and is humbly proud of its *esprit de corps*—the spirit of its body, for it is stayed on the certainty that the Spirit of its body is none other than the unifying, vitalising, illuminating spirit of the Lord of All Good Life.

VOICE 2: Such are the history, the efforts and the hopes of the world-wide family to which H.M. the King sent this message by his brother the Duke of Kent at the Crystal Palace last night:—

(*The Duke of Kent's voice was then heard speaking the King's message. This was followed by the Ceremony of Light from the Studio. Harry Willink conducted it and a number of members came in to take part.*)

THE L.W.H. AT THE FESTIVAL

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L.W.H. alike. The
L.W.H. were the St.
Lamp-lighting on the
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the Crystal Palace, we
lighted at the presence
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and affection which the
have for her, and won
those who were seeing
as our Patroness. We
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ubert Secretan, Hon.

Administrator of Toc H, had consented to be, after Her Royal Highness, the only other speaker of the evening—and this in the midst of what must have been a most tiring and trying time for one on whose shoulders so much responsibility rests.

The word "Family" seemed to be the keynote of the whole of the Central Week, old and young alike joining in proceedings grave and gay with all the zest that can spring only from people of a like mind and a common purpose. From the first great welcome by "Tubby" at Guildhall to the final farewells and "God speed" at the close of the Family Gathering on the Sunday, a really deep feeling of fellowship permeated the atmosphere of all the activities.

A Welcome to Overseas L.W.H.

3: The President of
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was one of thrills and
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Duchess of Devonshire
exciting—and the thrill
the presence of H.R.H.

re represented in the
West Australia, South
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Zealand, Tasmania,

Members of the
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re and Miss Macfie,
uests.

Her Royal Highness then spoke to all the Overseas members present as they stood in groups each representing the country from which they came, and seemed most interested in the work of L.W.H. abroad, asking many questions on the conditions of the countries and the people with whom the representatives work.

Later in the afternoon members had the privilege of seeing the wonderful collection of paintings of Old Masters in the Duchess of Devonshire's house and were shown the beautiful Book of Remembrance, dedicated the previous Sunday at All Hallows.

The Zoo and Conferences

Wednesday: The Zoo. Surely the most successful Family Gathering of its kind ever organised.

During the week a Conference was held for Overseas members which was received with enthusiasm and a great deal of thought was evidently put into the various discussions. Their value cannot be summarised in words but we shall look to see the fruits in the future progress and development of the Movement Overseas.

At St. Paul's and the Crystal Palace

The Service at St. Paul's on the Friday evening was a moving experience in the simplicity of its appeal and the plain steadfastness of its purpose. It was a fitting prelude to the Lighting of the Lamps and an integral part in the mosaic of the great week. We had there the privilege of re-dedicating ourselves to the service of God and Everyman, and the opportunity of thanking God once more for all His benefit and mercies—

For the family of Toc H.

For our ripening fellowship.

For the work we have been allowed to do.

For our coming together here.

Then followed the Lamplighting at the Crystal Palace. A different setting indeed, this rather vulgar glass edifice, compared with that monument of beauty and dignity, the

spiritual centre of our great city, but the spirit captured in St. Paul's remained with us through the ensuing evening, and the brave flames of the many Lights called us to a reminder of the future that was the only fitting sequel to our Thanksgiving and Our Dedication of the afternoon.

The actual ceremony of the Lighting of the new Lamps needs no narration; on this occasion, as always, an appeal to the romantic strain in all of us, a challenge to our individuality, a resolve to stand, as far as in us lies, for the things that the Lamp symbolises.

At the conclusion of the Lamplighting, Her Royal Highness took the Ceremony of Light and followed this up with a delightful little address. Later, a speech by Mr. Secretan charmed us by its matter and manner.

The Duchess of York Speaks

The Duchess of York said: "I am very glad to be with you again on this, the occasion of our Festival, and to-night I would like to say a special word of welcome to all those who have come from overseas to attend it. There are members from Australia, New Zealand, all parts of Africa, Canada, the Argentine, Chile, India and Ceylon.

"The League of Women Helpers is essentially a Family organisation just as our Empire is, and it seems particularly suitable that L.W.H. should be the means of providing yet another link to bind all its members together. I always think that 'Home' is one of the nicest words in the English language (*loud cheers*), and I am sure that I can say that we all unite in welcoming Home our Toc H friends from overseas (*cheers*).

"That the work is growing and the Light spreading is shown by the fact that to-night twenty-seven new lamps are to be lighted—23 from our Home Branches, 3 from Australia and 1 from South Africa (*cheers*).

"The plan for an L.W.H. member to go to Felling in the distressed area has been carried out, and a former member of the L.W.H. staff has been appointed. This scheme is worthy of every encouragement, and I wish it well (*cheers*).

"In these rather puzzling days, it is both inspiring and comforting to feel that all here to-night are united by the spirit of fellowship in the desire to keep burning the light of sacrifice and service, and to contribute by personal effort to the common good (*cheers*).

"The success of each individual effort depends largely on how thoroughly we can train our minds to think fairly, and I trust that the League of Women Helpers will go on from strength to strength in cheerful service—to the glory of God and for the good of mankind" (*loud and prolonged cheering*).

The Hon. Administrator's Speech

Hubert Secretan said: "Once upon a time when very young I came to a Festival at the Crystal Palace. The Festival was my birthday, and it was well and truly celebrated in ways appropriate to Victorian youth. Yes, I am a Victorian—a late Victorian perhaps, but still a Victorian, and not ashamed of it. I lost myself in the crystal maze. I made my

first acquaintance with Egyptian architecture, which seemed to my depraved youthful taste greatly preferable to the thin finicky stuff of which the Greek court was composed (*laughter*). I am convinced, though some people insist that he died before I was born, that I saw the great Blondin cook and consume an omelette in the middle of a tight rope above the terrace. I paid a whole penny for the thrill of ascending to the gallery by a new and fearsome machine called a mechanical staircase (*laughter*). At least my youthful mind was innocent of the word 'escalator.' And I stood here in this transept and looked up at the mighty organ. I don't know whether I dreamt that night of fire-works or of antediluvian animals or of that mystery of the time called Crystal Palace cake (*laughter*), but I am certain that in my worst nightmare I never pictured myself standing here, facing this great audience on such an occasion as this. Had I done so my sanity might have been seriously affected (*laughter*). I must not bore you with further childish reminiscences, but I want if you will forgive me to add one thing, something I am afraid rather personal, which may serve to link what I have been saying with our business here to-night. Throughout that long child's day I had at my side, untiring, devoted, sharing the fun and utterly trusted, my mother—the first woman helper that any of us men ever has and one for whom he should thank God all his days (*cheers*). That for me connects these ancient memories with to-night's Festival of the women's side of the Toc H movement.

"This is not the place, nor in my judgment is the time yet ripe, to discuss what ought to be the final relation of the men's and women's sides of the movement to each other. There are difficult questions here, deep questions which will yield their true answer only to patience, insight and experience on the part of both men and women. To-night they need not trouble us. Your proud title suffices—the Toc H League of Women Helpers. Let us think of that for a moment or two.

"In Korea, in the good old days before progress came over the sea from the east, there used I believe to be a high court official whose honorific title was, roughly translated, 'The honourable Mr. Helping-to-Decide.' It's a name that would have pleased Bunyan. But I suspect that Mr. H-to-D's office was in fact a sinecure. Few things got as far as deciding, fewer still as far as carrying out when decided. Far be it from me to liken L.W.H. to Mr. Helping-to-Decide. I have no such rude intention. You cannot, like him, be content to be just vaguely helpers. You are leagued to help. Yes, but what?

"A simple answer, and a true one as far as it goes, would be to say that you are leagued to help Toc H. There are many capacities—I am not going to be so foolish as to specify them—in which man is definitely inferior to woman. The wise man knows this and is content to call on woman's help where she can make complete a service to child, sufferer, or distressed, which, if he essayed it alone, would be but half done. And I suspect—as a mere bachelor I say this with trepidation—that a wise woman likes nothing better than to do her part quietly and without fuss and let man have the limelight and—if you like—the credit.

"But that answer is not enough. Whatever the apostle may have meant by the remark 'the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife,' it remains indubitably true that if what the man is trying to do is bad, it is not made any better by the loyal support of a woman helpmeet. It is not usual to let off a burglar lightly because a loyal woman has kept 'cave' for him during his nocturnal excursions (*laughter*).

"No. If the L.W.H. are helpers of Toc H, they are not merely helpers of Toc H as it exists in the fallible men who are its members—but of that far deeper thing, the spirit which Toc H is ever trying to release in the world.

"To-morrow in this place Toc H celebrates its Festival of manhood. It comes, as it came to St. Paul's on Monday and will come to the Thanksgiving at the Albert Hall on

Sunday, to pledge its grown strength—action and thought and will—to the tasks of the future. And you of the L.W.H. have come here from St. Paul's to-night for the same purpose, no more, no less. To what Toc H is pledged, to that the L.W.H. is pledged also. And that is no light task, but something that will call for all we have and are.

"Twenty years have passed since many of our elder brothers, and some of our elder sisters too, gave up their lives that some better thing might be built upon their sacrifice.

"We have to face the fact that in the intervening years the world has failed, and failed miserably to build that better thing. No thinking man or woman can doubt that before our generation ceases to be the issue will have been fought out whether the kingdoms of this world are in truth to be set on the way to becoming the kingdom of God and of his Christ or—we shall do well to face the grim alternative—we and all the human race are to go down together into the pit of barbarism. I make no apology for striking so serious a note on this your night of Festival. I should have cause to apologise if I did not.

"Toc H and the L.W.H. are not for children. They are for grown men and women who have put aside childish things and are prepared to meet—and deal with—realities,

"If what I have said is true—and which of us in our hearts doubts that it is true?—then the task of Toc H takes on an importance and an urgency which will surely nerve us to see that no slackness, no weakness, no self-importance on our part shall impede it.

"And, for your encouragement, I would bid you observe this. It is not true that God's way of life has been found wanting by mankind. Rather is it true that bitter experience has taught millions in the world to-day the futility and hopelessness of a way of life that tries to leave God out. The world's tragedy to-day is that it is full of helpless goodwill, and yet the 'evil that it would not, that it does.'

"Even now the balance swings. How is it to be tipped on the side of good? Certainly not by governments alone, but only if they have behind them a steadily growing body of men and women who know for themselves that God's way works and are concerned to prove it to their neighbours.

"That is the task before Toc H and the L.W.H. Unless we are false to the very core, we exist to-day simply because we know that God's way does work. We have learnt that truth by proving it within the tiny compass of our family.

"The time has come when we must look wider. May this Festival, to-night and to-morrow together, give us courage to prove that knowledge to a waiting world."

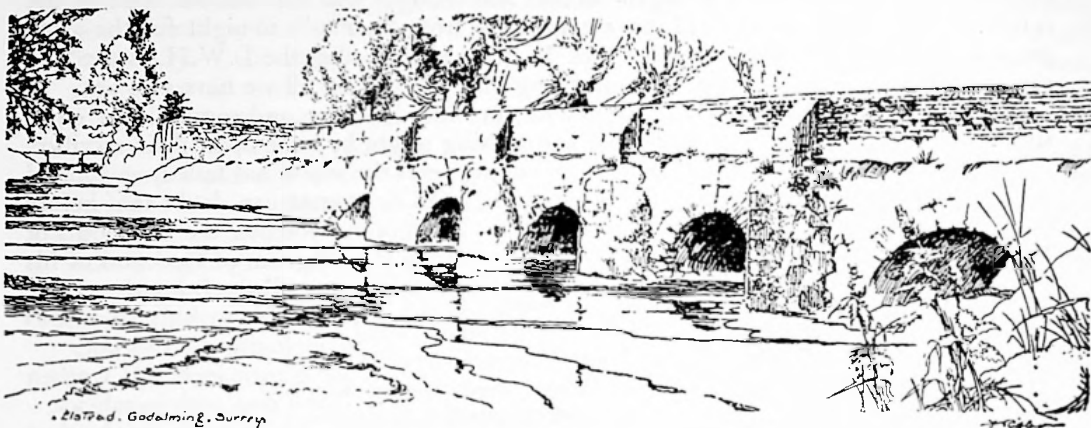
At the Agricultural Hall

On Sunday the "Family" idea seemed to reach its peak. In the Agricultural Hall L.W.H. gathered in force and the atmosphere of strain that one so often associates with a women's gathering of this size was noticeably absent. Informality and friendliness took its place. The speakers were many and varied—consisting mainly of overseas members, each one telling us a little of the part of the world she hailed from and the methods and problems of L.W.H. in her country. It was a great joy to hear so many different voices, each with its characteristic inflection, bringing home to us very forcibly the spirit of adventure and enthusiasm which had brought them so many hundreds of miles to be with us. A fitting ending was the broadcast,

specially relayed to the Hall, and Tubby's presence with us was an added pleasure.

This short account of the Festival week from the L.W.H. point of view would be incomplete without some acknowledgement of the efficiency of the organisation which enabled everything to flow smoothly from start to finish. That the Festival has involved an enormous amount of very exacting work must be obvious, and our gratitude is due to all those whose efforts contributed to its undoubted success. All the reward that they would ask is, it is certain, that Toc H should derive added strength in the work that it is trying to do. Master Valiant sums up for us the whole purpose of the Festival—

Thy feet are set—Go forth with God.



THE FESTIVAL ART EXHIBITION

IN *Artifex*, an illustrated supplement to the JOURNAL published in June, 1934, an attempt was made, not so much to assess the work accomplished by artists and craftsmen in Toc H as to show that it was the duty and privilege of every member to use to the full such talents of hand and eye and imagination as he possessed. Quite often he scarcely knows that he possesses such talents; they lie dormant, unproved and wasted, until one day perhaps the unexpected occasion calls some touch of them into clumsy action, to the amusement of his friends and his own deep and secret satisfaction. The theme of *Artifex* was—its writers held—not a 'side-show' in Toc H. It was meant to touch the very centre of Toc H life, the making of "whole men," men alive in body, mind and spirit, alert to every call upon their powers, awake to every touch of beauty and truth in the ordinary course of each day's living. Such men are not content to be spoon-fed with the cheap ready-made conveniences of modern life, they are constantly questioning the people and things around them, making experiments, trying their hand at different and unfamiliar tasks. They cannot remain passive spectators of the world about them, they must take a share in creating it. And so the message of *Artifex* was that teaching oneself and others carpentry or gardening, trying to paint or sing or write or act on the stage might be every whit as true a 'Toc H job' as running a boys' club or a hospital

library and far more worth while than many other 'jobs' which members spent many hours in doing. No doubt a good many readers of *Artifex* found this argument puzzling or even ridiculous—so sadly has the old instinct of the craftsman perished in the mean and feverish atmosphere of modern cities. But there is evidence enough that some readers were grateful for encouragement of instincts which they knew to be alive in themselves but were sometimes too shy to express. They felt more than ever justified in seeing visions of things beautiful and in trying with their minds and fingers to make them come true.

A great Festival such as we have had gives many opportunities for artistry. The services in St. Paul's Cathedral, in All Hallows, St. George's at Windsor and in the Albert Hall, showed what power noble words and good music and simple, ordered ritual can exercise over the hearts and wills of plain men. The music and the colour and action of pageantry in the Festival Masque caught and lifted a huge audience at the Crystal Palace. The beauty of London River or a summer night at the Zoo made its mark and will not be forgotten. These things were 'arranged' by Nature or by the Festival Committee. As a modest attempt to show what some members can do for themselves the Festival Art Exhibition takes its place alongside these.

The Exhibition was held in St. Andrew's Church Hall, a neat new building which is

surmounted by a block of 'luxury' flats known as Ashley Court, in Carlisle Place, a few hundred yards from Toc H Headquarters. The hall was set out with small tables as a *rendez-vous* for members attending the Festival, and morning and afternoon tea was supplied. It was, in fact, a very pleasant rest-room and meeting-place, but oversea and other visitors to the Festival were kept so constantly busy with other events that attendance at the Exhibition was, until the end of the week, disappointingly small. Those who came had the right to record their votes as to the best exhibit in each class on a card provided for the purpose. This absence of expert judges was intended to test the average taste of Toc H members.

The idea of such an Exhibition was initiated by Paul Slessor, who, with Cecil Thomas and some expert picture-hangers, arranged the exhibits. The whole scheme was frankly an experiment and it was impossible to foretell what response the invitation to artists in Toc H would call forth. No one expected a very high all-round standard of work to be sent in and no one would claim that the exhibition was very even in its quality or that there were many outstanding exhibits. But it was an honest effort and those who went round it found plenty of interest there. Every exhibitor might, at least, have labelled his contribution, in the words of the pavement artist, "All my own work," which goes one better than the junk-shop legend "Real hand-painted." Each exhibitor had *seen* something and had tried with all the craftsmanship he or she could master to show it to other people. And some rose above mere painstaking and loving care to the ranks of true artists. Thus far the main object of the exhibition—the testing and the encouragement of the capacity of members in Toc H and L.W.H. to make things for themselves — was achieved. Professional artists called it "a very pleasant little show."

Some Exhibits

Eight classes were open to exhibitors:—I. Oil paintings; II. Water-colour drawings; III. Drawings in any other medium; IV. Etch-

ings and engravings; V. Wood- and Lino-cuts; VI. Sculpture; VII. Wood carvings; VIII. Caricatures, in any medium. The rules limited pictures of all kinds to 30 x 30 inches in size and sculpture to 56 lbs. in weight. Actually there was only one piece of sculpture—a small red sandstone head of a man in a very modern manner, which was christened forthright by visitors "Portrait of George Bernard Shaw." There was only one entry also in class VII, a well-designed and executed small oak cupboard with carved foliage in the panels. Classes V and VIII were also very small, too small for genuine competition. There were a few posters included, and one or two examples of handicraft not for competition—a delicate panel of repoussé leather showing the poem "Here is a quiet room" surrounded by armorial designs and the symbols of various occupations (for the Chapel of the new Birmingham Mark); two panels with ships in coloured plastic wood (F. P. Ruhleman, Barnstaple Branch); and a piece of silk-embroidery with flowers.

The largest class, as might be expected, was No. II, water-colours. Popular judgment by 'card-vote' gave No. 107, *The Lake*, by the Rev. E. Maples Earle (Bexley Group, Kent) not only as the best picture in this class but as the best exhibit in the whole show. Dark, still water, deeply bosomed in dark trees against the pale after-glow of sunset, and one light, with its reflection, at the water's edge—a moment of beauty truly caught but hard to reproduce here (see Plate XIX). This was a large picture, as things went. Size of surface is no criterion whatever in works of art and some of the world's small pictures are, in a real sense, the 'largest' ever painted. But to take large surfaces, for convenience, we may mention No. 117, *Breakwater Beach, Brixham* (W. D. Lavender, Dudley Branch), with its blue-green water and rich Devon-red cliffs; and No. 122, *Bombay Harbour, Sunset* (Lt.-Col. D. Champion-Jones, Hartley Wintney Branch), an accomplished piece of painting, with the silhouette of towers and trees against a flaming evening cloud. By the same artist was another large Indian water-colour—No. 121, *Coimbatore Plains*

from the Nilghiris, in which the great hills emerge in a lovely pale opalescent dawn. Mountains provided a very favourite subject for our landscapists: special mention may be made of No. 126, *The Coolins after rain* (Saunders, Thornton Heath)—a clean, swift impression of the dark ragged clouds clearing over moor and mountain, and two pictures (not for competition) by G. S. Hervey—*Pollensa Puerto, Majorca*, and *Koenigsee*,



Bookplate by A. Deverall—Winner Class IV.

Bavaria, in which rocky peaks, painted by a practised hand, dominate the scene. Another pair of paintings, also not for competition, deserve honourable mention—two low-toned landscape drawings—parkland with trees and a steep corner with railings and trees—by Lydia Pickering (Tunbridge Wells L.W.H.). The same artist also contributed an excellent woodcut, No. 162, *Hop-picking*, which fitted well into the page of type which it illustrated.

In the arts, as in most departments of life, we have always been, and remain, the most

conservative of the Western nations. Even in so small and mainly amateur a collection as this Exhibition it was interesting to observe how little the 'modern' movement in painting—say, the change in aim and method which has marked the last twenty years—had touched the exhibitors. In both drawing and colour one picture—No. 196, *Dartmoor* (J. E. H. Brown, Norwich Higham Group), seemed to owe its conception to painters like Cezanne, and another—No. 113, *The Quiet Wedding*, to the new-old 'quaintness' of decorative designers like Rex Whistler. This last little picture, with its pale golden shadows and stage-scenery trees and its charming little wedding group at the church door, was by E. B. Cruickshank, Kingsbury Group: it had just a hint of the comic genius of that namesake of his who illustrated Dickens. For the rest the water-colours ranged from pictures as frankly 'Victorian' in subject and handling as the child-study, No. 123, *Just Tired* (Miss Hubbard, Tottenham L.W.H.) and *H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth at play* (Mrs. E. Prideaux-Brune, not for competition), to No. 112, *Boston from the Ferry* (Anne Smith, Boston L.W.H.), the composition and colour of which—without any disrespect—would make a popular coloured picture post-card, or such thoroughly clean and capable paintings, in the traditional English manner, as several from overseas, No. 108, *Simpson's Bay, Tasmania* (E. E. Urwin, Hobart Branch) or No. 124, *White Gum, South Australia* (Margaret O. Adamson, Unley L.W.H.). One picture seemed to carry us still further back—the charming No. 115, *Early Autumn* (Wm. House, Maidenhead Branch), with its simple composition of rich brown trees against a translucent blue sky which gave us a hint of the 'classical' age of Cotman and the great English water-colourists. There were a number of flower paintings both in the water-colour and oil classes, but none of them were outstanding and some among the least good things in the Exhibition. Two low-toned, chalky drawings by Y. N. Searle, Kimberley, South Africa—No. 129, *Seascape*, and No. 130, *Crags*, deserve mention.

Class I, Oil-paintings, contained considerably fewer entries. Of these several (we shall be pardoned for not specifying them) were frankly in the seaside-lodging-house category. Popular judgment put at the top of the oil class No. 150, *Blakeney, Norfolk* (Barclay Baron, H.Q., Plate XXI), which gave some of the sparkle and briskness of sun and cloud in East Anglia but with a rather unmanageable foreground—that bugbear of amateur composition. The painting of *The Prince's Lamp*, familiar through reproduction, by the same hand, was also exhibited. The largest of the oil-paintings deserves notice—No. 151, *Baggeridge Woods, near Himley Hall*, a fine decorative piece with massive forest trees pierced by a flash of sunlight. Certainly the ablest of the oil paintings were two, not for competition, by Leslie Kent, Radlett Branch—*Canal*, a bold composition carried out with the pallet-knife and *The Tower Pageant*, which we reproduce and which admirably caught the scene of the London 'train-bands' paraded in the moat in the glare of stage-lighting. Those of us who remember this artist's 'one-man show' in Bond Street a year or two ago will regret that more of his delightful work could not be seen at the Festival Exhibition.



Norwich Cathedral. by J. E. H. Brown—Winner Class V.

The other classes were all limited in quantity and not as a rule remarkable in quality. The plebiscite awarded first place in Class III (Drawings in any other medium) to the ink drawing, No. 165, *The High Altar, St. Paul's Cathedral* (S. B. Dillon, Barry Branch. Plate III), a careful piece of 'architect's' drawing, which gives all the facts, but misses the atmosphere. A much freer use of the drawing pen was seen in No. 178, *Elstead, Godalming* (F. C. Ripley, Godalming Branch, reproduced on page 84). The same artist was the winner in Class VIII, Caricatures, with his portrait (surely no caricature in the proper sense) of *The Chairman* of his Branch—No. 158. If the word 'caricature' is to be used thus loosely, we may

commend here an excellent humorous water-colour, the only one of its kind in Class II—No. 127, *The Dummy*, by Alan Deverall (Rosebank Group, Johannesburg. Plate XXII). He also showed the winning exhibit in Class IV—No. 181, *Book-Plate*, for his Group's library (see page 86). This also was surely mis-classified among 'Etchings and engravings' for it is drawn, it seems, with a fine pen and ink. The small number of pencil drawings in Class III were painstaking rather than distinguished: We may single out No. 169, *Bosham Channel, Chichester Harbour* (Crookshank, Lewes Branch) and *Tom Tower, Oxford* (Vernon Castle, Barking Branch).

The winner of Class V, Wood- and Linocuts, was J. E. H. Brown's *Norwich Cathedral*, which we reproduce. This class should have been more largely represented. As an example of less usual mediums, there was one tempera painting, *Crucifixion*, by Ralph Farebrother, West Wickham, an ambitious artist of 16: he produced a picture of real feeling, defective in drawing but a good, firm 'pattern' of colour. Another picture of his was a poster, No. 197, *Peace not War*, in a bold modern manner and easily the best design among the little row of posters

which flanked the platform. No. 139, *The Light that shineth*, a poster for a Christmas pageant, with its effective lantern in red outline on a yellow ground, was spoilt by almost illegible 'artistic' lettering: a poster's first duty, like a book's (and even William Morris sometimes forgot this) is to be immediately readable. Finally, a little group of pastels at one end of the room contained some attractive small pictures, notably two by the same hand—a *Rock Garden*, full of brilliant clumps of colour, and a quiet *Lake*, among grey-green conifers (E. Waggett).

It is safe to say that everyone who visited the Festival Art Exhibition enjoyed it—even if they 'did' the pictures casually, spent a few minutes examining the series of Lamps, in pottery and bronze, from pre-Christian times to the Toc H and L.W.H. Lamps, which filled a glass case in the centre of the room, and concentrated most of their attention on tea and a talk with friends. The pity was that many more members did not drop in. They would have witnessed a modest but honest beginning, something to show for a kind of effort in Toc H which has not yet won the place it deserves in the life of the Family. Some day we shall do it again and do it even better.

B.B.



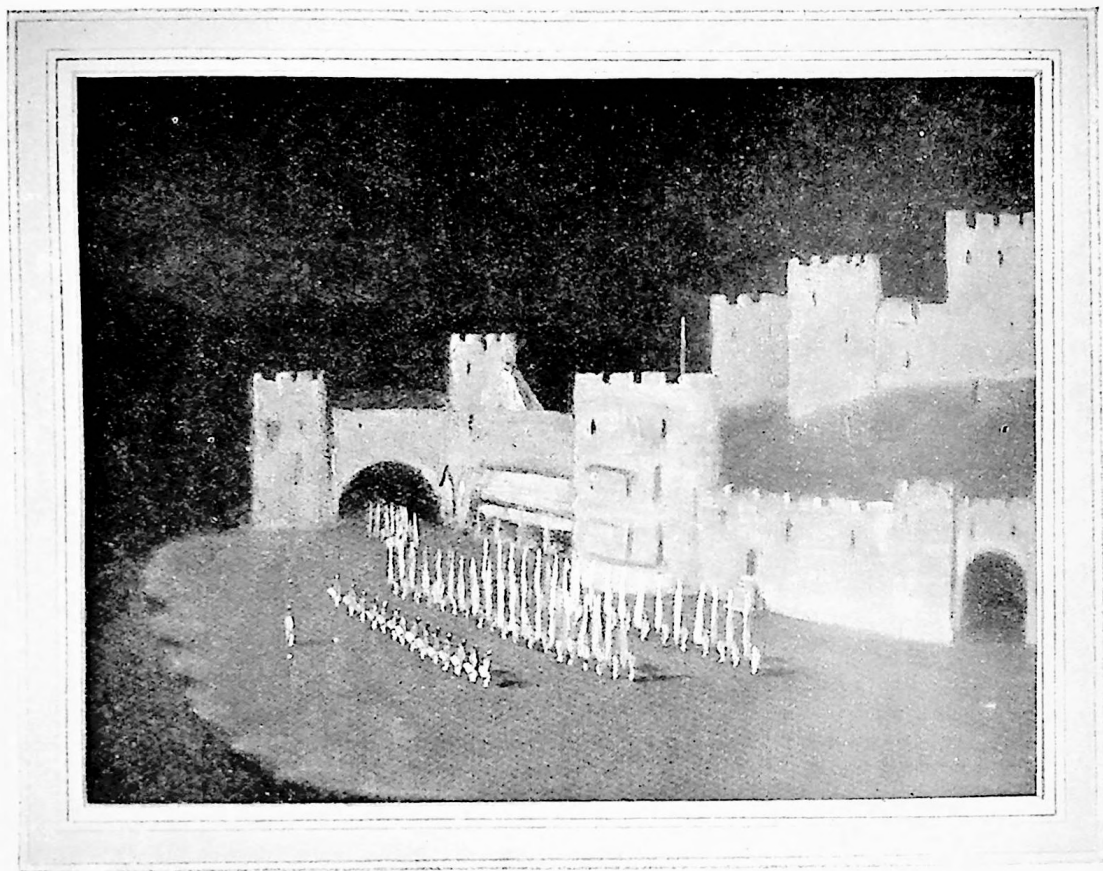
STAMFORD,
LINGS, FROM THE
WELLAND VALLEY MEADOWS.



No. 107 : 'THE LAKE' by H. Maples Earle.

Winner of Class II. Watercolours.

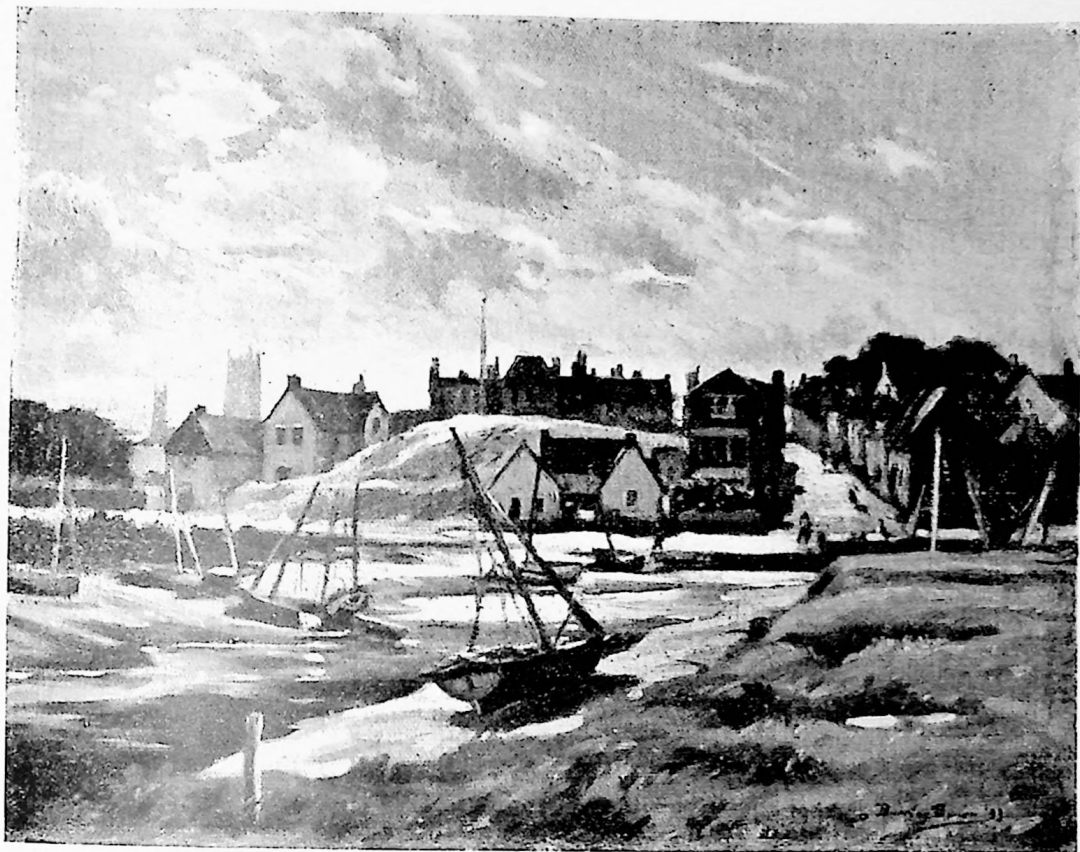
Adjudged the 'Best Picture in the Show.'



' THE TOWER HILL PAGEANT, 1935.'

(Banners and drums of the London ' Tram-bands ' in the Moat)

Oil-painting by Leslie Kent.



NO. 150: 'BLAKENEY, NORFOLK,' by Barclay Barou.

Winner of Class V. Oil Painting.



No. 127: 'THE DUMMY.' Watercolour by Alan Deverall (Rose Bank, Johannesburg).

PART III : AFTERMATH

THE Central Week, June 21—28, represented the peak of a Festival which was intended to impress indelibly on the minds of members, and to inform the outside world, that Toc H had come of age. It had been as full and varied a week as anyone taking part in its events is ever likely to experience, exhausting but full of rewards both for those who organised it and those who came to enjoy it. But it was not the end of the Festival. Members, especially those who had come from afar, were in the mood to see and to learn more. The programme of the third week, therefore, consisted—as the first had done—of pilgrimage in the British Isles and on the Continent, and of rallies and week-ends for 'training' purposes.

There were four more Motor-Coach Tours—three to the North and one to the West, and four Pilgrimages—three for Toc H and one for L.W.H.—to Flanders and France. All of these were varied in their routes and

in the richness of their experiences, but it is impossible to describe them severally here and the Tours and Pilgrimage already recorded (pages 10-14) must do duty for them all.

Then, there were Rallies at Windsor (organised by the Oxford and Thames Valley Area) and at Harpenden (Eastern Area), of which some account will be found in the following pages, and small training courses held at Farnham Castle in Surrey and Gosforth High Park, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Nor was this the end. On July 6 two further Tours started out, one for Ireland, South and North, (see page 96) and the other for Wales, South and North. The Eastern London Area held a Training Weekend at Epping, and overseas L.W.H. members spent two days at St. Albans. Finally, there was a week-end Conference at Digswell Park and participation in the great Canadian Pilgrimage to Vimy Ridge, both of which are described in pages which follow.

The Windsor Rally, July 4

Looking back upon the Windsor Rally, one is conscious of an indefinable impression of restfulness, in contrast, it may be, to the rush and tumble of the Festival Week. Here, it seemed, was Toc H back at home once more, and rather glad, now that it was all over, to be getting down to things again. However wide of the mark that feeling may be, one likes to think of the Rally as a kind of breathing space, an occasion for glancing backward and taking stock of things; and St. George's Chapel, a hallowed place in the Age of Chivalry, and Eton, still in our own day and generation the greatest of schools, make a background that seizes the imagination.

No doubt there was the usual crowd of sightseers at Windsor that Saturday afternoon, but everywhere one ran into members and friends of Toc H, and in the early evening a goodly company filled the nave of St. George's Chapel. It was an impressive service, moving in its dignity and simplicity. And after Bobs Ford, in his commentary on

Peter's roof-top dream, had led our thoughts quietly back to the technique of living, it seemed a natural thing to pray that our loins might be girded and our lamps kept burning for the journey that lay ahead of us.

Out in the fresh air once more, we were soon making our way across the bridge and along sleepy Eton High Street to the College and its hospitable hall. And there, over coffee and buns, were the usual meetings and questions and comparing of notes until the show began.

Armitage has a flair for leading community singing, and though Time itself could not avert a kind of Eisteddford in miniature, we were left at the finish with an appetite for more. Then, from Hughes, a visitor, came a couple of those dramatic songs that are invariably demanded of the same people at the camp sing-songs and smokers and places where they sing. And all the while, Dr. Ley, of Eton, was doing yeoman service as accompanist. The three members of the

Toc H Drama League, who repeated their Grocers' Hall triumph, *The Old Firm's Awakening*, deserve a more enlightened word of praise than this pen can contrive. Suffice is to say that the acting was vigorous, the make-up flawless, the whole thing entirely enjoyable.

There was a delightful interlude when Howard Dunnett, the Oxford and Thames Valley and Southern Area Secretary, became the victim of an informal presentation, on his impending departure for the Argentine, and this was followed by the introduction of Dallas Ralph, Howards' successor in the Thames Valley.

And then Gilbert Williams took the floor. We sat up. That is a habit of Gilbert's. Soon he was making some of us squirm a little. Toc H, he reminded us, was now very much in the news. Perhaps rather too much had been claimed for us, more than our record or our consciences could justify. More than we could live up to, but it was up to us to try all we knew. He spoke of the oft-repeated words of personal rededication, and left us asking ourselves just how much we really meant what we said. In his own inimitable way he pounced upon our complacent snobbery and upbraided us for our stodgy, stereotyped pseudo-solemnity. And

then he bade us consider whether we were not a little over-shy in our units concerning the spiritual basis of our Toc H life.

One can only give an inadequate sketch of his arguments. He had in the main four points. In the first place he reminded us that during the Festival Toc H had declared to the world in no uncertain words that it was a Christian movement. And the word Christian has definite big implications. Secondly, as such, it still believes in the idea of Everyman's Club as the finest and strongest and only recruiting ground for its campaign among society as a whole. Service and sacrifice, the inspiration of the War, are also as fundamentally necessary as ever they were and must be the living driving forces of the Toc H method. Lastly, Toc H, he pictured, in a distracted and threatened world, as a Family of cheerful spirits. Their cheerfulness should not be that of a "cheery beery crowd," but that of men certain in the nature and the conclusion of their task.

These are but the bare bones. Much more he said. But even if these were his words, and they are not, they could hardly hint at that whimsical humour, that deep conviction.

If only we who heard Gilbert at Windsor would think on these things!

PHILIP JORDAN.

The Harpenden Rally, July 5

The last of the 'training' functions arranged in connection with the Festival took place on ground which has long been a great favourite with members of the Eastern Area. This was the Harpenden Rally, held on July 5, in the enchanting grounds of Rothamsted House. King Sol reigned, in his happiest mood, in the blue above, and radiated light and warmth which added the touch of perfection to the green lawn and trees and the wealth of red roses of this lovely estate.

The day began with Celebrations for Free Churchmen and Anglicans, at which a hundred men made their Communion. Thus fortified in spirit they turned their attention to material things and gathered for breakfast. At 10.30 some two hundred members assembled in the gardens to tackle the first session.

This was conducted by Jim Burford who carried them rapidly for an hour and a half, in his inimitable manner, from gay to grave and back again. All the time he wove a story round Toc H of the structure of British society, reminding his hearers that, because of the incorporation of our movement by a Royal Charter, we were a part of this structure, a Company set up to build traditions in that society by trading in Fellowship and Service. Many in the audience who had tacitly dismissed the Royal Charter as a document full of tedious legal phraseology and as having little bearing on the job of Toc H to-day, came to recognise, through Jim, the beauty of its wording and its deep meaning for our Family.

At noon the rally broke up into eight

groups, each under a leader, to discuss questions which had been prepared beforehand. There were four sets of these, so that two groups discussed each set and at the end of the second discussion period in the afternoon were able to meet and exchange their 'findings' through their respective leaders. The first period of discussion had to be limited to half-an-hour as there were lunch boxes in the offing which claimed serious attention.

Immediately after a delightful *al fresco* lunch, members, by the kind permission of the Directors, were shown over the laboratories and experimental farms of the Rothamsted Agricultural Society and spent a most enjoyable and instructive hour.

The second group discussion session began at 2.45 p.m., and at 3.30 all gathered together to listen to the group leaders giving the up-

shot of the discussions. In the very limited time given them the members of groups had tackled questions firmly and the quality of the reports was high. There was no attempt to arrive at decisions; the sole object was to get men talking over problems together.

Members of the L.W.H. and also one of the Coach Tour parties, including several South Africans, which was returning from their tour, smelled out the Rally at the tea hour, and thus augmented in numbers the members gathered at 5.30 p.m. to listen to Jim Burford's final talk on the 'finished product' of our Company's work—Love of Christ and of our fellow men. On this high note ended a wonderful day, rich in experience for those who took part in it. They were dismissed by Padre Colin Marr with home-going prayers.

L. M. W.

Jim Burford's Opening Talk

THE word Revolution is much disliked. May I remark that though a Revolution is usually thought of as the bursting of a bomb it can with equal fairness be described as the bursting of a blossom. Revolution properly understood need not mean death and destruction, but a new phase of life and beauty. Man vainly attempts to open his blossoms with a crow-bar, God uses a sunbeam.

I do not propose to deal with the long history of Revolutionary Forces in the world, nevertheless, we have to start somewhere.

I remember looking at a large rock in a coal-mine, wondering where I could begin the process of breaking it, when the colliery surveyor remarked, "Look for a thin strand of coal in which to drive your wedge." If we look at history there is a black thread which will serve as a starting point; it certainly is a point of division—I allude to the War. That period divides history as clearly as anything in the whole story of mankind. Since that period there

is not a country (at least in Europe) that has not had its revolutionary movements, its great change either attempted or accomplished.

Mayhap you have expected me to deal with these movements—Communism, Fascism, and so on, but that is not my subject or intention. I am to deal with Toc H as a world-changing force. Nevertheless, I do say that a fair thinking Toc H man must give some attention to the study of these movements so that he may know what is happening in the world, and in a measure understand wherein and how Toc H is different, for it seems to me futile to regard Toc H at twenty-one years of age as anything other than a force which, at least, aims through the changing of chaps to the changing of the world. I put forward the plea that Toc H men cannot understand their job unless they know something definite of these other forces that are claimants and rivals in the same sphere of activity, that is, changing the world. One thing more, I never did, and

do not now, regard the War as simply a smash and grab raid of economic forces and men dominated by greed of gold. It was a test as to whether the world really believed in spiritual or material values, and a clearing of the ground for the building of a new world on one or other of these valuations. It seems to me that all revolutionary forces in Europe still cling to the materialistic view and that Toc H which grew out of the War is pledged to the other—the spiritual valuation of life and its appurtenances. I am dealing with Toc H and not with the other forces; they have protagonists enough.

British Society

Some years ago on the Bristol Rovers Football Ground I saw some twelve thousand children performing a variety of very beautiful movements. That Football Ground has never held so many mothers as it did on that occasion. I overheard one of them say to another as she looked at that vast array of children, "My Lizzie's in that." You will enter into the humour of it when I say that statement conveyed very little. Lizzie was certainly there, but so was Johnny, so was Mary, and so were the children of thousands of mothers, but to pick a single child out was impossible.

If instead of children on a football field you could think of forty-five millions of people on this island living their lives, playing their games, and forming their associations, you will have a picture of that bewilderment which we call British Society. Churches, the commerce and industry organisations, the leisure-time associations, the intellectual, the social reform, the social service, clubs, communities, etc. Look on all this and say: Toc H is in that, and you will have some idea as to the smallness of Toc H numerically in the total complexity of the whole of British Society. Nevertheless, as

Lizzie was on the football field so Toc H is in British Society, and like the child it has its place, and if it is to help Society it must keep its place, and fulfil its function.

I have been careful to remark that British Society is larger and wider than the Political State, and its other component parts, but we must have a picture of that Society other than a vague abstraction. It does seem to me that there are two theories or pictures that pre-dominate and may help:—In the City of Malmesbury in 1642 there lived a man who wrote a book which all Toc H students should read—the man is Hobbes, and the book is entitled *Leviathan*—in the which he likens Society to a gigantic individual which grew up by natural process, having a mind, a soul, a character, and a will of its own. You can see *Leviathan* on the continent under the name of the Totalitarian State—he is not a very attractive personage.

In 1765 there lived in France a man who loved humanity so widely that he forgot to love his own children. Rousseau wrote a book called *The Social Contract* which again should by thinking men be read (it is no use taking your knowledge from the morning Press). He likens Society to a body of people sitting perpetually in committee, arranging and rearranging the functions and duties of all other people. You can see the Social Contract in Europe to-day: they now call it a Soviet.

Great Britain has always boasted of muddling through. I think the time has come when we must cease at least muddled thinking, and recognise that there is an element of truth in *Leviathan* and the Social Contract pictures. Because there is a something that we would die for called Britain, and there is a someone whom we call ourself, to separate our country from our rights as individuals is

to do violence to both. When our Saviour said, "The Kingdom of God is within you," He was true not only in a theological but in all senses, for individual man within himself is a picture or an epitome of whatsoever society he may be part of. The building up of the individual life, and the place of different things in the individual life is a picture of the building up of, and the placements within and of, Society.

The building up of the individual may be done scientifically, or it may be done as it were by natural instinct. Most men do not calculate the calorific value of their breakfast, they eat it, and it becomes their bone and their muscle, their smile and their anger and so forth. In a word, they incorporate their breakfast. So with other aspects of the individual life. My mind, for instance, is continually taking to itself the riches of many other minds. As Browning puts it, "I am part of all that has touched me."

In my life some things have a long duration, others will live as long as I live, but some have had their little day and long since ceased to be, they are no longer me or part of me. Some of the songs I sang twenty years ago are gone, while a few only remain. Those that had no permanent value have departed, while others that had remain. British Society is built up like that; a process of assimilation, incorporation, discarding and retention of ideas, movements, and customs. Just as in my life I expect a definite result from everything I take into myself, so has British Society the right to expect a definite result from everything it allows to become part of itself, and the failure to produce that result means that it will die and cease to function.

British Society does not expect its Police Force to manage its railways, or its railways to conduct its worship, or its Clergy

to manage industrial concerns. To everything its proper function that the whole body, fitly compacted together, may live and grow.

You will, I am sure, agree that you in your life do not expect the same result from a bottle of beer, a Bach Sonata, a game of billiards, or a loaf of bread, but you do expect some definite result when you incorporate (say) these four things.

This process of assimilation or incorporation both in self and society is always going on, and gives us some notion of what we mean by the constitution of a man and the constitution of British Society—both real things, but not easily tied down to a formula of explanation.

In myself the process of selection is sometimes of my own desire, at others it has been forced in upon me by those who deemed it good for me. For instance, I nowadays select my own books. In my childhood my schoolmaster imposed upon me the rule of simple arithmetic. Incidentally, the boys of my school had a philosophy of education which is not inapplicable to society at large. We reasoned that it was the schoolmaster's business to knock education into us, and ours to resist him to the best of our ability! That he succeeded in knocking some sense into our heads may not be very evident but it proves that someone other than ourselves sometimes knows what is best for us.

Toc H and Society

In 1919 the Rev. Phillip Clayton and a small number of men were sure that they had a something that was good for British society, whether or not British Society recognised the fact or were prepared to accept it. By 1922 their numbers had increased to five thousand—a poor gate even for a third division football team. But they were more convinced than ever that they had the makings of a new world, or

at least the secret and the method therefor. To find a place, a permanency, and the privilege of working in British Society with that end in view became almost their main aim.

Therefore they asked British Society for that place, for that opportunity, and accepted certain obligations. Obviously, they could not run round every man and woman, but they did the right thing—they approached the symbol of all British Society, that is, *the throne*. You will remember how last Christmas the beloved Father of our present King said, "The throne and the man whom it has pleased God to place thereon." The King is the active representative of the people, beloved and gracious; the throne is the symbol of himself and of his people. Just as Toc H in its meetings gathers around its symbol *the Lamp*, so Society gathers around its symbol *the throne*. If we are thoughtful people, when we sing "God save the King" we will imagine all that the throne and the King symbolises; down to the poorest little gutter-snipe that ever needed a summer camp. There is no need to sing "God save the people" as the alternative to "God save the King" because in a very great sense we all meet through him in the great symbol—the throne.

The Royal Charter

A Petition was presented, and just as any appeal to you as a man gains some answer or other, and as every prayer to heaven properly understood has its answer, so was this petition to the throne answered. Toc H became incorporated into British Society. For the plain man this means that British Society accepted us and we became part of the body of British Society.

Toc H is not an outside experiment, but something working not only within society but as something with a rightful

place within Society, carrying with it not only its privileges but its obligations. Membership of Toc H therefore is not a flighty, irresponsible, academic affair, but an obligation to British Society and to the throne, and above all to God, to fulfil certain definite obligations. This I think cannot be too much stressed in case we should regard Toc H as simply something we happen to belong to. The answer to the Petition was the *Royal Charter*, which, whether I affront or please, I declare to be not only the most important document Toc H has but the best piece of literature, and undoubtedly the easiest and the readiest vehicle of giving an answer to the question, "*What is Toc H?*" It may, by some, be regarded as a legalistic necessity; by others as a horrible example of legal jargon. I ask you to get that notion out of your heads. Buy a copy and read it for yourself. You will then understand not only its importance but its clarity, and its enduring value not only to Toc H but to British Society now and always.

As the Railways, the Universities, the Scientific Associations and the Churches, and so on, are allowed to function for their particular purpose in British Society so the Royal Charter informs Toc H that it is allowed to exist for a definite purpose. If time permitted we might say a lot about Charters that have been given in the past; let it suffice to say that no charter has been granted in British history unless for a definite purpose. *For what, then, is Toc H chartered—and why was it incorporated?*

'A Trading Concern'

The answer is: Toc H is chartered as a trading concern. I do not mean the buying and selling of houses for Marks, that is true, of course; neither do I mean the publication and the buying of books and pamphlets, although that also you may

read of in the Charter. I mean that the first purpose of Toc H is that we are tradesmen and traffickers within British society of certain commodities and values that the King and the Privy Council together with the original five thousand deemed essential to the well-being and revolution or development of that Society. We were incorporated and chartered to keep alive a tradition—the word tradition and the word trading are first cousins if not nearer relatives—and our job is to trade and traffic in that which made up the Old House in Poperinghe. Those commodities are called *Fellowship* and *Service*. While other nations were making their own choice as to the future—and invariably choosing the material valuation of life—this Empire encouraged a body of men, and gave them a Royal Charter to traffic in the unseen and not readily accepted valuations of Fellowship and Service, recognising that Fellowship and Service were essential to the ultimate aim—the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth; surely the most revolutionary choice that has ever been made. May I in conclusion ask you to re-study your position in Toc H, using Fairmindedness not only to the chap you meet in the street and workshop, but to those great world forces I have mentioned in relationship to the chartered Toc H and its different ideals and methods. Having thus been fair to your own mind, and to those movements, proceed then to understand Fellowship as something far more important and deeper than we may have hitherto conceived it; that it is opposed to fear, and strong beyond friendship; it is more than a leisure-time association, it is a merging of life to life, having at its centre its core of adherence—God. For our Fellowship is not only with man but of God. Service becomes, then, not a leisure-time occupation to be selected and

dropped as we think fit, but our usual life, our everyday task. We must lift the idea of service within British Society back to its proper place where all work (and not merely jobs of our own choosing) is done to the glory of God and the relief of man's estate. Men will then see their duty as God's will.

There is something in poetry about Stradivarius making violins for God. I have in my life sometimes glimpsed the idea that digging coal was releasing the imprisoned splendour of God contained therein for the service of all God's children. If you are inclined to bargain with God as to what job of service you will do, I commend you to Kipling's poem *Mulholland's Contract*. God's last words in that poem are:—

*"Back you go to the cattle-sheds
And preach the Gospel there."*

As the North star is the star that counts to the sailors; as all needles point to the Pole, so these three points of our charter compass *Fairmindedness*, *Fellowship*, and *Service* lead us to our Pole star which is God. That this is stated last of all is not because it is least or equal or similar to the others but that the others lead to it.

The Kingdom of God

One of the best Toc H poems I know is Browning's *Abt Volger*, wherein the musician having made a queer instrument proceeds to take three sounds and to make of them not a fourth but a star. So Fairmindedness, Fellowship and Service, rightly understood make not a fourth point of the compass but a star.

*Brightest and best of the stars of the
morning,*

*Dawn on our darkness and lend us
Thine aid,*

is just one way of saying that with these qualities and values we will build the Kingdom of God, first within ourselves as Fairminded, second with those we

know in Fellowship, then outward to every department of life as Service, until everything and every man shall come under the domination of God, which is the Kingdom of God in the organised life or will of man. In the long growth of British Society many incorporations have taken place and Charters granted. I commend to you a reading of some of them; how, for instance, the Royal North-West Mounted Police took the invisible qualities of law and order into the grim, greedy,

gold-mad Yukon, and how all that know them pay tribute to their greatness and success.

May the children, yet unborn, who shall live in a society akin to the Kingdom of God in British Society, rise up, read, and hear how Toc H in this generation took on its task and succeeded. So that when we are gone over to the other side there will be those who will remember us with at least some degree of sincere, and perhaps with proud, thanksgiving.

The Irish Tour, July 6-12

Ireland gave a most warm welcome to a party of about twenty-five, all of whom, save four Englishmen, came from the ends of the earth. Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Hong Kong, Egypt and Singapore were represented. Most of the party entrained at Euston on July 6, and went to bed at 3 a.m. aboard the channel steamer, but were fresh for the great welcome which Dublin members gave them at Dunlaoghaire (Kingstown) four hours later.

A round of sightseeing, and instruction in the ancient lore of the fair island concluded with a memorable family night at Jury's, where hosts and visitors learnt a good deal more of the world and its peoples, and of Toc H triumphs and tribulations. Next day the visitors delighted in the glories of County Wicklow. Almost everywhere overseas members went, fair weather and sunshine followed them, and Ireland, spread before them in mountain, stream and vale, was indeed an emerald isle.

The following day saw the party in Belfast, where there was a further succession of tea parties and luncheons. As at Dublin, the

visitors were received by the Lord Mayor, and an afternoon was spent at the Houses of the Northern Ireland Parliament, where Sir Wilfred and Lady Spender entertained them. Another splendid Guest-night followed at Campbell College, where Ulster members were as determined in their hospitality as those of the South. Next morning a motor tour to the Giant's Causeway added still more to the memory of some wonderful weeks.

More than anything else however, the overseas visitors will remember the true hospitality of their hosts and hostesses in both the South and North. Many members had apparently arranged their holidays to coincide with the tour, and gave up whole days to driving them about and generally seeing to their every comfort. It was Toc H at its best. At Belfast the Overseas League also opened its doors and at Dublin Guinness was good. Jack Shaw led the party and he and those who helped him were as methodical and painstaking in all the arrangements as Toc H had been in London and throughout the Tours in England, Scotland and Wales.

E. N. T.



DIGSWELL PARK WEEK-END, JULY 17-19

THE report of the Festival would be incomplete without some reference to the final meeting in its programme—the week-end Conference at Digswell Park from Friday, July 17, to Sunday, July 19. The party present numbered over a hundred, and they had all been selected and invited. For it was intended to be a conference of leaders in Toc H to discuss leadership. A photograph taken there, Plate XXIII, gives an indication of their faces and their variety. Their names, as they posed for it, are as follows:—

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. *Back Row:* W. d'A. Dalton (*Oxford and Thames Valley Area*). Lt.-Col. E. C. Brown (*Hon. Secretary for the Services*). R. M. Beck (*recently in W. Canada; Tubby's A.D.C.*). J. D. Lambert (*Oxford and Thames Valley Area*). H. Q. Edwards (*Singapore*). F. B. Welbourn (*recently in Alexandria; Tubby's A.D.C.*). T. E. Keysell (*Overseas Commissioner*). C. Sibley Elliot (*Melbourne, Australia*). D. S. Campbell (*Western London*). D. L. Ralph (*Shanghai; now Hon. Sec., Oxford and Thames Valley Area*). H. Leggate (*Kent and Surrey and Sussex Areas Padre; now also Asst. Administrative Padre*). J. N. Jory (*formerly Padre, Kolar Gold Fields Branch, India; Staff Padre-to-be, Winnipeg*). Sir Archibald Campbell (*Overseas Commissioner, Oxford & Thames Valley Area and Central Executive*).

FOURTH AND FIFTH ROWS (those marked with a (5) are standing slightly behind those in the fourth row): H. R. Tunks (*formerly Padre, Brunswick Group, Victoria, Australia*). Captain A. R. Pym (*Chairman, Kent Area*). P. H. Prior (5) (*Kent Area*). H. S. Hodges (*Colombo*). R. Sawers (5) (*Scottish Exptl. Area Sec.*). E. O. Moss (*Manchester Area and Central Executive*). K. Fraser (*Eastern London Area and Central Executive*). J. H. Sutcliffe (*Shanghai*). P. P. Butters (*Burma*). Lt.-Col. A. A. Hanbury-Sparrow (5) (*Chairman, Border Counties Division*). J. W. Burford (*South Wales Area Secretary*). W. H. Leonard (5) (*Dubbo, N.S.W., Australia*). S. O. G. Willson (*Peterborough*). R. L. Watson (5) (*Marks Padre, London*). G. R. R. Martin (*N. and W. London Areas Secretary*). W. C. Clark (5) (*Hong Kong*). D. L. Forsyth (*Fremantle, W. Australia*). H. C. Dunnnett (5) (*Southern Area Secretary*). Major F. V. Drake (5) (*Chairman, Eastern London Area*). B. T. Dickson (*Oxford & Thames Valley Area and Central Executive*). Col. E. B. Ferrers (5) (*Ceylon*). E. P. Driscoll (*Abadan*). E. Tucker (5) (*Editor, "The Compass," Southern Africa*). A. Gammon (*formerly Colombo; Marks Pilot, Leeds*). A. S. Greenacre (5) (*Western Area Secretary*). E. S. Payne (*Kent Area*). Ven. C. L. Riley (5) (*Western Australia*). H. H. Pool (*Southern Area*). Sqdn.-Ldr. C. F. Gordon (5) (*Hon. Commissioner, R.A.F.*). F. G. Gillard (5) (*West Somerset Dist. Sec.*).

THIRD ROW: F. R. Adams (*Tasmania and Melbourne, Australia*). R. F. W. Leonard (*Malaya*). R. L. Wheatley (*Headquarters*). H. W. Thomson (*Overseas Commissioner, Malaya*). W. Evans (*South Wales*). Dr. L. F. Browne (*Northern London Area and Central Executive*). J. G. Stutfield (*Eastern Area and Overseas Commissioner, East Africa*). Paul Slessor (*Sec., Lone Units and Old House Committees*). J. Lloyd (*North Wales*). E. H. F. Dammers (*Sherborne, Dorset*). D. J. Stevens (*Moseley, Birmingham*). A. J. Brown (*South-Western Area*). C. Kleeman (*Perth, W. Australia*). Dr. C. S. Wise (*Kent Area*). J. R. Brown (*Northern London Area*). S. V. Berwick (*Sevenoaks, Kent*). J. D. Burnett (*Sevenoaks, Kent*). L. R. Mordecai (*Kingston, Jamaica*).

SECOND ROW (seated): R. R. Calkin (*General Secretary*). Major-Gen. Sir Arnold Sillem (*Chairman, Southern Area*). H. Hodkisson (*Eastern Canada*). F. E. Ford (*Oxford & Thames Valley Area Padre and Administrative Padre-to-be*). H. U. Willink (*Central Executive*). Barclay Baron (*Editorial Secretary*). P. B. Clayton (*Founder Padre*). H. A. Secretan (*Hon. Administrator*). P. Sutherland Graeme (*Chairman, Eastern Area and Central Executive*). W. J. Musters (*Registrar*). Lt.-Col. W. R. Elliott (*Chairman, Council in India and Burma*). S. H. Britten (*Johannesburg, South Africa*). O. S. Watkins (*Hon. Administrative Padre*). H. F. Sawbridge (*Western Area Padre*). G. Williams (*Southern London Area Padre*). P. McN. Grant (*U.S.A. Hon. Association Padre*). W. A. Cave (*formerly South Australia Area Secretary*).

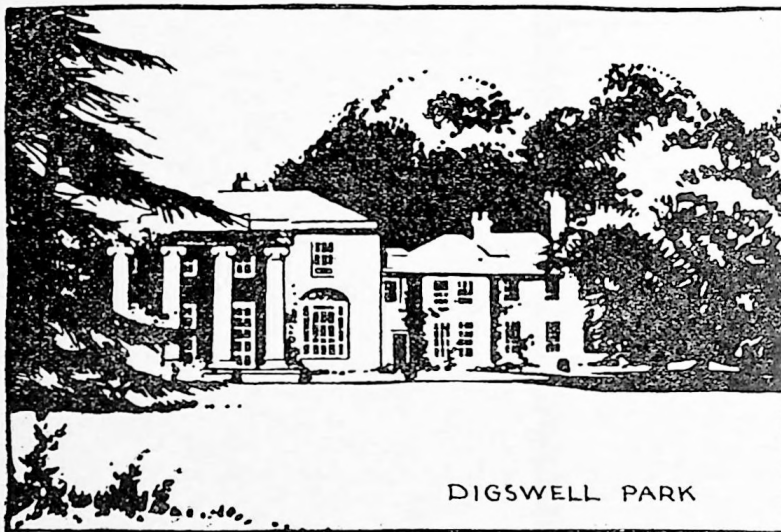
FRONT ROW: Dr. F. W. Arden (*South Australia*). E. H. K. Sen (*Simla-Delhi, India*). H. Gell (*Southern London Area*). E. W. Davies (*North Wales*). L. M. Williams (*Tasmania*). A. Bate-man (*Fremantle, W. Australia*). A. Thorogood (*Kalamunda, W. Australia*). W. S. Bovell (*Geraldton, W. Australia*). J. R. Stoner (*Sydney, New South Wales Area*). P. Jessop (*Subiaco, W. Australia*). O. Barton (*Vancouver, B.C.*). F. Shuttleworth (*Kent Area*). K. Robinson (*Tamar, Tasmania*). M. B. Wills (*Fremantle, W. Australia*). T. W. Cotton (*Southern Area*). L. Scarfe (*Eastern London Area and Central Executive*). F. R. Snell (*Surrey and Sussex Area*).

The aim of the Conference had been stated in a brief memorandum beforehand.

"There will be gathered," it began, "at this week-end members of Toc H from many different places, possessed of many different outlooks on life. A few members of the staff that serves Toc H whole-time, chiefly those with some experience of the Movement overseas, representatives of overseas Toc H, members who are essaying month by month the task of leadership in Areas at home, some few who have special experience of certain aspects of Toc H. We shall come together bringing all our differences of experience, with the memory of the Coming-of-Age Festival fresh in our minds and hearts, just to help each other and be helped in our turn."

"It is not necessary to labour the importance of the broad subject we are to discuss. The vital importance of leadership and of the transmission of the capacity and training for leadership from the older generation to the younger was stressed again and again at the Festival, notably by the Archbishop of York at St. Paul's, Lord Bledisloe at the Mansion House and by the Duke of Kent at the Crystal Palace. No one of us, however humble he may feel, can escape his responsibility in this matter. Not only will Toc H stand or fall by the quality of its own internal leadership, but it is pledged also to give a lead to the world. What else can it mean to challenge our generation to seek the mind of Christ? . . ."

Digswell Park, a mile or more from Welwyn Garden City in Hertfordshire, has been used for five years in succession by the Toc H Staff Conference, which was due to



assemble there on the day after this week-end finished.* The pleasant late 18th century house, with its light and lofty meeting rooms and good sleeping accommodation, its green lawns and glorious trees, its beautiful small church adjoining the house, its resources for tennis, cricket, miniature golf and its covered 'stikke' court, make it ideal for such a purpose. In the face of uncertain weather, gleams of warm sun with intervals of gloom and rain, the company used every advantage to the full. There was joyful fellowship from the first moment, to which the wardens and

staff of the house ministered in the same spirit.

No verbatim reports of talks or discussions can be given here, but there shall be some indication of how the Conference spent its sessions. What cannot be adequately described is the most important element in such a week-end—the exchange of thought and opinion between one man and another in the 'free' times, the interplay of heart and mind, the making of friendships, the achievement of new understanding, the sense of unity in a rich diversity of creatures.

Toc H Round the World

After supper on Friday, the first meal together, members of the Conference met for a session described as "A Survey of Toc H" in the form of 'ten-minute vignettes' from representatives of all parts of the world. Henry Hodkisson and Ray Beck opened with some account of progress in Eastern and Western Canada respectively; Bob Cave spoke on behalf of the Australians present; Ralph for the Far East, and Shanghai in particular; Leonard for Malaya; 'Tosher'

Elliott and Eric Sen for India; Alec Gammon and Col. Ferrers for Ceylon; Driscoll for Abadan; Eric Tucker for Southern Africa; Mordecai for the West Indies; and Pryor Grant for the United States. Some of these short speeches gave a straightforward picture of the life and activities of local units overseas, while others dealt with more general principles and policy for the future. Eric Tucker, for instance, made the Conference feel the complexity and urgency of the 'colour problem' in Southern Africa and the vital concern of Toc H with it, and Pryor

* A report of the 1936 Staff Conference will appear in the September JOURNAL.

Grant painted a moving picture in a few minutes of a great nation in the making in the U.S.A. and the opportunity for Toc H there if it can be put on its feet. A pair of speeches on Toc H in India, complementary to each other, fascinated the audience. 'Tosher,' as an Englishman, spoke mainly from the angle of the British resident in India; Eric Sen, as an Indian, opened his hearers' minds to the possibilities of an indigenous Toc H which would accord with India's national aspirations. The session lasted late but was greatly worth while, for it set the wide stage on which leadership must help Toc H to play in infinite variety.

Speakers and Discussions

On Saturday morning the first hour of session was given to Tubby. With a card-table beside him piled with books and papers, he moved rapidly from one subject to another, often too fast for his hearers to follow him immediately. Outstanding was his vivid selection of what he called 'sparrows'—the sparrow that cannot fall (or rather 'hop down') without God noticing, the apparently insignificant happenings which have had a share in the making of Toc H. One of these 'sparrows' of his, hitherto scarcely recognised among us, will find print in another issue of the JOURNAL.

The rest of the morning was divided between Leonard Browne and Jim Burford, talking on "Leadership: the life on which it must be based." The manner and the matter of these two talks excellently represented the different style and approach of 'Brown' and Jim, and it is a pity that they cannot here be reproduced.

Short midday prayers, lunch, a stormy afternoon variously employed, and after tea the Conference met in five discussion groups in different rooms under appointed leaders to tackle these subjects—(a) Recruitment and Pilotage; (b) Leadership in a unit; (c) Team-work in District and Area; (d) Service in Toc H—its nature, plan and training; and (e) The function of Marks. This is a method which has been tried of recent years at the annual Staff Conference, with varying success. It offers a chance not merely for a battle

of wits, but for slower minds and shy speakers to express themselves more freely than in a large general session. No 'findings,' as of a Royal Commission, are to be expected after an hour and a half of such free ranging round a subject, but tongues are loosened and trains of thought started which may go much further in time to come.

After supper the third session of the long day, on "The Tasks of Toc H in the sphere of human corporate life"—as distinct from the private life of the leader which had been the subject of the morning session. "The world," said a note in the programme, "is beset with problems how to order and how to enrich the life of mankind. What kind of part can Toc H play?" The two talks, again, approached this subject—as they were intended to do—from very different angles. Barkis spoke first on "the beauty of life," the duty of every member to notice beauty of every kind in nature, art and human nature, to study it and himself to be a creator of beauty; Hubert Secretan dealt with the difficulties and dangers of the changing modern world which Toc H men must seek to understand and to take their own stand about if the family is to play its part.

A Great Sunday

Sunday found the whole Conference well-knit and in a mood of great happiness. The little church overflowed with its Anglican communicants at 8 o'clock; Free Church members held their Celebration in the house. At 11 a.m. Pat Leonard came over from Hatfield, his parish three miles away, and conducted a service in the Conference room. It was, he said, not to be a service 'special' or 'memorable' but a simple and joyful act of worship such as should take place naturally, any day, anywhere, among members of Toc H. The whole congregation helped to make it true to this pattern. And then until after tea everyone was free for talking and playing as they would.

The fourth session had for subject "The Teams to tackle the Tasks" and for speakers Brian Dickson and Rex Calkin. Again their talks were complementary to each other, Brian dealing, so to speak, with the

philosophy of team-work and Rex with its application in unit and District. There was a wealth of most valuable stuff in both.

After supper came the fifth and final session: "The Tasks of Toc H in the rebuilding of Christendom." The leaders were Padres Sawbridge and Leggate. Here again there was an admirable contrast of approach and method. 'Sawbones' developed his theme quietly, building it up with a characteristic slowness and certainty into the rich whole which some of his hearers had learnt to expect of him. Herbert, on the other hand, leapt into the arena, striking out at great problems and anxieties of the moment with shrewd blows of criticism and vivid flashes of humour and uncommon sense. As one young overseas member afterwards confided in an older man, "When Sawbones finished I wanted to jump up and say, 'Herbert, don't say anything—that's perfect, I've got it all now!' And when Herbert began to speak I wanted to apologise to him for having even thought of such a thing." The two speakers had led the Conference to a mountain top; the evening was,

as it should be, the climax of a very fine week-end.

Next morning meant an early breakfast for some returning to duty and the "sweet sorrow" of 'breaking camp.' The considerable car-park melted rapidly away in all directions, with handshakes and 'Au revoir!'—when and where in the world? It took a long time to get one Australian 'bus away, overloaded with men and luggage. There was, to the mere English onlooker, a touch of the bush and the wide open spaces about its departure for "somewhere up North"—with the parting injunction to another Australian member, left behind for the moment, "See you in Bradford on Wednesday—there's sure to be a train."

The Digswell week-end will stand out among the bewildering sequence of events in June and July, 1936, in the minds of the few privileged to be there. There was a freshness and eagerness about it from start to finish, a completeness of fellowship, which caused one home member, well-versed in many phases of the family life, to reckon it "the high-water mark of his Toc H career." B. B.

On Vimy Ridge

On Sunday, July 26, Toc H was represented by a small party of ex-service members at the unveiling of the Canadian National Memorial to the Missing on Vimy Ridge. Our official representative at the ceremony and at the dinner afterwards was Lt.-Col. W. R. ('Tosher') Elliott, of Calcutta. A party of ten Toc H members who had fought on Vimy Ridge was also present. They were provided, at the last minute, with khaki berets which was the 'uniform' of the many thousands of Canadian pilgrims, and had places in the grand stand. On behalf of us all they fulfilled the last engagement set down in the Coming-of-Age Festival programme. A picture of the grand Memorial appears as Plate XXIII, and here is a brief impression of the ceremony by a Toc H member who witnessed it.

A SOLID mass of white stone crowns a grassy rise and is topped by two gigantic pylons, their broken summits affording support to symbolic figures in stone. In the centre is a statue draped in the Union Jack, and on the level forefront of the memorial stands H.M. King Edward VIII with the President of the French Republic. Grouped around these two are officers in brilliant uniforms and statesmen in sombre black relieved by rows of medals. Four members of the Canadian Mounted Police in

scarlet tunics, an Indian Officer whose pugaree is blown in the wind and an ecclesiastic in a long purple robe add colour to the dais. On the grassy forefront, immediately below the draped statue, stand two veteran standard bearers and facing them, drawn up in row upon row, are the 8,000 Canadian Pilgrims, wearing khaki berets and the war medals which many of them won on this very ground when, in April, 1917, they stormed this ridge that to-day looks down on the peaceful Douai plain. Below them, massed

in a double rank extending across the arena, are standard bearers from French ex-service legions, their banners making a swathe of colour as they dip and rise again in salute.

To the right of the King is a stand where, in blue berets, sit the mothers and widows, wearing the medals of those Canadian warriors whose names carved on the granite face of the memorial will live for evermore. The slopes on either side and the level ground in the rear of the memorial are covered with a great multitude of French civilians, ex-servicemen and those who like the small group of Toc H pilgrims have travelled independently to this spot which is, as His Majesty said, "for ever Canada."

The King passes through the ranks of the Canadians, stopping for a moment before a stalwart giant from Vancouver or bending down to speak to a frail woman who bears the medals of her five dead sons. Everywhere people surge forward; there are cheers to greet him and a waving of berets. A full-throated "*Vive le roi!*" goes up from staunch Republicans. How many years could it have been since a soldier King upon an ancient battlefield moved an army of French veterans to such enthusiasm? Here was our King and their President, standing side by side upon the memorial, whilst below them nestled the town of Arras, where 400 years ago at the Field of the Cloth of Gold our King's

ancestor Henry VIII and Francis I of France met, not to mourn their common dead, but to plan a new war.

Squadrons of aeroplanes both French and English in a breath-taking roar salute the memorial. Speeches, the Last Post and then a silence, broken again by Reveillé. The poignant notes of British bugles once more echo over this corner of what has for centuries been the cockpit of Europe. "God Save the King" and "The Marseillaise" with the crowd rigid, the captains and the kings at the salute, and the fierce bayonets of the French Infantry at the Present, and it is over.

The King leaves amidst a dense and cheering crowd, followed immediately by a squadron of Spahis, "*Sans Peur et sans Pitié,*" as the Moroccan memorial on the Ridge starkly declares, and tumult and the shouting die down.

We that are left have grown old since that wild morning in April, 1917, when the Ridge was won, but upon each was borne in the knowledge that this Pilgrimage was a re-dedication to the cause of Peace. Our thoughts could re-people these slopes in the barbaric circumstance of 1917, but effacing that picture will now be the memory of that mass of pure white stone that will forever plead in the hearts of Canada and the Empire for Peace on Earth and Good Will towards men.

R. B. O. (Enfield).

The Great Pilgrimage

*No tramp or trail of foreign feet,
But what is friendly, France to greet!
No words but whisper'd thanks and praise,
Love's own reward in wistful days:
No 'canopy of shrieking steel,'
No murd'rous mud and sinking heel,
But snow-white clouds and sunny glow,
Cover the fields where flowers grow;
Untrodden woods and waving corn,
The earth once wounded now adorn;
And high on Ridge and rising sill,
Stand sentinels ethereal, still;
Pale pylons guard the inland coast,
And pilgrims greet the waiting Host.*

GEORGE NEWTON.

BEHIND THE SCENES

A *RS est celare artem*—the art of Festivals is to conceal the art, to organise them so that those who are to enjoy them are conscious as little as possible of the organisation. This means a great deal of work behind the scenes, true secret service. Now that the whole event is over, there is no harm in revealing a few facts and figures about the machinery which carried it through.

Planning the Festival

It is not easy to determine exactly when the idea of celebrating the Coming-of-Age of Toc H in 1936 first made its appearance. Probably it emanated, like so many other ideas, from Tubby's mind. Certainly rumour reached home several years before the event that members in Australia were beginning to save money for a visit to England in 1936. Actual correspondence about it from Headquarters in London started early in 1933, when enquiries were set on foot to discover what time of year would be most convenient to the majority of visiting Overseas membership. As the result of answers to these enquiries from the principal overseas headquarters, it was decided in March, 1934, to fix the date of the Festival at the end of June and beginning of July, 1936.

In May, 1934, a special *Festival Planning Committee* was appointed, in order to lay down general principles and to draw up an outline programme. This Committee completed its task in July and reported in the autumn to the Central Executive, which approved its proposals.

The actual *Festival Committee* was then appointed by the Central Executive and held its first meeting on January 11, 1935. Freddie Bain, who had acted in the same capacity at many Birthday Festivals before, was appointed Chairman of the Committee, and John Mallet, who—with Rex Calkin (at this time still in Australia)—had much experience of organising previous Festivals, was its Secretary: at a later stage he was relieved of his work as Area Secretary in the Eastern Area and moved to London as full-time Festival Secretary. There followed a regular

series of meetings of this Committee, fourteen in all: the last was held in May of this year. It was the business of the Festival Committee to discuss and lay down general principles and to authorise plans, which they left the Festival Staff to organise in detail and to carry out.

A separate L.W.H. Festival Committee held fourteen meetings during 1935 and 1936. In the last months of preparation Mrs. Twinch, as the representative of L.W.H. Headquarters, worked full-time at 47, Francis Street, with John Mallet and a combined staff of Toc H and L.W.H. And it must be said here that at every point 'behind the scenes' there was the work of Rex Calkin.

The Festival Office at Work

A large room on the top floor at 47, Francis Street, had long been kept vacant for the Festival office. Its principal piece of furniture was an enormous table, at which a score of people could sit—and finally did sit—for the intricate team-work of checking lists and marshalling tickets for dispatch. Shelves were erected to hold files, other tables accommodated typewriters; the 'pictures' on the walls were large-scale plans of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall. A smaller, communicating room provided the 'conning-tower' from which John Mallet and Mrs. Twinch directed operations. In the later stages, when members began to arrive in England from overseas, Bob Cave (of South Australia) sat in a small room on the floor below to receive and welcome visitors; with other members of the staff, he frequently left his lair to meet them on arrival at railway stations, he provided the *Poste Restante* for their letters and was their general guide, philosopher and friend. Needless to say, when these arrivals began, Tower Hill was also very actively concerned with them: All Hallows, and the Overseas Office and Lunch Club at 42, Trinity Square, became more of a bee-hive than ever.

The correspondence involved was considerable. General communications had to be sent to nearly 2,000 Branches, Groups, Districts

and Areas of Toc H and L.W.H. Each of these will remember that a series of such communications, 'getting down to it' by progressive stages, was necessary. If they then add the private correspondence and enquiries which passed between them and the Festival Office and multiply it by the thousand they will get some picture of the postal situation. Altogether nearly 24,000 members' application forms were required. In addition, some 6,000 invitation cards were issued, for the Builders' Festival Evening at the Grocers' Hall, the L.W.H. Festival Evening at the Crystal Palace and the two services at St. Paul's Cathedral. Each of these invitation cards had to have the name written on it and the envelope addressed: this was but a part of the work involved in the operation.

The Festival Events

The number of Festival events arranged was 57—reckoning each Motor Coach Tour as but one item (the correspondence with each member of the Tour and each place he visited must be imagined) and all the Mark Guest-nights as but one. For 31 of these events tickets were required. In all over 70,000 tickets were printed, and there were 132 different sorts of tickets in the Festival Office, with which the staff played a very intricate form of 'Patience' on the big table, often into the early hours of the morning. It need scarcely be said that the colours of the spectrum were found insufficient to provide really distinctive shades for all these, and much thought and ingenuity had to be spent on varying the tickets in the most practical way. There were in addition some 14,000 identity disks, of twelve different varieties.

'E. & O.E.'

'Allotment Day' had long been announced as May 12, and as it approached the work of the Festival Office rose in a steady *crescendo*. Experience of previous Festivals predicted that late-comers would complicate the work greatly—and this prediction was not falsified. The Group Secretary who supposes that next week will do just as well for sending in his return and the member who decides at the last minute that

he would like after all to go on the second River Trip or to get his wife into St. Paul's, does not usually sit down and multiply by many hundreds the extra correspondence and work involved—but that is how it strikes the Festival staff. There may be no excuse (except the fact that he is away on holiday at the time) for a member not receiving his batch of tickets or for a Branch receiving three short or surplus, but compared to the volume of work that had to be done, and done quickly, these mistakes were rare. And it is to be hoped that by now they have been forgiven and forgotten. Nought shall be set down in extenuation of errors and delays. But it is fair to mention a serious fire which threatened disaster to all printing arrangements: it occurred at the height of the rush when tickets and circulars and proofs were needed from hour to hour. The whole of our printers' linotype machines were destroyed, much other machinery put out of action with smoke and water and the complicated time-table of delivery thrown suddenly out of gear. By a happy freak of the fire the type of the *Birthday Book*, the blocks which illustrate it, the stocks of paper for this and other publications and most of the manuscripts for the June JOURNAL, were saved. Patience, hard work and over-time put the 'literature' of the Festival on the rails again, not before much precious time had been lost.

The Registrar's Department

A paragraph, whether they like it or no, shall be given to the Accounts Department, the sacred preserve of the Registrar. 'Mus' and 'Mac,' John and Jack, sometimes with reinforcement, were behind the whole Festival, concerned before, during and after its events. Strict *liaison* was kept between the ground floor and basement and the Festival office upstairs, not a Scots three-penny-bit passed without scrutiny and record. It was alarming to a layman to see figures being totted up by the yard on sheets, a pair of which (translated into linen) would have furnished a child's cot. This work was unremitting but never showy, and when it came

to the climax of the Crystal Palace, the Accounts Department was to be discovered, not in any of the programme but of it all, hidden in a gloomy den which was the 'nerve centre' of programme sellers and literature stall, all the afternoon and evening. They saw nothing of the show and, with their well-gotten gains, they were among the last to leave the building late at night. Publicity is not their strong suit, but it is already rumoured that the Festival as a whole will be found to 'come out' pretty square.

Nor must honourable mention be omitted of those who incessantly typed letters and circulars, were patient with over-wrought telephones, and packed and posted under great pressure. Without these the best-laid plans would have been waste-paper.

No one who saw the whole Festival staff—whether the 'regulars' or the large number of volunteers—at work, often at very queer office hours, will grudge a tribute to them as a good Toc H team.

The Stewards

Clearly office work at '47' or '42' was not

all. When the full-time staff held its usual meeting in London in April this year, at the week-end of the Central Council, it had an opportunity of discussing the forthcoming Festival and of assigning duties to each man present in connection with some particular event. At the same time the Toc H membership in London was called upon to provide a very large number of stewards for the main items of the Central Week programme. At St. Paul's on the Monday night, for instance, 20 London units supplied teams of stewards and at the Crystal Palace on Saturday 40 units. In both these cases not only were most detailed instructions issued to each steward (for the Saturday show they occupied three pages of foolscap typing), but careful rehearsals were held on the spot beforehand. Many of the duties were exacting and most of them, it is to be hoped, enjoyable.

To this sum total of work must be added, of course, the keen co-operation of local units and members in billeting and guiding overseas members in London and in entertaining them in all places visited by the Coach Tours in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

Making the Masque

A 'spot of pageantry' was in the plans of the Festival Committee from the beginning. Barclay Baron was commissioned to produce it again, as at some other Birthday 'shows,' and was given a time-limit for performance of about forty minutes, a very necessary injunction not to be extravagant, and no other advice or restriction. As soon as the Crystal Palace had been fixed upon as the place (it was not the first idea of a *venue* in the Committee's mind) something began to stir which eventually took shape as the 'Choral Masque' *Master Valiant*. There is no need to describe the sort of tribulation which gave birth to its rather artless plot and words, but the musical composition demands mention.

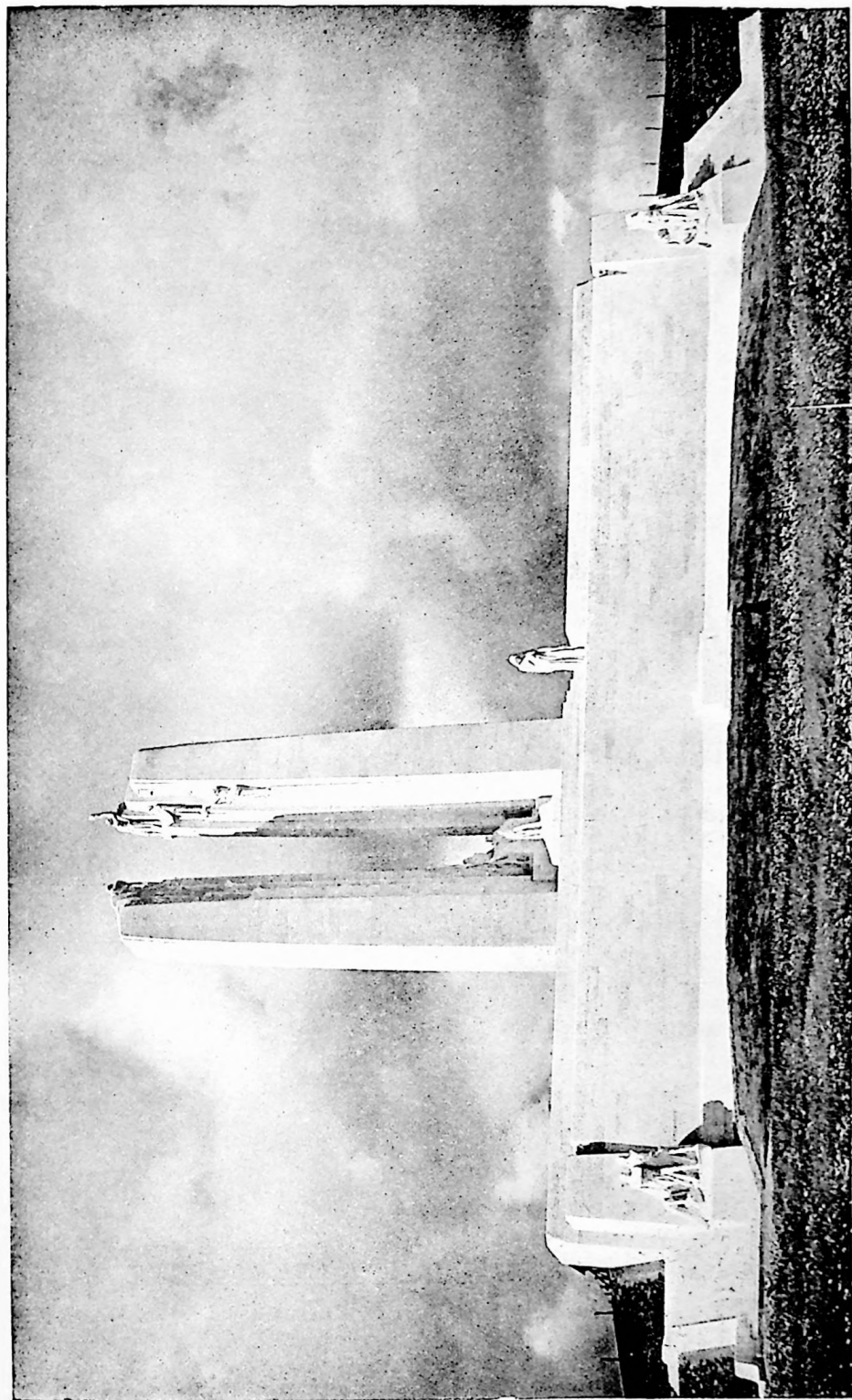
Composition

Before Christmas last year Dr. Martin Shaw was composing the music for the piece, section by section as the material was sent to him. The work went forward with

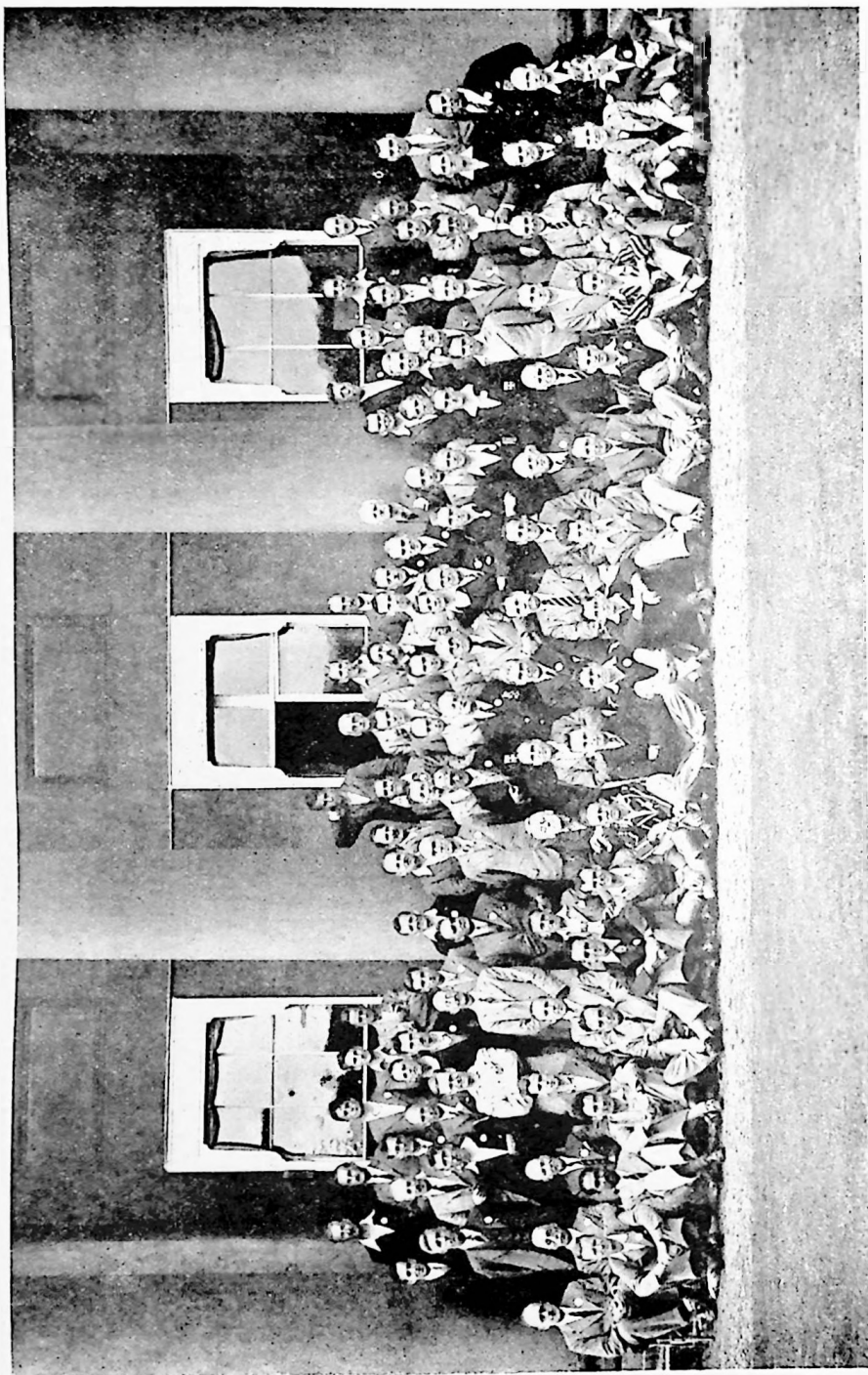
characteristic rapidity and certainty, but with the travail of spirit as well as hand with which every true work of art is born. We must not say much of the agitated post-cards and telephone calls which passed between composer and author, or stop to picture them seated side by side at the piano in an old farm-house in Essex at night with the music unfolding before them. At last *Master Valiant* (long before he had a name) stood clothed in music from head to foot: the piano-score was finished.

Next, the Oxford University Press took a hand in the game. Its musical experts considered the masque, accepted it for publication and set the music engravers to work on it. Before long proofs were ready and hours of close attention had to be given to reading and correcting them.

The next stage—orchestration. The music which one man could play with two hands upon a piano had to be amplified and trans-



THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE (see page 100).
(Block kindly lent by 'Overseas,' the Magazine of the Overseas Club).



THE MEMBERS OF THE DIGNSWELL PARK WEEK-END CONFERENCE, JULY 17-19.
(For names, see page 97).

formed by the composer into terms of violin, viola, cello and double bass, piccolo, clarinet and oboe, trumpet, trombone and tuba, drums and harp. And when all the parts, which make up the full musical pattern, were ready (an accomplishment which to the layman has touches of the miraculous!) a patient copyist, himself a skilled instrumentalist, had to sit down day after day covering sheet after sheet of music paper with the neatest notes, until every player in the orchestra could have the music for his particular instrument on the desk before him. All this is the commonplace, of course, of every orchestral 'piece,' but most of those who listen to the result have no thought or knowledge of the stages by which it has reached them.

The Music

It would ill befît the inexpert to deal critically with the music of the Masque. It was clear that the great audiences on the two nights of performance appreciated and enjoyed it greatly as a whole. Those who possessed musical knowledge recognised how well-wrought it was, they quickly discovered its intimate beauties, they understood why it so moved their neighbours who knew the 'how' but not the 'why.' "Dr. Martin Shaw," says the *Musical Times*, "adopted the hymn as the most suitable medium for absorbing the moral of the tale into music. There were decorations—folk-dance tunes and short songs in the first scene—but the main substance of the music is made in the pattern of the hymn." This is just, and some of the reasons for the form of the Masque are indicated elsewhere (page 54). But how lovely were the "decorations"—the ballet music for the woodland spirits which opened the piece, the duet to the harp, the gay hunting song, and above all (if it comes under this heading) the noble music of the quartet, with its vast echo from the choir beyond! And was the mysterious and solemn beauty of Valiant's vigil before the altar also a "decoration"? The "hymns" were three, for (according to the *Times* critic) they included the solemn slow valediction of the dying knight, voiced by the choir, "Tarry no longer: toward thine heritage . . .,"

which will long dwell in many memories. The other two hymns—the first appearing twice in the course of the Masque and the second filling its final phases and building it all up to the climax—were, of course, "Go forth with God" and the old Latin *Corde natus*. The former of these has clearly come to stay: as one musical critic writes, "unless we are greatly mistaken, it will already have crept into the memory of many a Toc H man as a permanent possession." The tune of the other has been a treasure of the Church, recognised afresh in our own day, for seven centuries, but (to quote the critics again) "here was a sort of elaboration which, far from detracting from its subject, seemed to make it bloom the more." The choir and orchestra (once more the experts speak) "made these hymns sound magnificent in their right and effective in their illumination of the action on the stage." Finally—to quote a correspondent in the *Guardian*—"one realised once again how certain is Dr. Shaw's touch, not only in his choice of old melody and his extraordinarily deft and judicious arrangement of it, but in his exact comprehension of balance and dramatic proportion. More simply, he seems to be a genius for producing sheer beauty."

The Toc H member, in short, who composed the music for the earlier Festival 'pageants,' *At the Sign of the Star* and *The Thorn of Avalon*, has given the whole Family of his best again.

The Choir

Here was stuff for singers: who should sing it? In 1931 a voluntary choir of over 400 had been raised, with a great deal of labour, to sing the music of *The Thorn of Avalon* at its single performance at the Crystal Palace. These singers came from choral societies and church choirs of all kinds, mainly in South London, and the register of their names and addresses had been carefully preserved. The first step, then, was a printed invitation, sent out in March, to all of these to co-operate with Toc H—for most of them were not members of Toc H or L.W.H.—in a new musical work, still without a title. This invitation was signed by the author, com-

poser, conductor and producer of the thing to be. The response, as had been expected, was eager: they came and they brought their singing friends. Sopranos and contraltos flood in, as every choirmaster knows, while tenors and basses are a good deal harder to catch in numbers which will achieve the right balance. In the end the choir numbered 600-700 voices: there was some nucleus of our own members among them but the majority were most friendly friends of the Festival. A happy memory of 1931 was an inducement to many, but a further very strong pull came from the fact that they knew their leader already. George Brockless is a Toc H member, a Doctor of Music and a fine conductor, but more than that, he has the art of training, holding and leading a team.

The Guild house, the chapel made famous by Dr. Maude Royden, offered its hospitality to our choir, as it has done to others. And every Tuesday evening for six weeks the singers went hard at it there. It was a tonic at the end of a busy day to be in the place, to see the whole body of the building packed with women singers, the gallery with the men, to watch George Brockless in his shirt sleeves on the platform building up part by part (and some of the choral singing was in six or more parts), line by line, the great choruses of the Masque. Good humour and hard work was never withheld by the leader or the led. And the quality of the great volume of sound won the praise it deserved.

This is not the place to discuss the lamentable standard of singing in Toc H as a whole, nor the possibility of keeping intact this fine body of singers who might set a shining example. It is certain that our Festival Choir is most reluctant to be disbanded, and, if this can be avoided, might soon become—in the opinion of good judges—second to no other choir in London.

The Production

Meanwhile another body of men and women were busy on another part of the work. The cast of actors and actresses was recruited almost entirely from the ranks of Toc H and L.W.H. membership. As usual, women volunteered more quickly and in

much larger numbers than men, and many would-be actresses had to stand down.

Of 'professionals' there were only four—the principal singers on the stage. One of these was a veteran, George Parker (*Chief Huntsman*), the others were students—John Fullard (*Valiant*) at the Royal Academy of Music, and Muriel Rae (*The Lady*) and Janet Howe (*The Village Girl*) at the Royal College of Music. Their parts entailed learning both music and action privately, and practising one or both at different times with composer and producer, with the choir, with the actors and, finally, with the orchestral *ensemble*. There was much work in this, but it is certain that they all enjoyed it and achieved striking success.

The producer was another Toc H member, Clive Carey, well known at All Hallows and elsewhere in Toc H, and to a wider public for beautiful productions of opera at the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells. His job was to 'see' the Masque as musical drama, to interpret the intentions of author and composer and make them come alive on a difficult stage to the audience. Every detail of action had to be worked out on paper, and then played out by his amateur team. One night a week for six weeks rehearsals went on in a fine room, 100 feet long, generously put at our disposal by the directors of the medical Examination Hall in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. Again it was refreshing and fascinating to spend a long evening watching the play built up—from the first night when the team of 150, mostly unknown and untried, were lined up and selected for their parts, up to the final dress rehearsal at the Crystal Palace, on the night before the first performance, when the complete picture could be seen. On that night choir, orchestra, actors, dancers, costumes, lighting effects met for the first time all together and all these essential parts, separately prepared for so long, had to be synchronised on unfamiliar ground and welded into a whole in the space of a few hours. It was a severe test which producer and conductor—the two 'pivotal' men—faced with self-possession and skill and surmounted with colours flying.

The Orchestra

Another team was already in existence and was now to be called into play in the Masque. For a number of years Morley College for Working Men and Women in South London has held together an orchestra of unemployed professional musicians. This is a valuable piece of service not only to good music but to the men concerned. Not everyone realises the plight of skilled orchestral players (at least 5,000 of them, it is said) who have been displaced by the mechanical devices of modern science—wireless, that horrid instrument the cinema organ, and, perhaps, chiefest, the 'talkie' film. The Morley College Orchestra consists entirely of experienced players, most of them face to face with extreme anxiety. Many are on the dole; the man who has played Wagner at Covent Garden is now thankful to get an odd evening in a suburban dance-band. When it was first suggested to them that 77 of them should have an engagement for three evenings (dress rehearsal and two performances) with Toc H, they entered into the plan with zest. They loved Martin Shaw's music, they were enthusiastic about George Brockless as a conductor, they felt themselves really part of the family at the Crystal Palace. There is "something about Toc H," they said, which makes them keen to work with it again.

Some other Teams

Meanwhile other teams, smaller but indispensable, were at work on the Masque. From February 1 the author's private house was turned into a clothing factory several days a week. Many costumes from previous Festival shows were disinterred from the theatrical wardrobe at H.Q., and refurbished or 'rebuilt'; dozens of new costumes were designed, cut out and made by a sewing party of L.W.H. members and friends. This job was directed again, with great imagination and practical skill, by Mrs. D. S. Paterson. Practically all the costumes—except the steel armour which is too much even for a modern sewing-machine—were thus produced, and those who saw the finished products on the stage know what a lovely picture they made.

Two other teams were required to tackle the dances which took place in the first few minutes of the Masque—the charming team of children whose ballet had to be devised and taught them by Miss Flora Fairbairn, and the country dancers who needed separate rehearsals.

And then there were the 'properties,' always more numerous than anyone anticipates or notices. A team of two made themselves responsible for these—Mr. Smith, carpentering and painting most ingeniously in Lewisham, and the author, splashing paint by the bucketful in the yard behind Headquarters. As usual in the theatre, the last nail went in at the very last minute.

And next, not to be forgotten, there was the faithful small team, whose job was to be unobtrusive, the 'stage-hands' and 'call-boys,' the 'dressers' and dressing-room attendants, members of Toc H and L.W.H. who were too busy to see much, or anything at all, of the show itself.

Lastly, there was team-work, in the same spirit as the volunteers, from the experts—that delightful artist and man "Bert," with his wigs and his most accomplished 'make-up' of the cast; and Mr. Bennett with his team of five, perched precariously on high, who wrought wonder with their battery of artificial light.

Whatever the Masque may have meant to the thousands of folk "on the other side of the footlights," it was to all those who took part in it, in any capacity, a complex and sustained piece of team work on the highest level of fellowship and service. 'Dramatics,' professional or amateur, are famed for dissension and displays of jealousy and 'temperament.' But at no single moment and in no quarter during the months of preparation and the weeks of rehearsal did any such influence raise its head. There was only one regret among them, and everybody shared it—that the 'run' of the piece was so extremely short.

The Festival Masque provided 'entertainment' for half an hour on two evenings. It was the joyful service of just under 1,000 people to provide it.

B. B.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIES

THE Festival is over, Toc H has come of age. And now, as Owen asked at the Albert Hall, "What next?"

Most of us have had to turn straight from the Festival to our own daily routine. And perhaps, the first effect has been to make us feel that between Toc H as we know it every day and Toc H as we have seen it at the Festival there is a great gulf fixed. Memories crowd upon us—the solemn stillness of St. Paul's, the great family filling the transept of the Crystal Palace, the sound of the paddles of the *Isle of Arran*, the Elephant Walk become a human zoo, men's voices filling the Albert Hall with the swelling sounds of the *Te Deum*—we compare these things with our own stained walls, the rusty kettle, the familiar faces, the well-worn jokes, and we are perturbed at the apparent littleness of it all. Toc H at the Festival seemed a mighty force: here at home it is so tiny, so impotent, so familiar. Can we fit the one to the other?

If some of us are feeling like that—and we probably are—let us remember first of all that there are two phases in any memory. The one—the immediate, vivid picture of events—comes first in time. But there is a second phase which comes only when our minds and spirits have had time to grasp and record, not a picture merely, but a meaning. And then memory becomes not merely a series of pictures external to us, which we can pick up and put away again as we would a book of photographs, but a real part of ourselves, something because of which we are not the same as we were before it happened. That is the meaning that matters. We must give it time, and we must ourselves make the effort to bring it to the surface.

Once we look at it that way, this rather worrying contrast that we have noticed takes on a different aspect. If the Festival has indeed been for many of us a Mount of

Vision, it was only that we should carry the vision down with us to the dull flats of ordinary life, determined as we have not been before, to make it come to life there in the realities of everyday.

And that means, first, a resolute determination to keep the flame that has been kindled alight in ourselves, to tend it so that it burns true and steady. And then we have to take that light to illuminate not the mountain tops but the humble dwellings of men where God has His tabernacle. We have to take it into our unit, not to boast a superiority because we have seen what others have not, but humbly to face the responsibility and achieve the joy of sharing it with them. If we have seen clearly for a moment a vision of a changed world, and of Christ using Toc H as a vehicle for its changing, we have to come back to ourselves and to the men we know, and to start that change there. If we have achieved a deeper understanding of what Toc H is, a stronger sense of its value as an instrument for the building of God's kingdom, we have got to pass that understanding on to the man next door. To help ourselves and others to a wider outlook, to deepen our own grasp of Toc H that we may explain it better to others: these are some of the ways in which we have from now on to seek to make our vision live.

Ten thousand men, thankful for God's gift of Toc H, resolute to learn it more deeply and to spread it more widely, not merely as their reasonable service, but as a growing and continuing act of praise and worship to the Giver—that, if it come true, will make the Festival to each of us not merely a happy or even a sacred memory, but a joy that lives with us day by day; not something that happened in 1936, but as the wise old Greeks used to say "a possession for ever." H. A. S.

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